


Refuted.
OFFICE
ENIES REVOLT.
es of Disorder Said
be Unfounded.
h of Bhagpur
own to Foreign Office.
h Advance on Bag
Halted by Mutiny.
ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.
NOV. 19.—The Indian
formal announcement
statements claiming
a revolt in the
are absolutely unfounded.
movement specifically denied
that a revolt has broken
out in India, or that the
states and Mohammedans
are making difficulties for the
English. It is stated from
sources that the Rajah of
Bahawalpur has already
been given to the Rajah of
Bahawalpur, and that the
British advance guard
has been checked south of
the British troops. It is
subsequently occupying the
position of a British
Bahawalpur. It is stated
that the Rajah of Bahawalpur
is a minor, 11 years old.
ITALY BRITISH ADVANCE.
NOV. 19.—The British
advance guard has been
checked south of the
British troops. It is
subsequently occupying the
position of a British
Bahawalpur. It is stated
that the Rajah of Bahawalpur
is a minor, 11 years old.
EARLIER ARREST
NOT JUSTIFIED.
ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.
NOV. 19.—The British
advance guard has been
checked south of the
British troops. It is
subsequently occupying the
position of a British
Bahawalpur. It is stated
that the Rajah of Bahawalpur
is a minor, 11 years old.
OUT OF DYES
IS INCREASING.
ALL COKE OVENS ARE
TURNING OUT COAL
TAR BASES.
ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.
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LOUIS, NOV. 19.—The
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CHIEF OF STAFF RAINED ONE
AND COL. MORRISON IS JUMPED
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LERNER
MARRIES AGAIN.
ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.
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Blizzard Back East.
(Continued from First Page.)
was so great, in the opinion of experts, because of the fact that structures of the city were not built to withstand such a gale from the east and southwest.
Nearly all high winds that visit New York come from the northwest, west and southwest, and signs, buildings and windows are so constructed that they will hold fast in the face of almost any wind from one of the anticipated directions. But not since 1893 has New York felt such an east wind as that which visited the city today. The wind of 1893 reached a velocity of seventy-eight miles an hour. In such exposed places as City Hall Park, Printing House, Madison, Herald and Times Square and Central Park West, the wind wrought the greatest havoc. It overturned five wagons near the municipal buildings, one of them being a United States mail wagon, and blew so hard against the Center-street side of the building that police closed the street to traffic at that point for several hours.
Hundreds of persons in the city were cut by falling glass. Two clerks in the suboffice of the bureau of social investigation of the department of charities were showered with the glass of the windows broken in their building at Pearl and Center streets.
Along the Atlantic Coast and in New Jersey where the wind had freer sweep, it seemed stronger than in the city.
THE STORM IN CHICAGO.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Nov. 19.—The vigorous tail of a big storm lashed Chicago and vicinity all of today with a blizzard of snow, sleet and rain, followed by a heavy rain. All elements of a genuine blizzard were present with the exception of freezing temperature. This resulted in the snow and sleet melting almost as rapidly as it fell.
Eastern States, particularly those bordering on the Atlantic Coast, were swept over all the coast line from Northern Florida to Maine, tearing down telephone and telegraph wires and imperiling small craft. One boat was sunk off the Georgia coast and one being towed in for repairs was abandoned off the Florida coast. A man was killed in Pennsylvania, when the wind tore down a structure, the flying debris striking him.
In Chicago and adjacent cities the blizzard slowed up transportation and added hazards to the dark streets. Elevated and surface cars skidded on the slippery rails and schedules were thrown out of gear. Motor driving in his automobile through the dense fog across the Indiana State line was struck by a train and killed.
All boats plying on the Great Lakes were speedily driven to shelter. No records have come in of any disasters to lake boats, although not all have been accounted for. The missing ones may be lying in some remote coves on the upper shores where they cannot communicate with their offices.
A very heavy storm is moving northwesterly over the Atlantic Coast and an equally heavy storm is moving westward and north of the Ohio River. The latter is expected to be very brief, as there is no real cold on the map, not even in Alaska, and the lakes are still unusually warm for November.
THE WEATHER BACK EAST.
Snow is General All Over the Middle West, Some Sections Enjoying a Mild Blizzard.
(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Nov. 19.—Chicago groped about in a mild blizzard practically all of the day. It was the late end of a severe storm sweeping the Atlantic Coast, the upper Ohio Valley district and racing across Michigan. Snow, sleet and rain fell all day. Maximum temperature was 39 deg., but much colder weather is predicted for tomorrow. The East was warm, but the Middle West and South were cold. First snow fell in Washington today. Snow fell also in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, North Dakota and general over Canada. Other temperatures:
Max. Min.
Abilene, Tex. 68 26
Boise, Idaho 42 24
Boston, Mass. 58 26
Butte, Mont. 52 24
Calgary, Alberta 52 24
Chicago, Ill. 38 26
Denver, Colo. 32 20
Des Moines, Iowa 52 24
Dodge City, Kan. 52 24
Duluth, Minn. 34 22
Galveston, Tex. 52 24
Havana, Cuba 52 24
Helena, Mont. 52 24
Jacksonville, Fla. 52 24
Kankakee, B. C. 52 24
Kansas City, Mo. 48 26
Knoxville, Tenn. 52 24
Memphis, Tenn. 52 24
Minneapolis, Minn. 52 24
Modena, Utah 52 24
Morris, Minn. 52 24
New Orleans, La. 52 24
New York, N. Y. 52 24
North Platte, Neb. 52 24
Oklahoma City, Okla. 52 24
Pittsburgh, Pa. 52 24
Rapid City, S. D. 52 24
Reno, Nev. 52 24
Salt Lake City, Utah 52 24
San Francisco, Cal. 52 24
Seattle, Wash. 52 24
Shelburne, Vt. 52 24
Swift Current, Sask. 52 24
Tampa, Fla. 52 24
Washington, D. C. 52 24
Williston, N. D. 52 24
Winnipeg, Man. 52 24

FAILED TO SAVE I.W.W. SLAYER.
Seattle Police are Looking for William Busky.
Tried to Prove an Alibi for Joseph Hillstrom.
Police Generally Think it is a Bluff of Agitators.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SEATTLE (Wash.) Nov. 19.—The Seattle police are looking for William Busky, who affirmed his cross to an affidavit to the effect that he was with Joseph Hillstrom from 3 to 10 o'clock on the afternoon of January 10, 1914, when the Morrison murder took place in Salt Lake City. The general belief at police quarters is that the Industrial Workers used Busky, who appears to be familiar with Salt Lake City and its suburbs, in a desperate effort to stay the execution, and at the same time protect Busky by having him sign the affidavit with a cross, to save him from a post jury charge. One newspaper reporter employed by a paper that has aided in the movement to delay Hillstrom's execution was permitted to see Busky a short time, but with this exception Busky was kept carefully sequestered during the day.
BUSKY'S AFFIDAVIT.
Following is the text of Busky's affidavit as telegraphed to President Wilson and Gov. Spry by Secretary Whithead of the I.W.W. early today:
SEATTLE (Wash.) Nov. 8, 1915.
"I, William Busky, do hereby solemnly swear that on the 10th day of January, 1914, I was in the company of one Joseph Hillstrom continuously from the hours of 3 p.m. until 10 p.m. at Murray, Utah, and that we all received rustling cards from a foreman named Hines at the Murray smelter.
"When Hillstrom left me at 10 p.m. on the night of January 10, he had received no bullet wounds.
"Witnesses: John LeTourneau, Harry Feunberg, John Ciorra, Notary Public.
After conferring with Mayor Egan, C. GILL, Captain of Detectives Charles Tennant announced that although the detective bureau was endeavoring to find Busky to interview him, the police would not arrest Busky unless the Utah authorities telegraphed a warrant.
"We have no evidence that Busky has committed any offense and we cannot arrest him at Gov. Spry's request unless the Utah authorities issue a warrant," said Capt. Tennant.
"We are trying to get a statement from Busky but cannot place him in jail unless he is actually charged with a crime."
BUSKY'S WILD TALE.
According to the story told today at Industrial Workers' of the World headquarters, Busky, a German-American, aged 21, while watching a parade of industrial workers last night, was overheard to say that he knew Hillstrom was not guilty. Busky was questioned by Industrial Workers who heard him and then was taken to headquarters, where he made the affidavit.
The Industrial Workers' headquarters were crowded with men all morning and many speeches denouncing the execution of Hillstrom were made.
Busky, at Industrial Workers' headquarters this afternoon, said he was not a member of the Industrial Workers, but a wanderer, but not a member of the Industrial Workers, he said. Busky said he and Hillstrom gave their names to the Industrial Workers' smelter, who wrote them down with ink in a book. The name should be there now. They got rustling cards and Hines told them they could buy the 11 o'clock shift that night. When Busky left Hillstrom at 10 o'clock the night of the murder, Hillstrom was not wounded. Busky continued:
WITNESS FOR HILLSTROM.
"When Hillstrom was given his preliminary hearing before Judge Ritchie in Salt Lake City I was a witness for his defense. I told the judge about me and Hillstrom being together all the time, but he cut me short and said my evidence wasn't any good. I wasn't on the stand again but was sent back to jail. I had previously been arrested by a detective who heard me talking about the Hillstrom case on the street. I was in jail forty-one days. Finally they turned me loose and told me to beat it out of the State and never come back to Utah. I went to Hines, and then to a lot of places. Being unable to read or write, I didn't hear much about the case."
Busky is short, smooth-shaven and of dark complexion. He speaks English fluently.
ACTION OF HILLSTROM.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
DENVER (Colo.) Nov. 19.—O. N. Hilton stated the first intimation he had of the alleged murder of William Busky at Seattle, that he had been with Joseph Hillstrom the night of the murder, was contained in a telegram received at 3 o'clock this morning. The telegram, he said, was signed by Thomas Whitehead and carried his seal as notary public.
Hilton, "but I immediately wired Gov. Spry and members of the Utah Board of Pardons, asking a reprieve of ten days to investigate the Busky affidavit. At 4 o'clock I was assured my telegram had been delivered to the Utah officials.
Hilton said he had asked Whitehead for a copy of the affidavit.
EXTRA SESSION IN ILLINOIS.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
SPRINGFIELD (Ill.) Nov. 19.—A call for an extraordinary session of the Illinois Legislature to meet Monday, November 22, was issued today by Gov. Dunne. Among subjects the Legislature will consider are: Amendment of the primary election law, amendment of the act relating to the governor's veto power, provision for ordinary and contingent expenses made necessary by a recent decision of the State Supreme Court, appropriations for the payment of the officers and members of the next general assembly and the ... of state officers.
PAYNE & BECKER FAIL.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
ST. LOUIS, Nov. 19.—The stock and grain brokerage firm of Payne & Becker made an assignment for the benefit of creditors today. The firm had branches in Kansas City and in Mexico, Mo.

Free Utah of I.W.W.
(Continued from First Page.)
the door were then cut, he was blindfolded and he was led to the execution, supported by two guards. He walked unhesitatingly to the gallows that elapsed between the time of his arrival and the firing of the death shot. He asked whether any of his friends were in the firing squad and kept saying he was innocent and would die like a man. His voice was clear but low. He was quickly adjudged to be sane and sane and the attendants drew aside. Hillstrom straightened himself in the chair and said, "I'll die like a man, I never did any wrong in my life. I die fighting, not like a coward. Well, I'm going. Good-by, everybody." The word to fire was given and the reports of the rifles came an instant after Hillstrom's final words, "Let her go." He died instantly.
WEARS PRISON SUIT.
Hillstrom wore his prison suit. A dark suit had been obtained for him but the officers feared delay might cause another outbreak from him and did not wait to remove the clothing he wore.
His breakfast, which was placed before him about 8:45 o'clock, remained untasted and in fact, unnoticed, as he was then in the midst of his nervous outburst.
Hillstrom's body was claimed by W. D. Haywood yesterday.
Telegrams from O. N. Hilton of Denver, one of Hillstrom's attorneys, asserting that William Busky of Salt Lake City had made an affidavit that he was with Hillstrom the night of the Morrison murder and that Hillstrom was innocent, were received by Gov. Spry and other officers of the State and county early this morning.
DIDN'T KNOW BUSKY.
The Sheriff was requested to postpone the execution until this statement had been investigated. Warden Hillstrom if he knew Busky and Hillstrom answered that he did not. The Sheriff was then directed to proceed with the execution.
None of Hillstrom's I.W.W. friends were present. The law provides that not more than five friends of a condemned man may be present if their presence be requested by him. Hillstrom declared last night that he did not wish any of his friends to see the execution and a committee of the I.W.W. was accordingly denied admission to the prison.
Unavowed.
HILLSTROM'S BAD RECORD.
CONFESSED HE HELD UP CAR AT POINT FIRMIN.
Served Time in the City Jail as a Tag and Later joined a Band of Robbers Across the Mexican Line. Came to Los Angeles as Fireman on Norwegian Steamer.
(LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.)
LOS ANGELES HARBOR, Nov. 19.
"Joseph Hillstrom, I.W.W. agitator, who was shot at Salt Lake City this morning, lived here for several years. He left here shortly after being arrested on suspicion of being one of the men who held up the Point Firmin car on the Pacific Electric, June 4, 1913. There was strong circumstantial evidence to connect him and Otto Appelquist with the hold up, but the evidence was not such that he could be convicted.
Hillstrom came to this port as a fireman on a Norwegian steamer. He is neither read nor write. He told his friends that they were well to do and much interested in music. He was the author of many of the I.W.W. songs. Make a man steadily and lived quietly. He wrote sentimental songs, a number of which were sold to eastern publishers. They fell in with the I.W.W. colony that was making headquarters here at the time. Having accepted the doctrine of the I.W.W. he became bitter toward society. Soon he quit working and went to Mexico to join a roving band of I.W.W. raiders. He returned after a few months and was never employed regularly afterwards.
"I went to Mexico to get a piece of land," he said, "and somehow I am going to work for it either."
John Makins, superintendent of the Salt Lake City, was met by the Southern California Christian Labor Society, was well acquainted with Hillstrom, who went by the name of Joe Hill. He said that he met Hillstrom at a night Makins spoke of Hillstrom at a street meeting on Fifth street. He referred to his early life here when he used to furnish fuel for the meetings at the mission and what had happened had done for him. When he referred to his execution he was repeatedly interrupted by former I.W.W. members who were shouting, "He will never be shot," they shouted. "We won't let them kill him. The Sheriff will send out the troops at sunrise."
These sentiments were repeated along the street so frequently during the evening that many of those who followed the I.W.W. were convinced. Mr. Makins sent a telegram to Hillstrom last night asking him to pray the public's prayer. Following his arrest Mr. Makins wrote him several letters. He replied to the first, but later ones were never answered.
Police officers here are firmly convinced that Hillstrom is one of the men who held up the Point Firmin car and terrorized passengers and crew. Twice the car was held up and the last time the overcoat and mask worn by Hillstrom were found. They had been stolen from the house where Hillstrom roomed. The first information that led to his arrest came from Appelquist, who dropped a remark about the I.W.W. to a police officer. Officer J. A. Smith made the arrest about six weeks after the hold up. Appelquist made his escape, but joined the I.W.W. at Salt Lake City. He was never apprehended after the murder of the two grocers.
IN JAIL HERE.
Following his arrest here Hillstrom served a short sentence for vagrancy. He was then sent to the county jail where he was held until he was taken to the Point Firmin car, but said that he would never be convicted unless Appelquist confessed. While he was serving his sentence for vagrancy efforts were made to deport him. A favorable recommendation was made by the Los Angeles immigration officials and also by the supervising inspector at El Paso, but the department at Washington refused to make the necessary appropriation to ship him out of the country.
In Mexico Hillstrom joined a band

of I.W.W. raiders who conducted a reign of terror until they were run out of the country by the Mexicans. They raided ranches and killed and sold the stock. Near Tia Juana, a ranch owned by a wealthy widow was raided and she was run out of the country.
WAS A PRYCE RAIDER.
He was engaged with Gen. C. Rhyas Pryce in operations about Tia Juana, in June, 1913, and belonged to the army of hoboes that made a short campaign just across the line before the death of President Madero.
Hillstrom had been in the United States eight or nine years when he joined the Pryce filibuster, and under the immigration law was not a subject for deportation if he had remained on this side of the line.
While in Los Angeles he was prominently identified with the local I.W.W. organization, and delivered a number of addresses on the street corners to the sons of rest. Soon after being released here he went to Salt Lake City where he had been among the hobo element in that city ever since.
Syndicate.
BOYCOTT BUYER FOR MRS. GALT.
PARIS DRESSMAKERS BLACKLIST GERMAN-AMERICAN.
Charles Kurzmans of New York Threatens to Raise Diplomatic Question as Result of Action of Paul Polret and Others Who Refuse to Deal with His Firm.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A P.)
PARIS, Nov. 19.—The Paris dressmakers' syndicate has blacklisted two American customers of German origin, one of them a man named Kurzmans, reputed to have been commissioned to buy gowns for Mrs. Norman Galt, who is to be the bride of President Wilson, according to Gustav Tery's newspaper, L'Ouvre.
The newspaper avers Kurzmans has threatened to raise a diplomatic question because of the diplomat's refusal to accept orders from him. L'Ouvre, declares, however, that each house from which he ordered gowns has offered to supply them with its commitments to Mrs. Galt without having them pass through the hands of an intermediary.
Paul Polret, president of the Dressmakers' Syndicate, was absent from Paris early today, but his confidential secretary, however, confirmed the statement that Kurzmans has threatened to raise a diplomatic question over the declination of the minister to fill his orders for gowns which he maintains are intended for Mrs. Galt.
BOYCOTT ON GERMANS.
"You may declare that no members of our syndicate will deliver gowns to Kurzmans, or through Kurzmans or any other German house," said the secretary. "At the same time each of our members of the syndicate will be proud to be honored with a commission to make a gown for President Wilson's fiancée, and would be most happy to permit it to present its compliments."
Rue de la Paix and other leading houses refuse to state whether or not they have had orders for gowns for the President's fiancée. Some of them say, however, that they have had orders from Kurzmans, which they are unable to fill in consequence of the decision of the syndicate. All express regrets that such an incident has come up and state they hope it will cause no annoyance to President Wilson. They are endeavoring to dispose of the matter without too much publicity, but declare that they cannot overturn the decision of their representative body.
ASSOCIATION'S ACTION.
The Dressmakers' Association, at a session presided over by Paul Polret, on his return to the city, took official notice of the syndicate's action for Mrs. Galt. It was directed that no member of the association should deliver the gowns to a certain house in America, whose proprietor was a German, naturalized in the United States.
It appears that only this and one other proprietor of German origin has been blacklisted by the action of the association. Some time ago it was found that a large number of dress importers in New York and elsewhere were of the Teutonic race. The association decided, it was explained, as a matter of principle only, to refuse to sell to two houses whose names were drawn by lot, and that one of these names was that of the person ordering gowns for Mrs. Galt.
A Paris dispatch early this month said that Charles Kurzmans of New York was there to select gowns for the wedding of President Wilson and Mrs. Galt. He was quoted as saying that, while it would be indelicate to talk about clothes ordered by the Wilson family before obtaining permission from the White House, he felt that "Washington can look forward to a brilliant social season after the wedding."
NO QUESTION RAISED.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
"WASHINGTON, Nov. 19.—While official circles here were interested in the news from Paris that the Dressmakers' Syndicate had blacklisted a Paris dealer, said to have been commissioned to buy gowns for Mrs. Galt, President Wilson's fiancée, no mention was made of the reports. It was generally agreed that there was no possibility of a diplomatic question being raised.
MUDGE ON THE JOB.
(BY A. P. DAY WIRE.)
DENVER (Colo.) Nov. 19.—H. U. Mudge, newly-elected president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, arrived today to take personal direction of the company affairs.
WHAT CAUSES COLDS?
This question is asked every day. A cold is really a fever, not always caused by the weather but often due to disordered blood or lack of important food-elements. In changing seasons fat-foods are essential because they distribute heat by enriching the blood and so render the system better able to withstand the varying elements. This is the important reason why Scott's Emulsion should always be taken for colds, and it does more-builds strength to prevent sickness. Scott's Emulsion contains Nature's rare strength-building fats, so skillfully blended that the blood profits from every drop. It is free from harmful drugs or alcohol. Sold at drug stores—always get the genuine.
Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J. 12-18



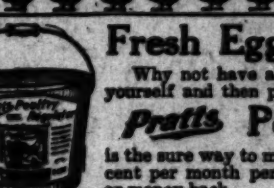
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Queen's was originally raised to garison. The King's Royal Rifles play the "Huntman's Chorus" from Der Freischütz. The corps was originally recruited from foreigners.

AMERICA AND EUROPE.

People of the United States are Dispensing Millions in Europe. Yet are Called Mean and Speculative.

[Lafayette Young, in Leslie's.] I have called the present war in Europe "The American-European War." From the campaigns carried on in "the States," I judge it is more of a war than any other. The United States is the only country that tells the truth in diplomacy and stands for a result after a war.

For the only people who spend money in behalf of other people. It is supposed that Uncle Sam is rich enough to give every man a farm and also to help pay the expense of other people's wars.

Therefore, I have christened this the American-European War. We are feeding the Belgians at a cost of millions. We are donating automobiles at a cost of more millions. We are sending Red Cross nurses into the remotest parts of the war zone. We are receiving circulars by every mail from residents of enemy countries that are at war, asking for contributions. A majority of the people in Europe pretend to hate the war. They are hating the war. They are hating the war. They are hating the war.

Our very contributions to the aid of those in distress are called in Europe "better or quicker 'pick-me-up' than sympathy, undeserving people."

When these wars are over, great many issues that were not in the great at the start will be in the jury's verdict. The Briton will awaken and learn to know that he is not a child of Providence to be taken care of without effort. The German will find that he is not the guest of his neighbor, but a man who must stand on his own feet.

The lessons to France and Austria will be incidental. They are a kind of industrial work. Trouble—nausea, or indigestion. Whatever shall be achieved for the right will be accredited to the valor, statesmanship and diplomacy of Europe. Whatever in the end shall be evil, will be, with one accord, accredited to the United States.

The Milk Cure. [London Answers:] Milk is not exactly a favorite drink, yet when one is "run down," there is absolutely no better or quicker "pick-me-up" than a glass of hot milk. It is forty-seven times better than alcohol. Milk, being a perfect food, will sustain life for months. The objection of many that "milk does not agree with them" is simply due to the fact that they don't know how to drink it.

Milk should be sipped, slowly, and a glassful should take five minutes. When milk enters the stomach it is instantly curdled. To drink a quantity of milk is to have your stomach right off is to have your stomach large curdled mass, on the outside of which only can the digestive juices work. Trouble—nausea, or indigestion—follows. Sip it, and each sip is curdled separately. Instead of one large mass there are many small ones and the stomach can do its work. Troubles disappear.

An Explanation. [Meredith Nicholson, in Atlantic:] Philosophers insist upon determining the causes of our failure to contribute more importantly to all the arts have suggested that our commercial genius has been diverted into commercial channels; that Bell and Edison have stolen and imprisoned the Promethean fire, while the artists of the arts have been left cold. Instead of sending mankind whirling over hill and dale at a price within the reach of all, Mr. Henry Ford might have been our savior. He might have been a dancing star instead of under the fiery wheels of Ezekiel's vision.

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BORROWED MARCHES.

Many British Regiments Use Military Airs that Originated in Other European Countries.

[Boston Transcript:] It is strange, but many British regiments use foreign marches. It was after Quebec, where the First Royal Sussex Regiment greatly distinguished itself and won its white plume, that the regiment first marched to its quick step. The tradition that they were allowed to adopt it in honor of their gallantry on that occasion is probably true, for the air is French. The history of the war, Yorkshire (Prince of Wales's Own) Regiment has in its annals the story of the old Fourteenth fighting on the borders of Belgium and France in 1793. It was there, on battlefields familiar enough nowadays, that they gained their regimental march. We were fighting our present gallant allies, the French, and one of the British regiments storming the latter's present position at Pamars was the Fourteenth. Ground was lost before the defenders, who were encouraged by the playing of the revolutionary "Ca Ira." Their colonel, springing to the front of his men, ordered the band to strike up the same air. "Come on, lads," he called out, "we'll beat 'em to their own tune."

The First Queen's Royal West Surrey use a Portuguese air which dates from 1881. Originally it resembled the national anthem, but was altered to the present tune as there were objections raised. The Portuguese tune was chosen because the

Yale and Harvard Enter Today's Game at Even Money

AMATEURS ARE REAL SLUGGERS.

Charley Barker Wins Two Matches.

Red Hair Plentiful Among the Boxers.

Finals for Coast Titles are Tonight.

BY HARRY A. WILLIAMS.

Last night it was not necessary to buy a ticket to the Balkans in order to see some real fighting. There was enough scrapping at the Los Angeles Athletic Club to satiate the most vicious paid patron. Thousands of men eager for fighting—when it is done by somebody else—festeined the ring and applauded each blow.

The occasion was the preliminary bouts of the amateur tournament for the Pacific Coast boxing championships, and it was an evening of sweat, sweat and sweat, sweat, sweat right back again.

DIVORCED.

Strong young men from all over the Coast swarmed into the arena for a self-defense. A number of cases of the self-defense part had been divorced from the noble art, many of the blows being stopped solely with the face. That is not defense, but it is art, frequently surrounding the eyes with deep purple and painting the nose a rich crimson. But there was a lot of class shown, and many of those participating have every reason to be encouraged. In time they may advance in their chosen profession to a point where they will receive real money for getting their faces hurt.

The world seems to be filled with amateur boxers. No sooner had one guy been licked by another than two more would jump into the ring. Real action string with the amateurs. Not only do they fight at all times, but there is a great deal of action in the ring. Decisions were ground out last night with machine-like rapidity.

RED HAIR.

About half of the present crop of amateurs were red-headed. Fully half of those competing were red-headed. Some of the red heads got licked, while other red heads won. So the eternal question of whether blondes or brunettes have the stronger punch remains unsettled.

ACTIVE.

De Witt Van Court was extremely active in the ring. He was one of the visiting boxers from the Northwest and stirred up more air than a windmill. He did this in order to show the Los Angeles is neutral and fair-minded.

Some of these amateurs are extremely strong for indoor exercise. Take the case of Charley Barker, for instance. Barker beat Benoit in two rounds, and after having reared up a result after a war. Barker beat Benoit in two rounds, and after having reared up a result after a war.

Richards and Schwartz provided the curtain raiser. Richards won by a left of his left hand. When it comes to outpunching, he is a second Slim Love.

THE GOODS.

In the second bout Barker was too much for Louis Benoit, unattached. Benoit concluded in the middle of the first round that he was not a client, and Referee Blake agreed with him. Barker looks like the goods.

The result.

Charles Barker (I.O.O.F.) beat Heinie Schwartz (L.A.A.C.) three rounds, decision; 135-pound class.

Charles Barker (I.O.O.F.) beat Leroy Benoit (unattached), two rounds; 135-pound class.

M. G. Steadman (L.A.A.C.) beat Charles Barker (I.O.O.F.) two rounds; 145-pound class.

Earl Baird (Seattle A.C.) beat Eddie Nattis (Anahelm), three rounds, decision; 155-pound class.

William Huber, Jr. (L.A.A.C.) beat Joe Mayhew (unattached), one round; 145-pound class. Blake stopped Huber after he had fished Mayhew with a right to the jaw, the first blow struck.

Jordan (unattached) beat L. A. Doyle (L.A.A.C.) three rounds, decision; 175-pound class.

Dan Crane (St. Joseph Y.M.C.) beat Anthony Sisto (Newbury Club), three rounds, decision; 125-pound class.

Val Sontag (Seattle A.C.) beat Fred Steadman (Pasadena A.C.) three rounds, decision; 155-pound class.

Tommy Richards (I.O.O.F.) beat James Berry (Pasadena A.C.) three rounds, decision; 115-pound class.

Ralph Burrows (Pasadena A.C.) beat Frank Lastro (unattached), three rounds, decision; 105-pound class.

Lloyd Madden (L.A.A.C.) beat Vincent Montier (Lunomah A.C.) three rounds, decision; 135-pound class.

Charley Barker (L.A.A.C.) beat Robert Richards (I.O.O.F.) three rounds, decision; 135-pound class.

Willie Hunefield (L.A.A.C.) beat Ulrich Vincent (unattached), three rounds, decision; 125-pound class.

Noble Star (Pasadena A.C.) three rounds, decision; 175-pound class.

Cashes Fed Check.

JOHNSTON BARRED FROM IMPERIAL BALL LEAGUE.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

Imperial Nov. 19.—Jimmy Johnston, late Oakland infielder, today cashed the advance check sent him by the Federals and eliminated himself from the Imperial Valley League. While still resisting efforts of the Coast magnates to disrupt the winter league, the directors of the valley circuit tonight decided, for reasons of expediency and to prevent any internal dissension among players, to play members of organized ball only. Determination of the eligibility of players was left to President Peter P. Hoveley of Brawley.

Johnston said today: "At that time I didn't know that I was going East. I wouldn't have come down if it was going to stir up any trouble."

"Oakland has no kick on my signing the Federals. I gave value received. They got me for \$500 less

than I was originally quoted. The White Sox wanted to sell me for \$6000 to Washington but later offered me to Oakland for \$2500. There was some talk about selling me to the Athletics but it was fixed up by their getting me for \$2000. A while back they wanted to cut me \$500 for next season. That was too much. In fact, I couldn't find any real reason for staying with Oakland under the circumstances. I am not worried about my good years but I believe in making them."

Peggy Barth, who goes from Seattle to the Brooklyn Nationals, is ill in Imperial. He is confined to bed and pneumonia is feared.

LEACH CROSS WINS FIGHT.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Leach Cross defeated Johnny Harvey of New York in a ten-round bout here tonight. After being outfought for eight rounds, Harvey rallied and held Cross even in the ninth and was aggressor in the final round. Cross weighed 138 pounds; Harvey, 135.

Matt Wells of England and Young Brown of New York fought a fast ten-round draw. Wells weighed 138, and Brown 137.

Benny Leonard of New York outpointed Joe Asvedo of Sacramento, Cal., in every round after the first, which was even. Asvedo held frequently. The weights were Leonard, 129½; Asvedo, 135.

SWEDEN RISBERG MAY BE PHILLIE.

NEAL FANCIES HIM AND SAYS PIERCE BETTER MEET HIS WAYS.

Billy Neal, scout of the Philadelphia Nationals, arrived here from San Francisco yesterday and went into conference with the umpire and the manager, Swede Risberg, and is understood to have proposed a trade for him involving one or more Philadelphia pitchers.

Neal is the man who picked Dave Bancroft for the Phillies, and he is regarded as one of the best judges of young talent in the country.

He says that Bill Pierce, while having plenty of stuff, will have to change his ways before he can hope to stick in the majors.

"Pierce has a habit of walking out of the box toward the plate and protesting when the umpire calls a close one," said Neal. "He can't get by with that in the majors."

Neal, with good reason, seems to think that Pierce is suffering from a swelling in his head. Several of the players, however, deny that this is true. They say that he is a perfectly sane and sane man.

Neal believes that Slim Love will make a good pitcher for the Phillies. He says that he can improve on his curve ball.

SECOND TEAM'S SEASON IS OVER.

The original second team of the Los Angeles High School has disbanded, and Coach Featherstone has formed a new one. The team was under the supervision of Ralph Noble, until he took charge of the Junior College team. Its record was extremely good, having never lost a game. Gradually the men quit practice. Sanger was stolen, and given a berth on the varsity. Scott was injured. Morrison was forced to quit on account of his studies. Demand was transferred to the Junior College. Featherstone hopes to put them on their feet again in short order.

MANUAL MAKES WHITTIER DATE.

Manual Arts and Whittier High will play on Thanksgiving Day in Whittier, when they clash in one of the big prep games of the season. The Manual Arts team is not a league team. It will give a line on the real football ability of the Whittier college boys. So far this year the Whittier boys have gone through without a defeat. They have not only defeated every other team in their league, but they have rolled up scores of forty to eighty points each time. Among the stronger teams they have downed is the Whittier State School. The Whittier is not an exceptional heavy team, but their backfield is fast.

The Manual-Highwood game has been postponed again and will now come off December 10. It was changed this time because it conflicted with the date of the L. A. Polytechnic football game.

GIRLS INTERESTED IN PLAYING BALL.

Not to be outdone by the boys of the Los Angeles High School, the girls have formed two baseball teams and every Tuesday and Thursday afternoons they may be seen batting out flies and scooping up hot grounders.

PIRATE SIGNED.

[BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.]

PITTSBURGH (Pa.) Nov. 19.—Barney Dreyfus, president of the Pittsburgh National League baseball club, announced today that he had signed B. W. Cleveland, an infielder of Norfolk Va.

GIVE TROJANS A RECEPTION.

U.S.C. to Use Many Men in Today's Game.

Salt Lake is Excited Over Utah's Chances.

Mallette's Hand Bothering Him a Little.

[BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.]

SALT LAKE, Nov. 19.—Eighteen husky young Californians representing the University of Southern California arrived in Salt Lake today with blood in their eyes. They are after the scalp of the University of Utah football heroes and they are going to try to take them tomorrow.

Tonight Salt Lake is on its toes with expectancy. The game tomorrow is predicted, will be about the only real, genuine football game of the season, in spite of the fact that there have already been three or four Rocky Mountain conference battles here.

ENTHUSIASM.

Upon the arrival of the Californians, they were met at the station by a large contingent of Utah students and were given a sightseeing automobile ride about the city. Afterwards they practiced for a while on Cummings Field, the battleground at the university where tomorrow's game is to be played.

An assembly at the university this forenoon was productive of the most remarkable demonstration of football enthusiasm ever known at the school. It means much for Utah to win tomorrow, because the eleven has not had what one might call a highly prosperous season.

MALLETTE'S HURT.

Quarterback Mallette is the only Californian who is not in tip-top shape for tomorrow's battle. Mallette is suffering from an injured hand, but Coach Glass said tonight that he would probably use him in spite of his injury.

It is Glass's purpose to use as many of his players as possible in order to conserve their strength for the Thanksgiving Day game at Los Angeles against the Berkeley eleven. It means much for shooting conditions generally improving all over Southern California. He believes that the big birds will be here in great numbers soon.

The Vernon Gun Club will hold its last Thanksgiving turkey shoot tomorrow at the club's grounds. There will be a big turkey dinner for the club members and a big turkey dinner will be served at noon.

E. L. Mitchell is returned from the recent big shoot in Arizona. Guy Houlihan will be here soon also.

E. L. Hall of the E. H. Dyes Co., says that reports reaching him seem to indicate that shooting conditions are generally improving all over Southern California. He believes that the big birds will be here in great numbers soon.

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[illegible][illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN

[illegible]

LOOKS AWAY AS WHITE GLARES.

MRS. HAMMILL AVOIDS EYE OF MAN SEE ACCUSES.

Grand Jury Puts Over Until Monday Further Investigation of Pendell Murder Mystery—Substantial Corroboration of Woman's Story Still Lacking.

Without taking decisive action, the grand jury adjourned last night until Monday, when the investigation of the murder of Charles B. Pendell in June, 1913, will be continued.

Herbert W. White, who is accused by Mrs. Alice Baldwin Hammill of having slain Pendell and robbed him of his diamonds, is still held at the City Jail. He was before the grand jury for an hour yesterday and is said to have reiterated his denial of the charge.

As White was led from the grand jury room on the twelfth floor of the Hall of Records, he encountered Mrs. Hammill in the hall. The strain of several days in jail had begun to tell upon White. He glared at Mrs. Hammill and she turned her head, declining to meet his gaze.

The grand jury, it was announced by Deputy District Attorney Doran and Clara Westwood, will summon other witnesses in the case Monday.

Among those who testified before the grand jury yesterday were Dr. G. F. Mellon, a dentist in the Temple Block, who saw a man and a woman leave Pendell's office on the day of the murder, in a slight degree his story was corroborative of Mrs. Hammill's narrative of the incident.

Mrs. Hammill repeated her charge before the grand jury. So far no flaw has been found in her story, and every effort to entangle her by cross-examination has proven futile. There seems to be impressed upon her mind, from either imagination or memory, an indelible picture of every movement in the crime. The grand jurors are of the impression that she must have been White's accomplice, but whether they have not yet been able to determine.

Harry Pendell, a son of the murdered man, was also before the grand jury. A. W. Marsh, a detective who occupied an office adjoining that in which the murder occurred, testified briefly.

Among other witnesses were Detective Ingram and Hieok and P. Aloysius Scott, a newspaper reporter. William E. Lacy, an attorney for Mrs. Pendell, testified to the grand jury the details of the investigation conducted by Mrs. Pendell after she had listened to the story told by Mrs. Hammill.

Milton Carlson, a handwriting expert, was called in yesterday to determine, if possible, if the story of Mrs. Hammill was written contemporaneously with the events she chronicled or whether these entries were made after the fact. He testified that after she had had her alleged quarrel with White.

SODALITY UNION.

First Organization of Its Kind in California Plans for Work Among Poor and Friendless.

As a result of the recent visit to this city of Rev. Edward P. Garasche, editor of The Young Ladies' Sodalities, who gave here on the work of the Catholic Sodalities, there has been organized in Los Angeles the Sodality Union, the first of its kind in California.

Its purpose is to unite all of the sodalities of this city in systematic social work which will include the visiting of the sick, the poor and the friendless, distributing clean literature, helping needy wage earners to find places, and various other lines of practical work. The purpose is to lend a helping hand to those needing it, regardless of creed.

The officers of this new organization are as follows:

President, Miss Eugenia Mallory, president of the Young Ladies' Sodality of St. Vincent's Church; vice-president, Miss Kate Horgan, president of the sodality of St. Vibiana's Cathedral; secretary, Miss Ellen Henneman, president of the sodality of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament; spiritual directors, Rev. MacRobertson of St. Vincent's Church, Rev. Butler of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament and Rev. Brady and Rev. Corr of St. Vibiana's Cathedral.

The next meeting of the Sodality Union will be in the Father Meyer Memorial Hall at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of December 5. It is expected that at this meeting twenty Catholic churches of the city will be represented by members of young ladies' sodalities.

GIVES CANVAS TO BELGIAN CAUSE.

ARTIST'S WORK WILL BE SOLD AT BAZAAR TO SWELL RELIEF FUND.

"An Autumn Day," considered one of the best older-school works of C. Harry Allis, the noted landscape painter, will be exhibited and sold at the bazaar to be given at the Alexandria this afternoon and evening by the Belgian Relief Committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

The canvas bears a picture of Verdon, France, as it was before blighted by war. It has been exhibited in the East. Verdon itself is of great historic interest; the church was built in 1125 A.D. by the English and later greatly changed. It is much sought by invalid pilgrims and many modern miracles are attributed to St. Verdur, whose heart and bones are carried in solemn procession annually by the priests.

Mr. Allis was in Ostend when the war broke out and about 100 of his canvases were destroyed by a shell that wrecked his studio during the first German drive.

Other contributions are coming in for the many booths—antique silver utensils, wrought brass, gold and silverware. The needle-work booth will contain many things, from the daintiest fabrics to kitchen aprons, ferns, jellies, sweetmeats and other dainties will fill another booth. Books, dolls, flags (a notable collection), paintings and etchings will also be sold. The Batchelder tiles are sure to be in demand. Dresden shepherdesses will preside at the flower booth. Mysterious paintings will be sold at the white elephant stand. A crystal gazer will reveal the future to the curious.

Many teas and dinner parties have been planned for the time before the evening concert and the ball, which will follow.

Times "Liners" are productive of maximum results at minimum cost.

MANY THOUSAND ARE TO BE FED.

UNION RESCUE MISSION PLANS A GREAT SPREAD FOR THANKSGIVING.

The Union Rescue Mission, located at No. 145 North Main street, is making extensive plans for its annual Thanksgiving spread. It expects to have food on hand for the feeding of 1500 guests, and announces that every man, woman, boy or girl, who visits the mission between the hours of 11 a.m. and 8 p.m., will be a welcome guest at the Thanksgiving dinner, which will be continuous between these hours.

Last year the mission had 900 guests. It expects fully 1500 this year. If there are persons who want to help in providing the funds and materials for this great feast, their contributions will be gladly received. During Thanksgiving Day there will be continuous services at the mission, with speaking by various city pastors and a fine musical programme.

Reports of the work of this mission show that last year it provided worthy men with 657 meals and 400 beds. This mission holds meetings every night in the year. If a man goes there hungry, he is fed; if he has need of clothes, he is clothed and if necessary he is given a bed in which to sleep. The managers are W. E. McVay, H. A. Gata, J. M. Berkeley and A. A. Maxwell, with Fred L. Benton as superintendent and C. L. Harris, assistant superintendent.

SHIES AT LIVE WIRE.

Motorcyclist Tries to Avoid Collision with Automobile Towing Dangerous Load—Injured in Crash.

F. C. Miller said he knew he was "gone" when he saw ahead of him an automobile towing a live wire spurring flame at Twenty-fifth street and Santa Fe avenue. His motorcycle collided with the motor car, and in the accident he received a concussion of the brain and injuries to his back and arm, which were treated at the Receiving Hospital.

Mr. Miller, who is employed by the city as an engineer, and lives at No. 3408 East Washington street, was hastening home when he came upon the automobile with the hissing property in tow. The driver of the machine, he said, was forced to swing into Santa Fe avenue before making the turn. He reported to the police that he killed his engine and averted, but was unable to avoid the collision.

JOB FINDER FINED.

Took Their Money but Gave no Work in the "Movie" Studios, Women Testify.

Attractive young women willing to invest \$25 to satisfy their ambitions to act in the silent drama successfully complained in Police Court yesterday against the operations of Charles Stevens, alleged proprietor of a labor bureau, No. 749 South San Pedro street. The prosecution was made by H. A. Cable, assistant city attorney.

In her testimony Miss Teresa Viera, No. 1224 1/2 South Broadway street, said Stevens had told her he would secure work in one of the major motion picture studios upon payment of \$25. She who suited for the work, according to his opinion, she said, and he thought he would have no trouble in getting her a position that would return her lucrative salary.

She said she waited and waited, and still waited, and no word of the fulfillment of her ambitions arrived. Her mother, Mrs. M. E. Viera, No. 234 West Seventeenth street, also invested with Stevens, and so did Mrs. H. F. Francisco. They both testified that Stevens took their money and secured no employment for them.

The prosecution was made on the provision of the State law that all persons conducting an employment agency must have a State permit. Mr. Cable also introduced in evidence against Stevens a grotesque photograph of the latter, in which he was dressed in a cook's apron and crowned with some kitchen utensil. Police Judge Chabro commented on the photograph when he imposed sentence.

TO AID HUSBAND.

Judge Craig's court yesterday resembled a convention of all nations during the trial of Liu Yen, charged with the murder of Frank Gan, August 12, in the Eagle rooming-house. When the case of the Chinese was called Mrs. Luo, who for weeks was mysteriously missing, joined her husband and throughout the day sat beside him. A young woman of decided oriental cast of countenance, she admitted that she is not entirely a white woman, as has been previously reported. Her father was a German trader and her mother Chinese.

The reason for the return of the young woman to defend her elderly husband, from whom she had fled, fearing his wrath after having been found in company with Gan, was explained. Mrs. Luo is to become a mother within a few weeks, and for the sake of the child will try and save its father.

The first witness called by Deputy District Attorney Shannon, after the jury had been chosen, was Who How, a Chinaman, who testified of having seen the body of Gan. Miss Frances de Compa, an Italian woman, who roomed in the rooming-house at the shooting occurred, testified as to the arrival of Luo and the scuffle which ensued.

J. Puigle, Japanese proprietor of the Eagle rooming-house, was one of the witnesses. The last person called to the stand before continuance of the case to Monday was Officer L. D. Oakes, who arrested Luo and obtained an alleged confession of guilt from the prisoner. Attorneys Chambers, Gardner and S. S. Hahn are defending Luo.

The courtroom was crowded with Japanese, Chinese, Italians and Mexicans acquainted with some of the parties or details connected with the case and presented the most heterogeneous gathering of races or nationalities seen in a local court for some time.

NOT RAILROAD'S FAULT.

The Los Angeles Railway won a unique suit, one so far without a parallel, in Judge Jackson's court yesterday. It was an action for damages by the passenger of an East Seventh street car whose foot was bruised by another passenger's foot yesterday day. It was an action for damages by the passenger of an East Seventh street car whose foot was bruised by another passenger's foot yesterday day. It was an action for damages by the passenger of an East Seventh street car whose foot was bruised by another passenger's foot yesterday day.

C. A. Truscott, who is a buyer for the Layne-Bowler Company, was the passenger whose foot was stepped on. He alleged that the car contained too many passengers. They crowded into the aisles. He was one of the strap-hangers. When the car stopped, the strap-hanger next to him lurched forward and stepped on his foot.

The court held that, in view of the circumstances, the corporation could not be held responsible, and judgment was given in its favor.

CONVICT WRITER OF DEATH THREAT.

EVIDENCE OF FRIENDSHIP WITH A MAFIA LEADER INFLUENCES THE JURY.

Introduction of a letter from Toscano Giovanni Battista, Chief of Public Surety at Corleone, Sicily, detailing some of the history of Jack Rizzotto, was largely instrumental in his conviction of attempted extortion by the jury in Judge Craig's court yesterday.

Battista positively identified the photograph of Rizzotto, sent him by the Chief of Police of Long Beach several months ago, as No. 513 of the Italian conscription camp located at Corleone three years ago. At that time he was known as Ignazio Dragna, his father being Francesco Paolo Dragna and his mother, Vutera Anna Dragna. He served a few months in the Italian army in Libya and was known as the principal friend of No. 513, an acknowledged leader of the Mafia, which flourished in Sicily, and of which Corleone was the headquarters. Rizzotto admitted all the facts regarding his service in the army, and

other facts save that he had changed his name, denying this emphatically on cross examination by Deputy District Attorney Helms.

The charge against the young man, who is 24 years of age, is that of having sent several letters to Dominic Lauricella, an Italian living near Long Beach, in which he demanded a bag of gold. Refusal to comply with this demand called for the alternative of death. The letters, as well as a telephone post located near Lauricella's home were decorated with skull and cross bones, daggers and similar terrifying devices.

Handwriting experts connected these writings and drawings with the handwriting of Rizzotto. Judge Craig will sentence the prisoner next Monday afternoon unless an appeal or plea for probation is granted the defendant on grounds advanced by Attorney Torchia appearing in his behalf.

MAINE MEETING.

State of Maine people will meet to elect officers Tuesday evening in The Times Assembly Rooms. There will be a short programme of music and readings of merit, and a box luncheon auction sale. Ladies will take luncheon for two in boxes with owners' names, the contents to be shared with the highest bidder. Much interest is taken and a genuine good time assured.



For the Business Man—and the Business Maid

"For men and women whose brains are bread winners—a cup of chocolate at breakfast is more nourishing and more readily assimilated than eggs and other foods that bulk the stomach."

Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate is the West's great beverage food—delicious in flavor, economical in first cost and doubly economical in what it gives in upbuilding return.

The body is better, the brain works better for a cup of steaming, delicious Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate that never cloyes the appetite or loses its zestful appeal.

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The Only
Ground Chocolate

In 1/4-lb., 1-lb. and 3-lb. hermetically sealed cans. There's a double economy in buying the 3-lb. can.

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PEANUT BUTTER CHEWS—a delicious molasses chew with peanut butter center. Not too hard but very chewy. Each piece wrapped. Take home a pound for Sunday. 25c

Sunday Dinner 50c

Chicken with Noodles

SERVED FROM 5 TO 8 P.M.—BOTH STORES.

Chicken a la Reine

Olives or Celery

FRICASSEE OF YOUNG CHICKEN with EGG NOODLES

or

Roast Young Leg of Veal Sarge Dressing

Dutchess Potatoes Garded Peas

Orange Sherbet

Special Brick Ice Cream

Macaroons or Lady Fingers

Apple Pie

Coffee Tea or Milk

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Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition San Diego, 1915

For Flavor and Quality
BAKER'S COCOA
is just right

It has the delicious taste and natural color of high-grade cocoa beans. It is skillfully prepared by a perfect mechanical process without the use of chemicals, flavoring or artificial coloring matter. It is pure and wholesome, conforming to all the National and State Food Laws.

CAUTION: Get the genuine with our trade-mark on the package.

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Open Saturday Evening

Saturday Is Boys' Day
At Desmond's New Store
Spring near Sixth

We've had an opening for the grown-up folks—now we are going to have a day for the boys. We want every boy to see what a fine, big Boys' Department we have on the Second Floor and all the nice things we have provided for their comfort, so we have set aside SATURDAY AS OPENING DAY FOR THE BOYS, and with every purchase—

WE'LL GIVE FREE AN IMPORTED NOVELTY TOY—SOMETHING DIFFERENT FROM ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER SEEN.

We'll state frankly that the boys' patronage is worthy the best efforts of any merchant, and that we are leaving nothing undone to deserve it. The stock we have collected for this new store is unsurpassed. You should see the excellent

Suits and Overcoats—\$5 to \$12.50
Sweaters in All Colors and Weaves—\$1.50 to \$5
Knitted Toggles in All Colors—35c to 75c
The Very Newest in Hats for Boys—50c to \$3.50
The Best in Furnishings of All Kinds
Notaseme Horiory for Boys—25c—Guaranteed

Women's Dress Accessories and Restroom on the Mezzanine

Desmond's

THE COAL DOCTOR
DEMONSTRATES TO THE MAN WHO IS AFRAID OF A BILL

7:30 A.M.
SHE: "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, JOHN, LET'S GET THE COAL DOCTOR TO FIX THIS PESKY FIRE!"
HE: "NOT MUCH! WE HAVE ENOUGH DOCTOR BILLS NOW, AROUND THIS HOUSE!!!"

"Hello, South 3944! Busy? Well give me F7448, Pacific Coast Coal Company? Send up the COAL DOCTOR right away."

"WELL, DOCTOR, I'M READY FOR THE BAD NEWS, — HOW MUCH DO I OWE YOU?"

"NOT A CENT, SIR. I MAKE NO CHARGE FOR MY SERVICES"

RECHART'S WILL TO BE ATTACKED.

THE INFLUENCE AND FRAUD WILL BE ALLEGATIONS ATTORNEYS SAY.

Questions that the will of Rosari Rechart, a Los Angeles merchant, who died in the latter part of 1914, was executed in accordance with legal requirements and that it was the exercise of "undue influence, fraud and duress" will be the subject of a contesting lawsuit, according to attorneys representing contesting heirs.

The merchant bequeathed to his son, John, all his property, valued at approximately \$150,000, with the exception of \$1000 to each of three grand-daughters, Mrs. Katie M. Rechart, Mrs. Julia Rechart, and Mrs. Peter Gull, and to his wife, Mrs. Rechart, the residue of his estate. This will was admitted to probate in Alameda county last week by Judge Wells and the action contesting it will be tried next Monday.

Like all actions of this character, it is being hotly contested and it was made an effort to prove that the testator was of unsound mind. He was 65 years old when he died.

John H. Bartlett of Oakland will represent John Rechart, the executor.

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TO SHARE AID OF UNCLE S.

NEW-ONE COME UNDER STARS AND STRIPES.

Though Mass of Government Laws is Mystery, the Appeal Liberty is Strong for New China and Freedom of July in Their Favor. Date for All Events.

In the crucible of American citizenship, in Judge Trippett's court, there is a variety of ingredients, some of them from the belligerent nations—England, Russia, Italy, Japan, and Austria predominating. Though the declarations of intent in all these cases were filed before the outbreak of the war, it was plain that they were losing no time to render the protecting aid of the American flag.

One of the features of the examination of the applications for citizenship was that the initiative and referendum provisions were a sealed book to them. Jessie Maude Wyatt, one of the few women in the line, was asked what she had read about the provisions, but had no knowledge of what they meant as applicable to the State government. None of the other applicants were brave enough to even make a guess at what they stood for.

Samuel L. Lichten, a Russian lapidary, former native of Moscow, asked if there had anything recently happened in this city that reminded him of his native city. He was asked the passing of the Liberty Bell. "Did you see it?" asked Judge Trippett. "I certainly did," replied the applicant, and his face glowed with patriotic enthusiasm.

It developed that Samuel George Graham, an Englishman, had voted in the Presidential election of 1896, when he had been told by a policeman in Seattle that after he had filed his declaration of intention he was a "disgraced American citizen. Under the law, in such cases, he was able to qualify within the five-year period following such act. He was asked the candidates were in 1896, and replied McKinley and Bryan.

"Was the great issue?" queried the court. "Free silver," said Graham, and his face glowed with patriotic enthusiasm.

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CHRISTOPHERS

Bury Hatchet.
(Continued from First Page.)
proceedings are contemplated under these estimates, as the territory the city proposes to invade is occupied, Mr. Scattergood replied that the matter is one that the board must decide.
There was also no information offered as to whether or not the scheme is an alternative one to the city's acquisition, by condemnation, of a portion of the property of the Southern California Edison Company. The appraisal of this property by the State Railroad Commission has been under way for over a year, with experts hazarding the surmise that the price fixed will be prohibitive of purchase by the municipality.
As Commissioner Edgerton is scheduled to hear the application of the city, Monday, for the fixing of a price, with the probability that the commission's figures on values will be made public at that time, the action of the Public Service Commission, yesterday, may have been along the line of a psychological stroke in time.
OLIVE BRANCH.
Mr. Scattergood's new alignments in the power campaign followed the board's acquiescence to a plea of President Betkouski of the City Council for a buttressing about of the electric plant bond election 1914 fund and a resolution of Commissioner Snyder demanding a more strict accounting of estimates and expenditures in the allied power and water departments.
The board's acquiescence to Mr. Betkouski's request was embodied in the following resolution:
Whereas, necessity required that certain unfinished work be completed on the line of tunnels, siphons, etc., known as the power division of the Los Angeles aqueduct, to secure a good and sufficient water supply for the city, and
Whereas, said work was joint water and power work and should have been completed out of funds specially provided for such work, but such funds were not available therefor, and
Whereas, the net sum of \$12,695.88 was advanced out of the water revenue fund and expended on said tunnels, siphons, etc., thereby depleting said water revenue fund so that bills chargeable to the said fund cannot be paid when due,
Now, therefore, be it resolved that demands be ordered made upon the electric plant bond election 1914 fund to reimburse the water revenue fund so that obligations chargeable to that fund may be met, with the understanding that the said amount shall be returned whenever the electric plant bond election 1914 fund shall be in need of money to meet its obligations.
STRICT CHECK.
Under Commissioner Snyder's resolution, no contemplated work in either the power or water department shall be started until estimates are approved by the board, while reports shall be made monthly showing the proportion of work finished under such estimates.
"We don't want to get into the position again," said Mr. Snyder, "where we don't know which way we are going to turn for funds."
A resolution was also passed authorizing the employment of Dillon, Thomson & Clay of New York to pass on the validity of the \$1,552,000 bond issue for the consummation of the purchase of the property of the Union Hollywood Water Company.
Several letters on the proposed Eagle Rock annexation drew a pre-empt from Chief Engineer Mulholland of the water department against the inclusion of any more territory that is above the 800-foot pump level.
WIN TWO DEBATES.
Los Angeles High School Students Talk Successfully on Both Sides of the Same Question.
One team representing the Los Angeles High School, at Long Beach last night, discussed the question of a commission form of government for California and won for the negative in a debate with the Long Beach students, and in this city another team of the Los Angeles school won the affirmative on the same issue against a team from the Hollywood High School. The second team of the Long Beach school, debating at Hollywood, won for the negative.
The debates were held under the auspices of the State University League and the winners of a series arranged for various groups of high school students will contend next spring for the state championship.
More than 200 young students heard the debate at the Los Angeles High School and cheered enthusiastically when the judges, William H. Paul, Arnold and Miss Dorothy Poppy, decided in favor of the home team. In addition to the debate the school orchestra gave a programme, Morris Ankrum and Miss Elizabeth Hughes spoke for the affirmative and Harry Van Cleve and William Kernan, the negative.
AS MEMORIAL FOR COLORED LEADER.
PEOPLE OF HIS RACE ARE TO GATHER AND EXPRESS APPRECIATION.
A tribute will be paid the memory of the late Dr. Booker T. Washington next Thursday afternoon by the colored people of the city and their friends, who will meet in the First Methodist Church, Fifth and Main streets, and pass resolutions of appreciation for the work and personality of the colored educator. Representatives of all colored churches and civic organizations will take part in the services, as will a number of persons who were formerly instructors and students at the Tuskegee Industrial Institute, founded by Dr. Washington.
Among the speakers will be prominent men and women of both races. Dr. E. W. Kinchen, pastor of the Wesley Chapel Methodist Church (colored), has been selected as master of ceremonies, as he was a personal friend of Dr. Washington. The colored churches, colored Spanish War veterans, Civil War veterans, Boy Scouts, and alumni, and educational societies will join in making this a large and representative memorial service.
It is expected many persons from all parts of Southern California will come to take part in the memorial exercises. Dr. J. Gordon McPherson, secretary of the Memorial Day Publicity Committee, said the railroads will be requested to make excursion rates. He has prepared a souvenir button which will be distributed during the week.
ASKS AN ACCOUNTING.
An action was instituted in the United States District Court yesterday by Frank W. Sawyer against George D. Parker, for an alleged violation of a patent, involving an improved elevator. The prayer is for a restraining order, an accounting and damages.

NEW LODGE WILL BE CONSTITUTED.
(Continued from First Page.)
AND OFFICERS INSTALLED AT MASONIC TEMPLE.
Is Made up for the Most Part of Men Who Heretofore Have not Transferred Their Memberships from Former Places of Residence in the East.
Prominent Masons of Southern California will assemble at the Masonic Temple tonight to constitute and install officers in the Henry S. Orme Lodge, No. 458, P. and A. M. This new lodge is made up largely of Masons who heretofore have not transferred their memberships from lodges at their former homes in the East. The officers to be installed are: Corn. Harry Andrews, Worshipful Master; John Henry Sheridan, Senior Warden; Edward Henry Morrison, Junior Warden; J. Wellington Dwyer, Treasurer; Arthur Linwood Crandall, Secretary; Albert James Reid, Chaplain; Harold Demarest, Marshal; Howard Holton Rowing, Senior Deacon; Frank John Orson, Junior Deacon; Frank T. Price, Senior Steward; Don R. Gilbert, Junior Steward, and A. J. Maas, Tyler.
Following are the officers of the Grand Lodge, with the stations they will assume in constituting the new lodge:
Grand Master Benjamin F. Blodson, Grand Master; Past Grand Master Dana R. Weller, Deputy Grand Master; William Rhodes Hervey, Senior Grand Warden; Past Grand Master Oscar Lawler, Junior Grand Warden; William W. Douglas, Grand Treasurer; William H. Harrison, Grand Secretary; Don Cave, Grand Lecturer; W. J. Sanborn, Senior Grand Deacon; William M. Humphreys, Junior Grand Deacon; J. H. Dean, Senior Grand Steward; S. E. Burke, Junior Grand Steward; C. A. Yarnell, Grand Pursuivant; William A. Hammel, Grand Marshal; J. Whitcomb Brounser, Grand Chaplain; S. Hughes, Grand Orator; Jacob J. Falls, Grand Organist; R. E. Dill, Grand Bible Bearer; C. A. Jones, Grand Standard Bearer; Harry C. Knox, Grand Sword Bearer; Lyle W. Rucker, Assistant Grand Secretary; David C. Bossmann, Grand Tyler; J. Ira Moore, Past Master, Corn; Frank Wallenstein, Past Master, Wine; W. E. Chamberlain, Past Master, Oil; Frank C. Prescott, Past Master, Lesser Light; H. W. Rayner, Past Master, Lesser Light; J. M. Dunsmoor, Past Master, Lesser Light; Frank P. Ebert, Past Master, Emblem; Fred T. Purdy, Past Master, Emblem; Ed L. Stephens, Past Master, Emblem, and Charles L. Wilde, Emblem.
Last Lap.
STILL SEEKING "BIG BROTHERS."
Y.M.C.A. CAMPAIGN TO CLOSE NEXT TUESDAY.
End of Hunt for Members Put Off Because of Bright Prospect for Enrolling Thousand New Names, as Originally Intended—Call to Workers Sent Out.
The "Big Brother" campaign of the Y.M.C.A. for 1906 new members, scheduled to close last night, will continue until noon next Tuesday, according to the announcement of Leo V. Youngworth, campaign leader, who said yesterday that encouraging reports of workers led to the belief an extension of time would insure the success of the canvass.
The results of the campaign up to last night showed between 600 and 700 new memberships, and team leaders who have been working for five days were unanimous in their opinion that the 1906 members would be enrolled before Tuesday.
For every new membership brought in a member will be allowed a month's extension on his own time. This plan was announced yesterday by Secretary Luther.
"I am offering this inducement," Mr. Luther said, "to show the members that their success will be to their advantage and help them to feel that we appreciate their efforts in this work, which has been initiated under such favorable auspices."
"I have never been in a campaign where greater interest was manifested on the part of the men of a community. Enthusiasm has reached a high pitch and the team leaders are discovering many 'Big Brothers' every day."
Success will mean a membership of 1906 boys, which will put the Los Angeles Y.M.C.A. in first place. Seattle now holds the lead for boy members.
The letter sent by Mr. Youngworth yesterday to team leaders and others interested in the campaign is as follows:
Fine reports today. Much to encourage, but now all hands on deck—every man in his place doing his best and we will reach the 1906 mark by Tuesday noon, when we will meet for luncheon.
All workers have many lined up to be "picked," but need until Tuesday to land them.
We are not going to close this campaign until we have 1906 members—and we will have them by Tuesday if all continue the splendid work of the past. From the bottom of my heart I want to thank you for your fine spirit and splendid co-operation. Now, all together for the last lap—GO!
INDICTS SMUGGLERS.
Grand Jury Investigates One Case and Brings in a Number of True Bills Against Suspects.
The Federal grand jury yesterday afternoon began the investigation of the smuggling charges against Rusk Moscholder of San Diego, and it is more than likely others will be found enmeshed when the transnational body reports later on. The ramifications of the smuggling plot in which it is claimed Moscholder is implicated, are widespread and names not yet mentioned in connection with the probe may be involved.
Next Tuesday, the grand jury will take up an investigation involving one of the best-known Chinese in Los Angeles, charged also with smuggling.
The grand jury yesterday indicted Jesus Mora Garcia, Marcel Garcia, Rosendo Loriga, Eduardo Gomez and Alvaro Vasquez, for smuggling opium into the United States.
Only One "Bromo Quinine."
To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE, Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day. 25c.

Battle Reopened.
(Continued from First Page.)
crease in rates. In fact, interchange would be a more costly proceeding than straight purchase, for it would mean there would be continued and costly duplication for an indefinite period in the future.
Though G. E. McFarland, president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, and H. D. Pillsbury, the vice-president, registered at the Alexandria yesterday morning and left last night for San Francisco, officials of the company asserted their visit had nothing to do with the filing of petitions for new franchises. It was also emphatically denied that there had ever been any negotiations between the Bell and the Home companies looking toward purchase.
With approximately \$11,000,000 invested in its system here, the costing of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company by action of the City Council is admittedly so improbable as to be scarcely worth considering. It is also a question whether the Council can force the two companies to install the necessary facilities for interchange, which, it was estimated by Engineer Barker of the Board of Public Utilities a year ago, would cost from \$2,000,000 to \$3,000,000.
In spite of the fact that a granting of new franchises now will mean that the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company voluntarily oblige itself to pay 2 per cent. of its gross earnings to the city for the unexpired term of its franchise, it is not likely that his company is willing to do this. This will mean a payment to the city for the current year of about \$50,000, it is estimated. This is in accordance with the Broughton Act, governing the renewal or granting of franchises.
GERMS GOOD AND BAD.
Too Much Attention Has Been Paid to Those Believed Dangerous Until Suspicion Attaches to All.
[Columbus Evening Dispatch:] We have talked so much about germs as the cause of disease that we have failed to realize that there are good germs, as well as bad, that there are germs working for, as well as germs working against mankind. Dr. Zeigler of the Philadelphia health department in a recent bulletin, tells of some of the things that benevolent germs do. Even the fertility of the soil depends upon the action of germs or bacteria; and if there were no fertile soil, there would be no plants for food and so no animal life to make its contribution to the table. Bacteria are also essential in the making of wine, beer, cider, vinegar, bread, sauer kraut and many other things that are drunk or eaten by man. Milk and cream are soured by bacteria, and so all the products of sour milk and cream are produced only by the action of germs. So, too, hides are cured and tobacco is prepared for use. Bacteria are necessary to the production of vaccines and antitoxins, and even the process of digestion in the human stomach could not be carried on without them.
So, don't be frightened at the mention of a germ. It may be an enemy, but it is as likely to be a friend.

Produce
your own milk and cream, butter, bacon, ham, eggs, chickens, turkeys, ducks, squabs, rabbits, avocados, vegetables, fruits, berries and nuts on an

Acres
At San Fernando Mission Lands
Single Acres \$495 and up—easy terms.
5 Acres or more—\$300 an acre and up.
Under \$30,000,000 Water System.
(All the water you want at 1 cent per inch)
On our demonstration acre at San Fernando Mission Lands we are going to prove that a man and his family can obtain a good living and independence on 40,000 square feet of ground. Water, soil and climatic conditions in this favored spot make this possible. If you can afford five acres you can enjoy a handsome income—if you can afford ten acres you can become a well-to-do man. This land at the mouth of our great \$30,000,000 municipal aqueduct, is in the heart of a rapidly developing, high-class suburban section—on electric carline, and half million dollar, illuminated boulevard, close to good schools, churches, theaters, stores, etc. Close to the cities of Lankershim, Van Nuys and San Fernando. Experts predict that this land will quadruple in value before long. That it is the most wanted land on the market today is evidenced by sales of practically \$500,000 since March of this year. About \$130,000 worth of property was sold last month.

ANGELES MESA LAND CO.,
433 South Hill Street, Ground Floor
Home 80151 Main 888

Free Excursion
Sunday, Nov. 21st, at 10 A. M.
This is the trip that has resulted in the sale of a half million dollars' worth of land at San Fernando Mission Lands. Don't fail to go. You'll see the old Mission, \$30,000,000 aqueduct and the coming "market-basket" of Los Angeles. Please make reservations in advance, if possible.

Pimples and Skin Eruptions
Danger Signs of Bad Blood
It May Mean Eczema, Scrofula—The First Sign of Inherited Blood Disease.
Pimples, scaly, itching skin, rashes, burning sensations and Scrofula denote with unfailing certainty a debilitated, weakened and impure state of the blood. The trouble may have been in your blood from birth, but no matter how you were infected, you must treat it through the blood. It is a blood disease. You must use S. S. S., the standard blood tonic for 50 years, if you expect certain relief. For purifying the system, nothing is equal to it. The action of S. S. S. is to cleanse the blood. It soaks through the system direct to the seat of the trouble—acting as an antidote to neutralize the blood poisons. It revitalizes the red blood corpuscles, increases the flow so that the blood can properly perform its physical work. The dull sluggish feeling leaves you—the complexion clears up. Even long standing cases respond promptly. But you must take S. S. S. Drugs and substitutes won't do. Get S. S. S. from your druggist. If yours is a special case and you need expert advice, write to S. S. S., Atlanta, Ga.

PAINT YOUR ROOF NOW—BITULITE
Waterproof and preservative paint will guarantee no leakage.
PAINT BITULITE CO.
5th and Benton Streets.
Main 8088. Montgomery Bros., Jewelers, 4th and Broadway, 10028.

\$10 Watches
Main 8088. Montgomery Bros., Jewelers, 4th and Broadway, 10028.

"Seeing Is Believing" So Come and Take a Look At the "BIG BULL"
You've probably heard that the "BIG BULL" Tractor does the work of seven or eight horses, does it more quickly and more cheaply—to which you may answer: "Show me."
Well, we can't bring the "BIG BULL" to you, so we cordially invite you to one of our
Daily Demonstrations Now Going on at Western & Santa Barbara Avenues
After you've seen the "BIG BULL" perform, we miss a pretty safe guess if you don't find a home for it on your ranch!
Take the Hawthorne (yellow line) cars, or come by auto out Vermont Avenue to Santa Barbara Avenue, and thence to Western.
"BIG BULL" will also be on exhibition at the Motor Truck Show, Broadway Rink, Broadway and Main, November 17th to 20th.
Hughson & Merton, Inc. 20 h.p. at pulley belt 1229 S. Olive St. F5975. Main 7290. F6855. Main 8088.

SHAMROCK
for Thanksgiving
\$3 Hat
Look your best from top to toe—wear a nifty Siegel hat. You will have that much to be thankful for. We show the newest shapes in the popular tones, Green, Gray, Brown and Blue. Classy caps—imported ones in many dashing patterns and colorings. Just the thing for winter. \$1.00 to \$2.00.
Furnishings Attractively Priced
fine quality of silk with satin stripes priced in mannish patterns and attractive colors, a real bargain for only \$3.65
Japanese crepe shirts that will appeal to those of particular tastes \$1.35
Madras and Oxford shirts in a wide range of patterns, colors and sizes \$1.15
all wool union suits—comfortable and warm for fall and winter \$1.50
lisle silk mixed union suits, medium weight and extra fine quality \$1.15
serviceable silk hose in all colors and sizes, very special \$32c
OTHER NEW FALL LINES AT EQUAL REDUCTIONS
Siegel's
349 S. Spring St.
OPEN SATURDAYS TILL 11 P.M.
(20)

season has commenced in the way for the tourists.

hundred. Are the forces of the future to be a retreat from the

Club of this city is famous training. It is the United Club's behindhand.

rose announces his candidacy for the Presidential nomination, a free country?

Napoleon's hair has been cut. It wasn't the hair that made but the staff under the hat.

has laid 254 eggs in two years. Isn't that pushing the part business just a bit?

ident Taff, like Cavanaugh, is burning back of the hat, hence all but him have lost.

has its way the legislature, the favorite drink of the President and they furnish the same for the nation.

is fame? The press reports mentioning Algeria in the desert in Africa or in Spain? Can stand up.

Randall has started to wait the meeting of Congress will now begin to him in Capitol.

are running, which most recent fish in the Pacific waters—provided a fellow barn.

some bad things in connecting business. Look at King George!

hundred members of the party will be in Los Angeles member when the Grange in American politics?

burghill, former First Lady, has gone to the front with King George is not did not see him.

Eugenia Kelly has wedded R. Al Davis, let a bit of be thrown on the whole

place of Walt Whitman, L. I. is to be cut up at it brought \$18,000 at a point to buy a lot of the

the time it was announced that he would spend the money in Toledo, O. Wasn't he redundant?

the I.W.W. murderer, Day, was a poet. But the prosecution kindly when presenting the

of former United States Senator Burrows of Michigan, the best-known of the an guard who, like R. he beats at Ephesus.

Justice Hughes declares circumstances will be a Republican nomination. Burton cannot understand the New York jurist.

message of President Wilson is completed. The other super man remembers might effort to get a message; now nobody pays

of Sam Gompers, through President Wilson, to save the Hillstrom, the I.W.W. the murder, failed, as it should be to be congratulated on a plain duty, in the Gompers machine.

of preparedness have called to this version found in St. Matthew, that if the good man down in what watch the would have watched, he suffered his house

NIGHT.
world, save for a small north through slumbering on holding the dream of the white magic, and the

cricket in the grass. Light, alive and wonderful for I cannot sleep. The breath stirs mine too with an old dream I have

is, is it not strange, that I know not where you watch steadily the

and as beginners at the I know not where you watch steadily the

of a house of 1000 votes

THURSDAY MORNING.

YELLOW CARS ARE REROUTED.

RECEIVED PREPARED BY UTILITIES BOARD.

Elizabethe All Dead

and Turbines in Congested

and Reduce Turbines—Three

Company Lines Ordered

Management.

of all "turnbacks"

the board of directors

of the board of directors

of the board of directors

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of the board of directors

50c Luncheon

(Served Between 11 and 2:30)
Cream Celery Soup aux Croutons
Fried Eastern Oysters
Roast Young Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Baked or Mashed Potatoes
Greened Lettuce, Mayonnaise
Ice Cream Assorted Cake
Demi Tasse

—Home of Ostermoor Mattresses—
Coulter Dry Goods Co.
—McCall Patterns—
FOUNDED in 1873
U. S. Postoffice Sub-Station. W. U. Telegraph Branch. American Express Branch.

35c Luncheon

(Served Between 11 and 2:30)
Fried Brookfield Sausage
Mashed Potatoes
Tutti Frutti Jello
Tea, Coffee or Milk

Purchases Made By Charge Customers This Month Need Not Be Paid For Until January 1st, 1916
This is our method of making holiday shopping easier for both patrons and employees; giving leisurely opportunity for careful shopping, from complete stocks, without the customary increased bills necessitated by the holiday season.
All purchases made on and after November 15th will be charged to December account and appear on statement rendered January 1st, 1916.

Bring the Little Folks to Coulter's Toy Section Today

We want every little youngster in Los Angeles to pay Coulter's a visit Saturday, and to select what he thinks he'd like to have Santa Claus bring him, later on! We have a thoroughly good stock of good toys, books, games, wheeled goods, etc., and they are marked at surprisingly low figures!

All Wool Angora Sweaters

Desired by every woman with athletic tendencies, and by many who simply wish a warm, smart, comfortable wrap.
These, made with shawl collars, in dark green, red, brown and gray, are very inexpensive at their present price of\$3.75

\$1.75 Silk Hose

Women's pure thread \$1.50
medium heavy weight; guaranteed stop wet top, in black only; a standard \$1.75 grade, special Saturday\$1.50
(Hosiery: Main Floor)

Fiber Silk Sweaters \$10.00

Really, the fifteen-dollar grade in these popular garments. Blazer stripes, in pink and white, blue and white, black and white, green and white, and solid colors, as well; choice\$10
(Sweaters: Second Floor)

Women's Black Coats

Fashion has decreed them eminently stylish—our stocks reflect fashion's mandates.
Gabardines and Whipcords—in styles good for street or motoring wear; full Swagger effects, and models that are more fitted in character, \$17.50 to \$32.50.
Coats of Black Broadcloth—in Swagger cut; belted and plain models, too, at—\$25 to \$35.
Coats of White Chinchilla—three-quarter length. Luxuriously fur trimmed, \$22.50.
Sports Coats—of knitted material, in white, rose, green, purple, navy; some of them trimmed with fur, at \$17.50 to \$30.00.
Monkeyskin Coats—the new material; in navy and black, \$40 to \$52.50.
(Garments: Second Floor)

Miscellaneous Briefs

\$5.00 Blankets—choice of white, tan, gray or plaids; wool mixed, soft and lofty; on sale Saturday only\$3.90
The New Van-I-Kerchief—a patented novelty; a handkerchief of pure linen or Shamrock, in the center of which is an open pocket, outlined in fancy stitch to match the border of handkerchief, (or in white, with hemmed edge) in which one may insert a perforated powder puff, a very convenient innovation, indeed, one which will be popular with gift-givers; at various prices, 20c, 35c and45c
\$1.00 Perfumes—high-grade lily of the valley or violet odors; by buying in bulk we can offer this really excellent perfume, oz. 50c
15c Flexible Steel Nail Files, each10c
50c Sachet Powder—Jergen's Crushed Rose and Crushed Violet odors, ounce35c
Notion Specials—65c Fancy Pin Cushions, 50c.

Special Prices on Odd Merode Underwear

Women's Union Suits—cream color; high neck, long or short sleeves, knee or ankle length; sizes 4, 7, 8 and 9; reg. 75c and \$1, now 60c and 75c.
Silk-and-Cotton Corset Covers—sizes 4 and 5; regularly \$1.25, for 75c; sizes 6 and 9, reg. \$1.35, \$1.50, 50c and 75c.
Knee Pants—sizes 4 and 5; reg. 50c and 75c.
Children's Fleece-lined Union Suits—reg. 75c and \$1, now 60c and 75c.
Union Suits—part wool, light weight; 12 year size only; reg. \$1.25 and 75c.
Silk and Cotton Union Suits; high neck, long sleeves, ankle; high neck, short sleeves, knee; size 4 only; reg. \$2.00\$1.50
Silk-and-Wool Union Suits; light weight; high neck, long sleeves, knee; 4 and 6 only; reg. \$2.75, \$2.00.
Women's Vests—cream color, medium cotton; high neck, long or short sleeves; reg. 50c and 75c, special35c and 50c
Children's Vests and Pants—part wool; medium weight; reg. 50c and 75c, now40c and 50c
Union Suits—of medium weight cotton; sizes 2 to 5; reg. 1.60c; sizes 10 to 12 years, reg. \$1.75c
Ankle Pants; medium cotton; 4 to 10 year sizes; reg. 50c35c
(Knitwear: South Aisle)

Rain Capes for Girls

\$3.00 Little people cannot be too carefully protected against winter rains; and they may be thoroughly and prettily outfitted, if parents buy them these smart rain capes, of which we have just received our winter's supply.
Plaid Lined Hoods
Sizes six to fourteen years, in navy or red, the hoods plaid lined, very inexpensive at \$3.00 and \$3.50.
Coats for Boys
of two to six years; made and tailored by man tailors; plain, diagonal and fancy mixtures, \$5.00 to \$10.00.
Plush and Corduroy Hats
in black and colors, at 50c and 65c.
(Children's Wear: Second Floor)

Veilings, Special

50c Newest meshes—hexagon, hairlines, filet, shadow, border effects and chenille dotted or fancy meshes, in black, white, navy, magpie, brown, taupe, purple, green and jackdaw; values to \$1 a yard50c
(Veilings: Main Floor)

Plain or Novelty Silks \$1

These in black, white and the best light and dark colors:
35-in. Satin Messalines\$1.00
35-in. Novelty Taffetas\$1.00
32-in. Tub Silks\$1.00
40-in. Crepe de Chine\$1.00
35-in. Chiffon Taffetas\$1.00
28-in. Plaid Silks\$1.00
36-in. All Silk Satins\$1.00
28-in. Velvet Cords\$1.00
(Silks: Broadway Annex)

Wool Goods Special \$1

Broken lots and odd pieces; values here to \$2.50 a yard; for suits, costumes or separate coats; good colors.
50-in. Epingle\$1.00
47-in. Check Suitings\$1.00
54-in. Gabardines\$1.00
56-in. Cheviots\$1.00
56-in. Canton Crepe\$1.00
50-in. Gabardines\$1.00
54-in. Melrose Suitings\$1.00
(Wool Goods: Broadway Annex)

Miscellaneous Briefs

Stationery at Half—broken lines from our own good stocks, and special purchases; in 1, 2 and 3-quire boxes; regular paper, correspondence cards and combinations of the two; regularly 50c to \$2.25, now25c to \$1.13
15c Cabinet Wire Hairpins10c
15c Card Pearl Headed Pins, 10c; 3 for 25c
15c Shoe Trees10c; 3 for 25c
5c Darners, assorted colors3 for 10c
10c Tape Measures3 for 25c
10c Safety Pins, gilt finish2 for 15c
15c Ribbon Runners, assorted colors10c
Three for25c
65c Needle Books50c
Small Satin Mirrors10c
12 Spools Sewing Silk, 4 yards each, assorted colors, 10c box3 for 25c
5c Tomato Pin Cushions3 for 10c
\$1.25 and \$1.50 Matting Suit Cases, 24 and 26 inch sizes; special\$1.00 and \$1.15

Novelty Ribbons, Special yard 35c

If all the scores of women in Los Angeles on the lookout for ribbons to use in their Christmas gift-things, will avail themselves of this opportunity, they will save much money!
Wide warp prints and Dresden ribbons, beautiful plaids and stripes; values to 80c, specially priced at 85c.
(Ribbons: Main Floor)

Thanksgiving Linen Values

Such as you will not soon obtain, on like good qualities:
Linen Sets, \$3.75
Of pure linen; cloth 68 x68, with six napkins to match; new round center designs; this is, without doubt, the most wonderful value in linens today; set\$3.75
Linen Sets, \$5.35
68x104, an extra large set; exactly what you will need for the large festive Thanksgiving table; special\$5.35.
(Linen: Near South Aisle)



Extra Values in High Class Gloves

Made simply to keep stocks in perfect condition:
\$1.50 and \$2 Gloves \$1
Your choice in black, tan and gray; sizes 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7 and 7 1/2; in real kid of finest quality\$1.00
\$2.00 Kid Gloves \$1.50
One line of extra quality real kid gloves, tan, all sizes; gray, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7; black, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7; champagne, 5 1/2, 6 1/2, 7.
And Don't Forget Glove Orders!
(Gloves: Main Floor)

We Have Reduced Boudoir Caps

Always acceptable gifts for women—and inexpensive, if bought here and now—on sale in the Muslinwear Section:
Of Net and Lace—ribbon\$1.00
Of Shadow Lace—ribbon and trimmed; reg. 75c50c
Tipperary Caps—of lace and ribbon; reg. \$1.50\$1.00
Hand-embroidered Net—trimmed with fine lace, ribbon and roses; reg. \$5.00\$3.50
(Muslinwear: Second Floor)

COULTER'S—215-229 South Broadway

Open Saturday until 9 p.m.
Medical Batteries
Electric currents properly controlled are today almost universally recognized as having considerable curative effects. We have a good battery of apparatus and will be pleased to explain the principle and use of the apparatus and its application. Remember, when you want good electrical apparatus and reliable electrical information, call upon us.
ESTABLISHED 1901
WOMAN'S ELECTRIC SHOE
JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM THIRD FLOOR

\$3.35
Sale of \$5 and \$6 Models
WOMEN'S Shoes, in a variety of broken lines which include some smart Novelties. Button and lace—in patent, dull kid, vict, winter tan calf, etc. Several hundred pairs, and every size among them.
Stauke's
The Popular Price Shoe Store.
336 SO BROADWAY



Cities and Towns South of Tehachepi's Top—Los Angeles County News

San Bernardino.
JURY ACQUITS DESERT SLAYER.
Widow to Escape Trial as Accused Accomplice.
Unidentified Woman Drowns at Urbita Springs.
Cities Unite to Take up Highway Matters.

San Bernardino, Nov. 19.—Denny Nicholson was vindicated by a jury for the slaying of W. A. Lamberth, for more than a quarter of a century a bad man of the desert. Three jurors thought Nicholson should hang, but they finally agreed with the other nine and the acquittal followed.

The verdict means the releasing of Mrs. Kitty Lamberth, widow of the dead man, held as an accomplice and who would have been tried Tuesday for the murder of her husband had Nicholson been convicted.

In the closing address to the jury Dist. Atty. Duckworth detailed the days of torture that Lamberth endured as he lay five days in his hut without medical aid. He bitterly arraigned Mrs. Lamberth, who listened without the slightest emotion to the charges that she wanted her husband to die.

DROWNED IN LAKE.
An unidentified woman, aged about 25 and neatly dressed, was found in the water of the lake at Urbita Springs tonight and absence of marks of violence caused the coroner to believe she committed suicide.

The woman was dressed in a black skirt, blue waist, green undergarments and was without a hat. At midnight she had been unidentified at the morgue.

MOUNTAIN ROADS.
To formulate an agreement between the civic interests of Redlands, Highland, Colton and San Bernardino, the cities of the county most concerned in building roads, the Chamber of Commerce has named a committee to call a conference with representatives from these cities.

Highland is urging the building of a new route to the crest of the San Bernardino Mountains to form a cut-off to both Bear Valley and Little Bear Valley. City Creek, which now has only a wagon road, is proposed for the new short line.

L. R. Lothrop, County Highway Commissioner, is giving his support to the route, declaring the road could be constructed at less than 100 feet per mile, and that it would be a climb of 1000 feet could be eliminated, for the other routes now reach 8000 feet and the City Creek road altitude is 7900 feet.

Connected with the City Creek road would be a cut-off from a point near Fredalia, entering Bear Valley at the dam and crossing it. This would keep the road on the south side of the mountains, where the snow melts faster and where a road could be kept open longer than the present routes.

PREFERS PRISON.
Offered probation if he would go to Patton for two years and take the drink cure, A. P. Cowell, who pleaded guilty to forgery, today declined.

"I would rather go to prison than to Patton," the prisoner declared.

"All right, two years in prison," is the sentence, announced Judge H. T. Dewhirst.

Cowell was brought here from Needles. His wife wrote from Los Angeles he had been a burden because of his thirst for liquor for a year and a half.

David Knowland, alleged stick-up man, used his fists as weapons to knock unconscious R. M. O'Brien and Frank Davis, according to the stories of the two to the police. Knowland is in jail.

O'Brien and Davis allege that Knowland accompanied them to a room in a hotel and there turned on them, knocked them out with his fists and took about \$85. The room indicates there was a battle, according to the police.

Insisting that he was "a hard-boiled baby from Frisco," James Murphy ran amuck with an open razor. Patrolman Nelson, who was following Murphy's trail, dropped to the ground just in time as a bystander cried out a warning to escape a slash from the razor as Murphy jumped from behind a fence at the officer. Nelson finally knocked Murphy out.

Attend the Charity Ball at beautiful "Hotel del Coronado," November 30. [Advertisement.]

BEAUMONT SHOW.
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San Bernardino.
JURY ACQUITS DESERT SLAYER.
Widow to Escape Trial as Accused Accomplice.
Unidentified Woman Drowns at Urbita Springs.
Cities Unite to Take up Highway Matters.

San Bernardino, Nov. 19.—Denny Nicholson was vindicated by a jury for the slaying of W. A. Lamberth, for more than a quarter of a century a bad man of the desert. Three jurors thought Nicholson should hang, but they finally agreed with the other nine and the acquittal followed.

The verdict means the releasing of Mrs. Kitty Lamberth, widow of the dead man, held as an accomplice and who would have been tried Tuesday for the murder of her husband had Nicholson been convicted.

In the closing address to the jury Dist. Atty. Duckworth detailed the days of torture that Lamberth endured as he lay five days in his hut without medical aid. He bitterly arraigned Mrs. Lamberth, who listened without the slightest emotion to the charges that she wanted her husband to die.

DROWNED IN LAKE.
An unidentified woman, aged about 25 and neatly dressed, was found in the water of the lake at Urbita Springs tonight and absence of marks of violence caused the coroner to believe she committed suicide.

The woman was dressed in a black skirt, blue waist, green undergarments and was without a hat. At midnight she had been unidentified at the morgue.

MOUNTAIN ROADS.
To formulate an agreement between the civic interests of Redlands, Highland, Colton and San Bernardino, the cities of the county most concerned in building roads, the Chamber of Commerce has named a committee to call a conference with representatives from these cities.

Highland is urging the building of a new route to the crest of the San Bernardino Mountains to form a cut-off to both Bear Valley and Little Bear Valley. City Creek, which now has only a wagon road, is proposed for the new short line.

L. R. Lothrop, County Highway Commissioner, is giving his support to the route, declaring the road could be constructed at less than 100 feet per mile, and that it would be a climb of 1000 feet could be eliminated, for the other routes now reach 8000 feet and the City Creek road altitude is 7900 feet.

Connected with the City Creek road would be a cut-off from a point near Fredalia, entering Bear Valley at the dam and crossing it. This would keep the road on the south side of the mountains, where the snow melts faster and where a road could be kept open longer than the present routes.

PREFERS PRISON.
Offered probation if he would go to Patton for two years and take the drink cure, A. P. Cowell, who pleaded guilty to forgery, today declined.

"I would rather go to prison than to Patton," the prisoner declared.

"All right, two years in prison," is the sentence, announced Judge H. T. Dewhirst.

Cowell was brought here from Needles. His wife wrote from Los Angeles he had been a burden because of his thirst for liquor for a year and a half.

David Knowland, alleged stick-up man, used his fists as weapons to knock unconscious R. M. O'Brien and Frank Davis, according to the stories of the two to the police. Knowland is in jail.

O'Brien and Davis allege that Knowland accompanied them to a room in a hotel and there turned on them, knocked them out with his fists and took about \$85. The room indicates there was a battle, according to the police.

Insisting that he was "a hard-boiled baby from Frisco," James Murphy ran amuck with an open razor. Patrolman Nelson, who was following Murphy's trail, dropped to the ground just in time as a bystander cried out a warning to escape a slash from the razor as Murphy jumped from behind a fence at the officer. Nelson finally knocked Murphy out.

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Long Beach.
STEAMERS SOLD TO EASTERNERS.
Long Beach Boats Snapped up by War Shippers.
High School Scandalized by Naughty Ads.
Woman Frightens Burglars with Stony Stare.

Long Beach, Nov. 19.—Eastern investors are reaching out for every modern ocean-going vessel which is for sale on the Pacific Coast, according to local men interested in shipping. Today the sale of the \$550,000 steamship Camano, built here, and the steamship Maverick, of about the same tonnage, was reported, the boats going to Atlantic Coast shippers.

John F. Craig, president head of the local shipyard, went to San Francisco yesterday to arrange for the transfer of the two boats. Negotiations for the sale of the vessels have been going on for a week. The Camano, which is a steel vessel 210 feet long, was owned by the Western Steam Navigation Company of this city. The Maverick was purchased six months ago by a local syndicate, headed by John F. Craig. Both boats have had eventful voyages abroad.

The Maverick, loaded with guns and ammunition, was seized as a war prize in the Indian Ocean and released. The Camano made a voyage to Holland, bringing supplies from the Pacific Coast to the Belgians. It is rumored that the steamship Navajo, a sister ship to the Camano, which is now at the Panama Canal, may be sold soon.

Principal Burcham and other members of the faculty of the High School, where dancing, smoking or pool playing is prohibited, were much exercised today when they held at arms length a booklet gotten out by two of the students for the use of High School football players and fans. The booklet carried advertisements of the Majestic dance hall, of a tobacco stand, a large pool hall and a local motion picture theater.

In a severe lecture before the students, Principal Burcham declared that Boyd Gerner and "Babe" Strachan, who published the booklet, did not represent the school or the student body. He said he hoped that the students would not look at the dance, tobacco and pool-hall ads, but burn the little book.

Three burglars were foiled last night, two of them by Mrs. William Nelson, No. 441 West Tenth street, and the third by an employee of a shop at No. 123 East First street.

Mrs. Nelson overheard the plot of the two burglars to enter and burglarize her house as she was listening out of a window. She thereupon transcribed them with her eye when they approached the door and they fled.

Harry Horne, a mechanic, was working late with a dim light at the East First street shop and caught away a burglar, who began tampering with the lock.

Rev. A. M. Wyneken, pastor of the German Lutheran Church, has decided to refuse a call to a larger church at Portland, Or., which came to him last week. When they learned of the call, the board of the church met with the pastor and their plea decided him to stay here.

Coronado Agency, 324 Spring street. [Advertisement.]

BANK PRESIDENT DIES.
[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
GLENDORA, Nov. 19.—J. H. Odell, president of the Glendora Bank and a pioneer citizen, expired at his home on West Bennett avenue yesterday after a brief illness at the age of 91 years, lacking five days. The funeral services were held at the residence at 1:30 p. m. today. F. E. Odell, one of his sons, left on the Overland Santa Fe train at 7:30 p. m. tonight with the body for interment in the cemetery at Fairbury, Ill.

Mr. Odell came to Glendora twenty-nine years ago from Fairbury, and engaged in citrus fruit growing with the body for interment in the Glendora bank, the first in the town, and became its president, a position which he held up to the time of his death.

Only thirty minutes to the exposition from say "Hotel del Coronado." [Advertisement.]

FARM CITY BLOCKS.
[LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]
HUNTINGTON PARK, Nov. 19.—Kilting taxpayers and hay prices climbing skyward have induced the City Trustees to become municipal farmers and raise hay for the municipal cattle and horses. The entire city blocks are to be planted and cared for by the street department. Bids will be asked for the planting of the hay, and the hay will be done as soon as possible. Last year the city tried the hay growing experiment in a tentative way and produced several tons at a cost of \$9.91 a ton.

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PLACE YOUR ORDERS NOW
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HULETT C. MERRITT, President.
Flory Hay and Grain Co.
Sole Distributors
Phones Main 1596; 10929 315 Macy Street, Los Angeles

THE E-C process of reducing Corn to a delicious food is so perfected that the nourishment is retained without sacrificing the inviting Corn flavor. That's why E-C Corn Flakes enjoy such wide-spread popularity.
10c At all good grocers
DON'T ACCEPT SUBSTITUTES

SAPOLIO
Cake
SAPOLIO
Powder
SAPOLIO
CLEANSING POWDER

EC CORN FLAKES TOASTED
UNITED CEREAL MILLS LTD.

Business: Money, Stocks, Bonds, Trade, Local Produce Market—Citrus Market

FINANCIAL.

OFFICE OF THE TREASURER.
Los Angeles, Nov. 19, 1915.
Bank clearing yesterday was \$2,304,102.18, an increase of \$27,017.41, compared with the corresponding day last year.

New York Money Market.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Money market, 4 1/2% demand, 4.00% cables, 4.70% bar silver, 5 1/2% Mexican dollars, 29% Government and railroad bonds, firm. Time loans, easy; sixty days and ninety days, 2 1/2% to 2 3/4%; call money, steady; six months, 2 1/2% to 2 3/4%; ruling rate, 1 1/2%; last loan, 2% closing bid, 1 1/2% offered at 2.

London Money Market.
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND C. P. L.)
LONDON, Nov. 19.—Bar silver, 25d per ounce, Money, 4 1/4% per cent.

Drafts and Silver.
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 19.—Mexican dollars, 41; drafts, sight, 1 1/2% do, telegraph, 4.

Stocks and Bonds.
SMALL VOLUME OF TRADE DONE.

ENERGY INDICATES THE MARKET HAS GONE STALE.

The changes throughout are irregular and within a narrow range, the closing being generally at the lower quotations. Exchange shows strength.

(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)
NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—For the extreme inertia which overtook today's trading an explanation was vouchsafed other than that the market "had gone stale." Total dealings of \$83,000 shares were the smallest of any full session in about two months. News of the day was mostly constructive or favorable, ranging from additional encouraging trade advices to huge gains in demand sterling to the highest rates attained since the early part of October. France also hardened perceptibly, but the international monetary system as a whole was materially strengthened by the monetary improvement in direct offerings of our securities. Foreign price changes at the opening were more irregular than usual, although railway shares again were in fair demand at moderate gains. Other issues denoted weakness, war shares and copper, as well as United States Steel, being under pressure, which was increased by a spirited rise in General Motors, which was followed by a new record for the while Texas Company gained 15 at 194 to the accompaniment of another advance in the latter price of its products. In the afternoon quoted values fell away gradually, the railway list yielding all but a few shares, while copper and copper receded to levels materially under yesterday's close. There was no sale of Bethlehem Steel until late in the afternoon, when several small lots changed hands between 47 1/2 and 48, closing at the latter price. General Motors declined to 42 1/2, a net loss of 10, while Studebaker and the other war stocks. On the known movement of local cash tomorrow's bank statement was expected to show a cash gain of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000, with the loan item in doubt. Bonds were firm on light volume. United States registered 2 1/2 were up 1/4 per cent on call.

Bond Sales Compared.
(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)
NEW YORK BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Nov. 19.—Following are closing quotations on active bonds today:

COMPARISON OF BOND SALES.
Total sales of Nov. 19, 1915.....\$ 4,400,000
Same day of week last year.....\$ 4,400,000
Total sales of Nov. 19, 1914.....\$ 4,400,000
Same day of week last year.....\$ 4,400,000

COMPARISON OF STOCK SALES.
Total sales of Nov. 19, 1915.....\$ 779,518
Same day of week last year.....\$ 779,518
Total sales of Nov. 19, 1914.....\$ 779,518
Same day of week last year.....\$ 779,518

New York Bond List.
(Published by F. H. Hutton & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange, 118 West Fourth Street, Los Angeles.)

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—Following are closing quotations on active bonds today:

U. S. 4 1/2% 1917	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1918	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1919	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1920	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1921	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1922	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1923	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1924	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1925	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1926	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1927	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1928	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1929	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1930	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1931	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1932	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1933	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1934	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1935	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1936	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1937	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1938	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1939	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1940	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1941	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1942	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1943	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1944	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1945	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1946	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1947	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1948	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1949	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1950	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1951	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1952	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1953	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1954	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1955	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1956	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1957	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1958	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1959	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1960	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1961	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1962	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1963	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1964	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1965	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1966	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1967	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1968	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1969	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1970	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1971	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1972	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1973	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1974	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1975	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1976	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1977	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1978	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1979	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1980	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1981	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1982	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1983	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1984	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1985	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1986	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1987	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1988	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1989	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1990	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1991	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1992	101 1/2
U. S. 4 1/2% 1993	101 1/2
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Public Service: City Hall, Courts.

At the Courthouse.

LOVE QUEST IS NOT FRUITFUL.

AFTER COMING FROM AUSTRIA SAYS SHE IS SPURNED.

Alleged Suitor had Boarded with Her Aunt, Admired Photograph and Sent Her Proposal, then did not Keep Promise to Wed, Is the Charge of Girl.

The love quest of Miss Kate Madenko from her home in Austria has proved to her satisfaction that man is fickle. Two years ago, in her little Austrian home, she was free and happy. Then came an offer from Miss Butigan who had come to Los Angeles to make her fortune. They had never met, but she wanted her for her wife, and she prepared and mailed the sea to join her lover in the new and beautiful country.

This is the story Miss Madenko will tell when she comes to court, for Miss Butigan would not make good her word when she reached here, she says. Humiliated, the spurned girl fled suit for breach of promise, placing the damages to her wounded heart at \$5000. The suit is being handled by Attorney Torchio.

The attorney says that Miss Butigan boarded with Miss Madenko's aunt in this city. Among her collection of pictures was a photograph of her niece, Kate Madenko. It was admired by Miss Butigan. He often contemplated it, and finally, it will be shown, he asked the girl to marry him.

Back in the little Austrian town the girl friends of Kate, who bade her a tearful adieu, waited for news of her marriage. They envied her. Now she is afraid they will jeer at her. She feels that she cannot return and hold up her head, but maybe, she thinks, when her case is tried, they will get the papers and judge who is to blame for the wrecked happiness. Will Miss Butigan have his story to tell as well.

FIGHT OVER GIRL.

IS TAKEN FROM MOTHER.

About three years ago Mrs. Mary Alquist placed her daughter, Alberta, in the care of Mrs. L. P. Kimball of Pioneer, Nev. After the alleged disappearance of Mr. Alquist, her understanding with Mrs. Kimball was that Alberta should remain with her for six months and then be returned. Several weeks ago, she says she sent money to Mrs. Kimball to pay Alberta's transportation to Los Angeles.

Alberta, now 15, arrived on the first, accompanied by Mrs. Kimball. Mother and daughter held a reunion. Mrs. Kimball left the house; but ten days later Alberta was gone, the letter came, written by Mrs. Kimball, explaining that she was going to take Alberta back to Nevada.

She wrote that in view of the fact that Mrs. Alquist had not kept her promise to her, "your letters regarding the care of Alberta and your attitude in refusing her an opportunity to see me, I have decided to take her back to Nevada. Mr. Kimball and I only consented to her staying with you this winter that she might have an opportunity to go to school, hoping that it would be a happy winter for both of you; but the child tells me she will not stay with you. She says she cannot live with you under present conditions, and that it is your intention to get her over to Nevada and put her in a convent. I feel there is only one right thing to do; that is, to take her back with me, which she begs me to do."

The courts had granted her this right, she added.

The result of this letter was a writ habeas corpus issued out to bring Alberta into court. The case was called in the Juvenile Court yesterday when it was ascertained that the papers had not been served on Mrs. Kimball, who had left the city yesterday. The court dismissed the writ. The case will probably be transferred to the Nevada courts in the fight for the girl.

END DISPUTE.

When the case of W. J. McDonald against H. J. Lewis was called in Judge McCormick's court yesterday it was announced by the attorneys that it had been compromised. The settlement was based on a check of \$2000, which was stated by Morton & Abraham, counsel for Mr. Lewis.

The suit arose out of the purchase of Universal Tire stock. Mr. McDonald was the agent for the sale of a block of stock to Mr. Lewis. In payment the latter among other things gave Mr. McDonald his note. It was alleged that there was due on the note \$6000. Mr. Lewis refused to pay on the ground that the note had not been properly obtained.

In Judge Finlayson's court last Monday, Mr. Lewis figured as defendant in a suit for malicious prosecution brought by H. J. Lewis, president of the Universal Tire Company, growing out of an investment in the stock of this corporation. The judgment was in favor of Mr. Lewis. The latter comes from Illinois, and on the stand in Judge Finlayson's court he related his experiences since coming West, with special reference to the many ways open for investing hard cash.

SUE TRUSTEES.

Charging the Board of Trustees of the city of Whittier with awarding contracts in excess of \$200 without first publishing notices calling for bids, W. V. Anderson, a taxpayer of that city, in an accusation filed yesterday, asks that the officers and members of the board be ousted from office and that he obtain judgments of \$500 against Charles S. Sanderson, clerk; George L. Hazard, president; C. L. Edmonston and Ralph McNeese, all members of the board. The other named in the accusation is F. E. Frantz.

It is alleged that in February last the Trustees let the contract for the construction of a cement wall at the athletic field for \$1200 and that there were no competitive bids. In May last the Trustees spent \$200 for repairs for the Auditorium High School. Mr. Anderson is represented by attorney M. P. Hopkins. The order to show cause was made returnable before Judge Jackson on the 29th inst.

SUES GARAGE MEN.

SAYS AUTO WAS ABUSED.

A. C. Palfrey, a wealthy club man, owned an automobile which he kept at the Westlake garage. Between March 15, 1914, on which date he said he returned it to the garage, and April 2, 1914, it was out of the garage, "in violation of the obligation" of the Westlake Garage Company.

that the car had been located in a Temple-street repair shop. The party who left the car to be repaired claimed he had bought it. The Westlake Garage Company, in its answer, set up that Mr. Palfrey gave a written order to deliver the car to Charles T. Westlake for delivery to the company. The car was removed to the Westlake garage. Mr. Palfrey refused to accept it.

Mr. Palfrey asked \$1000 damages, being the value of the car when he returned it to the garage in March, 1914. The garage people said it was not worth more than \$500. Photographs of the car as it was when Mr. Palfrey had it, and as it appeared when it was discovered in the Temple-street garage were exhibited in the case. There was a marked difference in the once aristocratic car. The testimony will be concluded this morning.

CAN ONLY WHISPER.

Alleging that her voice is permanently weakened, that she cannot sing or speak above a whisper, Myrtle A. McClean, former secretary to the Mayor of Long Beach, is demanding \$50,000 damages from Dr. V. Ray Townsend for negligence and carelessness in operating on her throat.

The suit is on trial before a jury in Judge Wilbur's court.

Dr. Townsend was the McClean family physician, and it was upon his advice, Miss McClean alleges, that she consented to the removal of her tonsils. The operation was performed in Long Beach, March 22, 1914.

Dr. Townsend alleged that, owing to her physical condition, Miss McClean did not do well under the anesthetic. The narcotic affected her in an unusual manner. The operation, in consequence, had to be performed rapidly. The doctor says he discovered an infected tooth which set up a more extensive infection. He denied being negligent or careless. The case will be taken up again on Monday.

ON BROADWAY OPENING.

FIGHT REFERRED TO VALUERS.

Testimony on the value of property between Pico and Washington streets taken before Judge Taft yesterday in the exceptions to the report of the referees in the opening of Broadway between those streets, show on the part of the six owners of property excepting an increase in price of from 10 to 50 per cent, above the awards of the referees. The city is also taking exception to the awards.

The six property owners represent a property valuation of \$200,000. The total value of the property in the strip is estimated at \$100,000. The hearing was continued until the 30th inst.

The land owners are Nathan Landsberg, Anabel Grant, George T. Cline, the Central and Pacific Improvement Corporation, Wilbur E. Cummings and Lydia J. Langworthy.

INS AND OUTS.

ABOUT THE COURTS.

DAMAGE SUIT. Leaving his horse standing in front of the bank at Moneta, September 4, Charles Pfeiffer, a Moneta rancher, alleges in a complaint filed yesterday against the Pacific Electric that a passing car frightened the animal which was "kame and dole," and got on the track. Although Mr. Pfeiffer seized the horse and attempted to pull him out of danger, the car ran into the horse, injuring him.

For injuries received while trying to rescue his horse and buggy. The claim is made that the motorist had the opportunity by the exercise of proper care to avoid the accident.

DAMAGES AWARDED. Two automobiles and J. A. Wirthman were in juxtaposition March 23, last, and when the trial was over, Mr. Wirthman got the worst of it. In a suit against Charles Isenstein, owner of one of the cars, and J. R. Truher, the chauffeur, for \$15,000 damages, Mr. Wirthman alleged the auto was on the left-hand side of the street, San Pedro and Twelfth, turned in front of another machine, going west and struck him. His injuries consisted of fractures and bruises. Yesterday a jury in Judge Myers' court gave Mr. Wirthman judgment for \$3700.

TO JUNE. C. F. Harvey was sent to the Preston School of Industry at June yesterday by Judge Houser after having been convicted of passing a fictitious check. Harvey is only 19 years of age and was denied probation because of a previous record of misdemeanor. He drew a check to the order of \$49, on September 23. The judge also asked that Harvey be returned to court at the time he reaches his majority.

MUST SERVE SENTENCE. Daniel Brown, charged with burglary, was denied probation yesterday by Judge Houser. He was convicted of having entered the home of R. D. Armstrong September 25. Two years in Folsom prison was the sentence imposed.

PLEADS NOT GUILTY. G. J. King entered a plea of "not guilty" to the charge of receiving a stolen automobile. The machine belonged originally to A. M. Young. Judge Houser set January 13 as the date for hearing of the case.

A piece of flannel dampened with Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts is superior to any plaster. Obtainable everywhere. (Advertisement.)

At the City Hall.

HARBOR BOARD FILES ANSWER.

DETAILED REPLY IS MADE TO CHARGES.

Members of Council Say Accusations are Trivial but Sentiment Favors a Formal Investigation in Connection with Affidavits on File.

The Council will likely discuss today whether the charges against the Harbor Commission by E. H. Sleeper and two other discharged employees are sufficient to warrant the expense incident to an investigation into the affairs of the municipal harbor. In connection with the affidavits filed by Mr. Sleeper, and H. T. McKay and T. J. Vaughan, the Council will have a detailed reply to the charges from the Harbor Commission taking up each specific charge and replying thereto.

Individual members of the Council who have gone over the affidavits against the Harbor Commission and the commission's replies, said yesterday that the charges are not worthy of serious consideration by anyone but it is likely that a majority of the Council will favor formal action on the charges, regardless of their opinion that they are trivial or groundless.

Incidentally it developed yesterday that there are charges that E. H. Sleeper, formerly superintendent of construction of the harbor, who filed the affidavits against the Harbor Commission, was discharged for irregularities in the pay roll accounts.

The specific charges made in the affidavits against the Harbor Commission and the commission's answers may be summarized as follows: The specific charges made in the affidavits against the Harbor Commission say that the commission has wasted on the work "much money has been wasted on the work," the commission says that inasmuch as the allegation is general, only a general reply can be made and that is a denial.

The second allegation is that the outer dock and transit sheds are a facility in design and will not answer the purpose for which they were intended and that the city will not receive value for their cost. To this, the reply is that the plans were made and the construction done under a former Board of Public Works. The plans were prepared by E. P. Goodrich, one of the most eminent harbor engineers of the country, who was employed by the Council before any of the present Harbor Commissioners were appointed. The commission says Mr. Sleeper's charges are merely opinions which are opposed to the opinions of the best harbor engineers in the world. As to whether the wharf and transit shed will answer the purposes for which they were intended, the commission says it has no information as to whether Mr. Sleeper even knows what they were intended for.

Concerning the charge that expansion joints are a menace to life and property, the commission says it is unqualifiedly false. "Only two or three joints show any signs of defective workmanship and these defects are in appearance rather than utility. Furthermore, the commission says, this work was done under direction of Mr. Sleeper himself."

Relative to Mr. Sleeper's charge that the city lost \$25,000 on a water-proofing deal, the commission says the compound was recommended by Engineer Goodrich, but its use was not successful and therefore the piles were buried to cure them and then used and are now in use.

All of the alleged instances of mismanagement, carelessness and waste of money occurred when the work was under the direction of the Board of Public Works.

The Harbor Commission, referring to Mr. Sleeper's record, says he was discharged for "Approval of false records relating to time sheets, misconduct, mismanagement, incompetence and causing friction and dissatisfaction throughout the organization."

Referring to the charge of H. D. McKay that the sprinkler system in shed No. 1, Pier A, is "badly pitted and practically useless, due to the action of salt air and moisture," the board files a copy of a report made and signed by McKay October 29, which says:

"Eight hours inspecting automatic sprinkler system at Inner Harbor, which I found to be O. K."

All of the charges made by T. J. Vaughan concerning the fender system at the First-street wharf are referred to with a statement that while Mr. Vaughan was employed as a carpenter's helper, the fender system was devised by Harbor Expert Goodrich.

Accompanying the report of the Harbor Commission are affidavits to the effect that Sleeper approved false time sheet records and that he instructed the timekeeper to carry certain men on the pay roll when they were not on the job.

HIT FIRE TRAPS.

NEW LAWS PROPOSED.

The Fire Commission adopted resolutions yesterday, asking the City

Council to pass ordinances relative to fire protection in the congested districts, which, according to Chief Eley, will enable the department to clean up numerous fire traps and reduce the fire hazard materially. In presenting tentative drafts of these ordinances, Chief Eley called the attention of the commission to recent fires, which, he said, might easily have been either prevented or controlled with nominal loss if he had the authority to order inspection and improvements as outlined.

One proposed ordinance gives the Fire Chief the right to order automatic sprinkler systems placed in all basements in the congested district where merchandise is stored or where work is done on inflammable material. The other ordinance desired by Chief Eley and the Fire Commission gives the Chief the right to enter any building other than a private dwelling and inspect the premises. Wherever the condition of the building or its contents is such that the Chief believes it to be hazardous, the Chief may order the building raised or order

such improvements and changes be made as to make it safe against fire. In each ordinance there is a provision for appeal to the Fire Commission from the orders of the Chief.

SERVICE RULES.

STATE SCHEDULE ADOPTED.

Service rules for public utilities within the city were adopted yesterday by the Public Utilities Board, to correspond with the rules recently approved by the State Railroad Commission. In adopting these rules, the Utilities Board passed a resolution calling attention to the fact that it is desirable that the service rules be the same both outside and inside the city and that, in the opinion of the board, the Railroad Commission's rules are fair for the corporations and the consumer.

In the matter of deposits, the rule is that in all cases where the monthly average bill is not over \$2, the deposit requirement shall be \$2.50, but where the monthly bill is greater than \$2, a deposit equal to twice the amount

of the average month's bill may be demanded. The rule of the State Railroad Commission, as adopted by the local board, are subject to any ordinances that may be passed by the Council.

Appointments Approved.

Mayor Sebastian's appointments of five new members of the Board of Motion-picture Censors and one member of the Industrial Commission were approved by the Council yesterday. The members of the Censors Board are Austin C. Shafer, Neal P. Olsen, Clarence Ferguson, Mrs. E. E. Sheppard and Mrs. Grace Mottus Thomas, while Stephen Monteleone takes the place on the Industrial Commission vacated by Louis M. Cole, resigned.

Early Action is Urged.

The Council yesterday instructed the City Attorney to expedite the making of an application to the State Railroad Commission for 5-cent car fare to Balairetown, Palmdale, Newton Park and Sierra Park, on the Pacific Electric line. This action was taken in response to a report from the Public Utilities Board, stating that as soon as other service, the commission would act on this application. The commission was one day late, as the city attorney filed application for the same on the Railroad Commission yesterday.

City Hall Business.

The Public Utilities Committee of the Council yesterday passed a resolution for a grade crossing over the Pacific Electric tracks at Broadway street in the Boston Heights district, to be constructed by the city.

Members of the Public Works Committee of the Council, who are pleased with certain street improvements, sent a resolution yesterday to the City Engineer Hamilton to send an inspector, who passed on the work of Forty-fifth street near Long Beach avenue, appears before the Council next Friday to explain why the work was not completed.

Special Luncheon, 60c

Roast Imperial Valley Turkey
Gravy Dressing
Cranberry Sauce
Brown Stew Potatoes
Vegetable Salad Rolls
Vanilla Ice Cream and Cake or Hot Apple Pie
Tea
Ladies service a la Carte
Tables for Parties may be reserved by phone
Hamburger's—Cafe Beautiful—Fourth Floor

2 Pkgs. "La Ronas"—10 (5c) Cigars, 25c

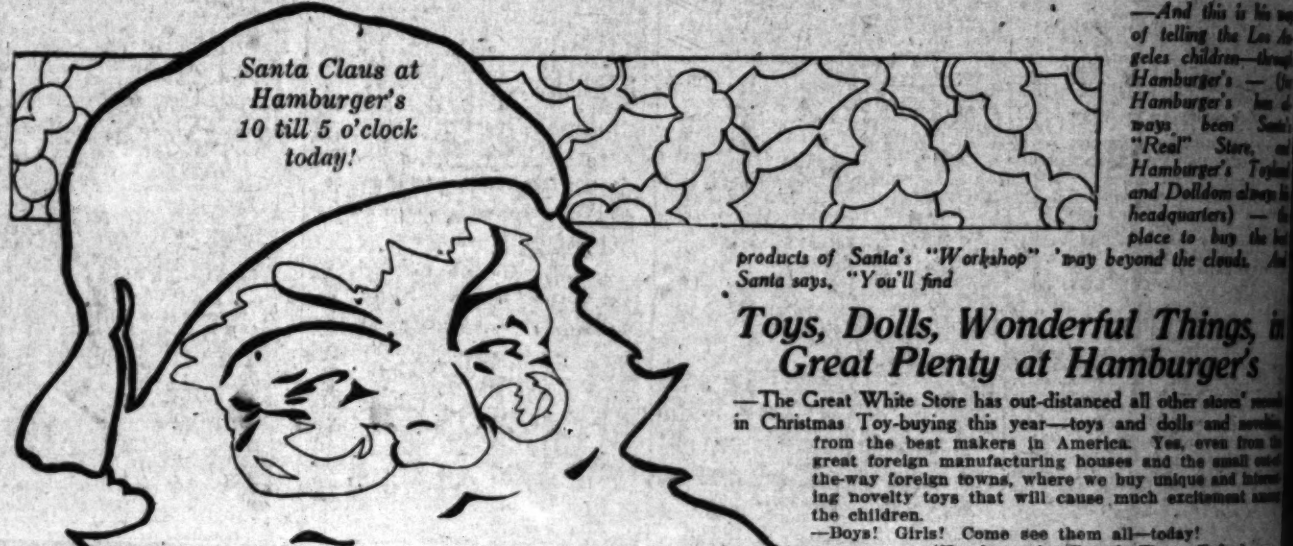
(Clear Dept.—Main Floor—Today)

Established 1881
Hamburger's
BROADWAY AND HILL
EIGHTH STREETS
SUNSET, BDWY. 1168—HOME 10063

50c Stanford Chocolates

—Packed in 14th boxes, etc.
—Delicious and creamy—on special that brings hundreds to our "Candy Department" every time it is advertised. No delivery. (Hamburger's—Main Floor—Today)

Santa Claus to Bid You Hearty Welcome—Today



Santa Claus at
Hamburger's
10 till 5 o'clock
today!

products of Santa's "Workshop" way beyond the clouds.
Santa says, "You'll find

Toys, Dolls, Wonderful Things, in Great Plenty at Hamburger's

—The Great White Store has out-distanced all other stores in Christmas Toy-buying this year—toys and dolls and novelties from the best makers in America. Yes, even from the great foreign manufacturing houses and the small ones—their foreign toys, when we buy any unique and interesting novelties that will cause much excitement among the children.

—Boys! Girls! Come see them all—today! (Hamburger's—Fourth Floor—Today)

Toys! Toys!! Toys!!!

—Funny Humpty Dumpties, acrobatic figures, tin soldiers, boats, constructional toys, steam engines, motors, modeling sets—and hundreds and hundreds of others that Santa Claus has made in most ingenious ways for the boys and girls of Los Angeles.

Dolls! Dolls!! Dolls!!!

—We can't begin to enumerate the many kinds!
—And there are doll sets, dishes, stoves, laundry outfits, doll go-carts—everything little housekeepers could want for dolly's home.

Fuzzy Animals—

—Teddy bears of every size; dogs, sheep, elephants, horses, cows, rabbits and jungle animals—what child that won't clap his hands to find one in his stocking on Christmas morn.

Dear Children—

—Didn't we have a wonderfully fine time last Saturday? But don't let it be over yet.

—Well, just come and see. The story will be "Little Red Riding Hood"—and we will have a "Thanksgiving" movie, picture, too. Be here on time, because we are going to have the very best time we've had yet.

Your friend,
The Hamburger Story Girl.

—P. S. Don't forget to wear your buttons.

—Bring the children to see Santa Claus, at Toyland and Dollland, today, Hamburger's 4th Floor.

Renowned for Value the City Over, Hamburger

Men's Suits and O'coats \$15.00

—"Away above the average"—that's the way we "put it up to you," men—and once you've looked over our \$15.00 line, you'll agree. A few minutes time—to try on a suit or an overcoat, to feel the superior quality of the material, to see the newness and the smartness about the "hang" of the garment, to note the better grade of lining, of workmanship—yes, to be convinced of the extra value in Hamburger clothing. Suits and Overcoats—all new, all correct—all exceptional at \$15.00.

Here Are Men's New Hats at \$2.50

—"Are they \$2.50 hats?" "No"—we say this with emphasis. They're hats that men would gladly buy at \$3.00—you always get the best for less at Hamburger's. —Felts in all the new shapes and colors that have received popular approval for mid-winter wear—\$2.50.

—Derbies, too—in all the new and correct "blocks"—\$2.50.

Men's Neckties } 35c Men's Shirts } 95c

—1200 to Go at } A Great Line!
—Large open scarfs in beautiful colorings and patterns, all with "Slip-Easy" neckband—yes, they're ties that ordinarily sell at 50c. Buy now for Christmas giving—it's a time when you may save. (Hamburger's Men's Store—Today)

—We take special pride in this great assortment of shirts at one price—95c. —Patterns are new, materials are correct, and they're perfectly made—and the value, well, we ask you to come see the shirts.

Thanksgiving Day

---excursions

between all stations on the Santa Fe
On Sale Nov. 24-25—Return Limit Nov. 29

This means a very low fare to San Francisco, Oakland, Berkeley, San Diego and intermediate points.

SANTA FE CITY OFFICE, 334 So. Spring St.
Phone any time day or night 6041.—Main 755
Santa Fe Station A5120—Main 5225

WE ARE MAKING

A special offer on a \$4.00 pair of tooth that we know cannot be equalled elsewhere under \$12.00. We know it so well that we are willing to make you a sample of ANY dentist's \$12 set of teeth and we will duplicate it for \$9.00 or make you a \$12.00 set free.

VALE DENTISTS, 414 South Broadway, Third Floor, Normandie-Dehmann Building.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIABETIC REMEDY
Largest Ask Your Druggist for
Pills in Red and Gold wrapper
Take one each, after each meal
and at bedtime. Buy of your
DRUGGIST, or send \$1.00 to
J. C. CHICHESTER, 140 N. 3rd St.,
Philadelphia, Pa., for 30-day supply.

H. & S. GIANT RANUNCULUS

The engraving on the left shows the perfection of type of the flowers of our superb strain of Ranunculus. If you are looking forward to a show of color in your garden during early Spring by all means plant some roots of these popular flowers. The plants attain a height of eighteen inches when in full bloom and far surpass any other strain on the market in both beauty and size. The colors are as diversified as they are beautiful. There is absolutely no class of Winter bulbous roots which will give you more pleasure or a greater quantity of bloom.

Saturday, November 20, 1915.]

This section was taken on a recent report from the Public Utilities Commission that as compared with 1914, the construction of a new line to this district is not expected to start until the fall of 1915. It is expected that the City of Los Angeles will have a new line of street cars for a better service.

City Hall Session.
The Public Utilities Commission of Council yesterday received a petition for a grade crossing over the Pacific Electric tracks at Third and Main streets. The petition was presented to the Public Utilities Commission, to the Board of Public Works.

Members of the Public Works Committee of the Council, who are in charge of the grade crossing, were met with certain street work, and a resolution yesterday, which was passed on the 17th of the month, to see that the street work is done in the most satisfactory manner.

Stanford. } 20c
Stanford's } 20c
Stanford's } 20c

Stanford's } 20c
Stanford's } 20c
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Stanford's } 20c
Stanford's } 20c

Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1915

Along the Edge of the Arroyo Seco.

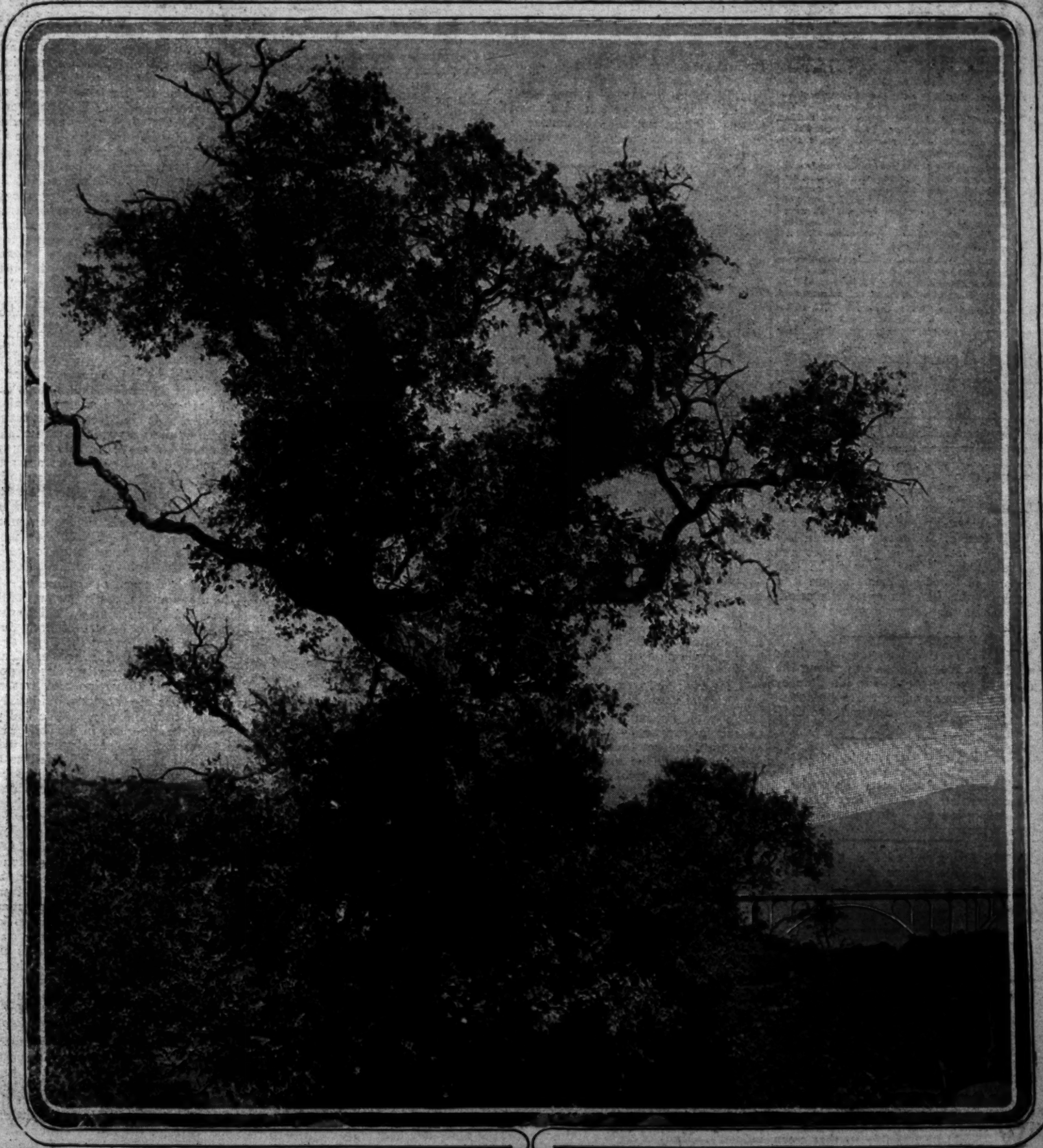


Photo by W. A. Hughes

[illegible]

Price—First size roots—Per Dozen, 35c. Per Hundred, \$2.00. Postpaid to Any Address.

A Word From Our Floral Department

Our Floral Department has at your command for the occasion a full supply of the season's choicest bloom. Exquisite hothouse Roses in all shades of color, superb Carnations, huge fluffy Chrysanthemums, dainty, sweet-scented Violets, Orange Blossoms and all other flowers that the market affords.

In addition to the various cut flowers we offer a magnificent lot of decorative plants for interior adornment. Nothing is more attractive for your dining table than a beautiful maidenhair fern. Our immense stock of plants grown especially for this purpose offers a choice of selection second to none, and at the most reasonable prices.

These boxes will be prepared with the direct idea of providing our clientele with something exceptionally choice, at prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$2.00, \$3.00, \$4.00 to \$5.00 each.

Telephone your order, and we will give it prompt and personal attention.

The *Ranunculus* illustrated above are shown on a greatly reduced size—it shows, however, the perfection and form of the blooms.

Howard & Smith

**9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO
MAIN 1745-10957**

*Cause
for
Thanksgiving*



These are Ben Hur Qualities:—

**Steel-Cut
Chaffless
Dustless
In Air Tight Tins
Has an Eastern Flavor**

Inseparably linked with the name Ben Hur. When you see these terms applied to coffee, you will know that the excellence of Ben Hur is indicated. Ben Hur is, and has been recognized as the one quality blend.

JOANNES BROS. COMPANY
Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers
Los Angeles



GREAT
PALACE OF
MACHINERY.
LARGEST
WOODEN
BUILDING-
IN THE
WORLD-
AT THE
SAN FRANCISCO
EXPOSITION.

...reflect and inconspicuous...
...wreath all Europe. He must be an un-
...to kindle the conflagration that now
...that it required only a spark in Serbia
...combustible material as dry as tinder
...tions past, and so abundant was the
...Europe an armed camp for two genera-
...away from another, that has made
...evident desire of one to take something
...jealousy of the different nations, the
...continued under a new guise. It was the
...when peace is made it is to be con-
...the administration at Washington has
...put the revival of our shipping inter-
...the unfortunate bill passed by Congress
...Americans to enter into the business.
...I TRUST that you are approaching our
...inhabitant, as he said in the oldest
...season of one of the up-to-date reser-
...that is a thingy-weddy invitation to
...take on a liquid shock absorber I will so-
...with pleasure," returned the visitor.
...a raft of easterners who are getting so
...that used to come the Atlantic. There are
...We are getting a whole lot of the travel
...SUN. We have our own in the long run.
...hospitals we would get quicker action.
...instead of oranges for the sufferers in the
...for the use of the men in the trenches
...man. "If we produced shells and bullets
...By Eugene Brown.

Thanks, Awfully.

[Saturday, November 30, 1918.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY (THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

1015, Yank—New Series, Single Copies, by mail or all
Volume 1115, No. 14, New Agents, 30 Cent

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 4, 1915;
Jan. 4, 1915; May 31, 1915; March 27, 1915.

OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Dedicated to the development of California and the Great
Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural
resources and the word-painting of their wondrous and
breathtaking. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles
strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant
editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures; the
Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation, it is an
independent weekly vehicle of present-day thought, en-
lightenment and description; a journal of views, opinions
and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law
and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of
all good men and women, without distinction, who are
honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to
serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and
character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the
mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the
"Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of
the Sunday Times—more than 103,000 in num-
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separately and apart from The Times news sheets
when desired. Advertising rates based on cir-
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quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of
each) costing only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra
copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate
address, post-paid, for 65 cents additional, or 6
months for \$1.30 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you
are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manu-
scripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not
found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los
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Los Angeles Times Illustrated Weekly

Average Week-end Output, exceeding 103,000.

THE CITY AND THE COAST.

THIS war on irresponsible, unre-
liable and pseudo-detectives is en-
tirely timely. Too many people in Los
Angeles are wearing gum shoes and
saying "hist." One cannot be too
careful in detecting crime before it is
committed. In such cases the crimi-
nal has no chance to show what he can
do.

THE Ohio scientist who is working
out a food formula to prolong the
lives of people could save his time by
simply recommending the populace of
the country to move to Southern Cali-
fornia.

THAT young man at Long Beach
whose mother-in-law carried his
wife away the day after the wedding
has consolation in the fact that the
mother-in-law also disappeared with
the bride.

IT IS fitting indeed that the largest
automobile service and sales build-
ing on the Coast should be erected in
Los Angeles. Southern California has
the best roads and the most machines.

THE board of censors in Los Ange-
les dwindled down to one person,
which is exactly what all censorship
amounts to. The individual censors
every play by going or staying away.

IF THE Van Nuys poultry show in
Los Angeles is as good as the show-
ing made by the Van Nuys ladies at the
Broadway Automobile and Flower
Show, it will indeed be excellent.

WATTS is still wet. Nothing else
could be possible to that town
in view of its permanent state of fer-
mentation.

Why Prosperity Lags Locally.

IT IS a puzzle to a good many Cali-
fornians, among them a good many
people of Los Angeles, to account for
the fact that prosperity, which is run-
ning at full tide, overflowing all its
banks, in the East, lags to a certain
extent locally, using the word both in
reference to the State and to our own
city.

Of course to business men, capital-
ists and those who keep their minds in
touch with the affairs of the country
and of the world, the reason of this is
very evident. It is mainly because we
lack industries in our local field.

The population has been so compara-
tively small on the Coast that the mar-
ket has been too narrow to permit of
the establishment of many industries
on a large scale sufficient to compete
with the immense establishments in
other parts of the country. The price
of the product depends largely upon
the amount of output in a given plant.
Therefore, in spite of the high freights
from the East, the immense plants at
the East were able to ship in goods to
this State at lower price than they
could be turned out here from a small
factory. There was also the matter of
fuel, labor and capital, all of which
were cheaper anywhere east of the
Rocky Mountains than anywhere on
the Coast.

These conditions are all changed.
With a larger population the market is
broadened sufficiently to justify the
establishing of factories on a larger
scale. Then there is the opening up of
the Orient to our goods which gives us
practically a limitless market for a
good many products. The matter of
capital is well equalized by the abun-
dant supply on the spot, and as for fuel,
we have an abundant supply of the
cheapest motive-power producer in the
world. Labor is a little slack here still,
but with the establishment of factories
that will soon remedy itself, as there is
a connection between the reservoirs of
supply and the points of application.

It is a matter for regret that we have
no iron factories here to take ad-
vantage of the demand for munitions
of war created by the struggle in
Europe. All that is lacking is the
plants. The ore near Los Angeles is
abundant and of the highest possible
quality, and undoubtedly if there had
been factories here we should be now
working night and day on orders from
the belligerents in Europe. With the
production in the State of cotton of all
grades and as good as any raised under
the sun, and with limitless possibilities
in the production of this staple, we
ought to have a large cotton mill to
spin the fiber and weave it into fabrics
for Oriental use.

We would not intimate that we have
to wait for prosperity here in Los An-
geles until we get these plants. It is
coming and will be here shortly, but
it will never be permanent until we get
more industrial plants and larger ones
than we have at present. These will
come too, and come shortly. That great
organization of business men, the Los
Angeles Chamber of Commerce, with
its industrial bureau under intelligent
direction is a guarantee that manu-
facturing industries will grow here in
ever-increasing ratio.

The Glory of Readiness.

BETWEEN efficiency and prepared-
ness the folk of today have to
hump themselves to beat the band. The
average citizen should be able to run
a hundred yards in ten seconds; to
climb Mt. Whitney and to defend his
offspring with his teeth and toenails
at all times. He should be able to
quote scripture, to referee a prize fight
and to make a fourth hand at bridge.

There are goggle-eyed efficiency ex-
perts in almost every line of human
industry. Many of them could not earn
six bits a day in active service in the
branch they are directing but they put

it over with the use of some percentage
tables and some wise remarks about
restricting overhead charges.

The ordinary citizen thinks the over-
head charge must be something like
the poll tax or the limit in a Jonathan
poker game, but these pepper-noodled
efficiency sharps have it differently.

On top of it all preparedness has be-
come a national question. The alarm-
ists, the efficiency squad, as well as
sundry statesmen, want to put our
large and frolicsome country in the
position of being prepared for anything
at all times. It takes a long head—in
fact a lot of 'em—to figure out what
that might mean, but it is safe to say
that it will never be attained. Not in
our day, b'gee.

But for the time being the people and
the politicians like to talk about it.
One set of human beings wants the gov-
ernment to not only be prepared to
resist invasion but sufficiently strength-
ened and equipped to carry the war
into the enemy's country. Another
group of thinkers would have an official
minimum of preparedness established
by a commission of experts—which
minimum should be maintained as a
dead line in time of peace. There is
also a considerable element represented
by the well-worn voice of William Jen-
nings Bryan, which would have a pre-
paredness of words, explanations,
arguments—and apologies. They hold
that there is no national wrong that
cannot be adjusted by arbitration and
explanation, and the preparedness they
want is along those lines.

In the churches there are sermons
on preparedness—the thought there
being that preparation consists in lead-
ing such an exemplary life as to assure
future membership in the angelic host.
They are discussing preparedness in
the missionary societies—the test there
being to have enough chicken pie to go
around, no matter what sized crowd
blows in.

When Hector calls on Jane he may
be smilingly asked if he has come pre-
pared and Hector proves it by getting
a strangle hold on his sweetheart and
gnawing fiercely at her lip. When a
girl speaks of herself as being prepared
she probably means that she has her
trousseau packed ready for instant
flight to San Diego and the wedding
bells.

Preparedness in the world of busi-
ness may consist in being ready and
willing to grapple with the other fel-
low at every turn of the road; to gouge
the daylight out of the competitor and
to be ready for a whirl through the
bankruptcy court if the pressure gets
too heavy. This line of preparedness
disposes with old ideas of courtesy
and commercial honor but is being ex-
cused by many because it is still within
the law.

They have a moving-picture drama
along the gospel of preparedness. They
use the German brand of military effi-
ciency as a text. It is a matter of
"Ready! Aim! Fire!" with the empha-
sis on the ready. It shows in its string
of pictures what happens to a diplo-
macy or people that blunders in sloth.

The craftsmen in wicked arts are also
indicating an unwholesome prepared-
ness. They not only carefully plan
every advance detail of their crimes but
they simultaneously arrange their
alibi and defense. Old Man Lothario
indicates his preparedness by maintain-
ing a second domestic establishment in
case anything should impair the attrac-
tions of the first. Being forehanded is
being four-wived with him.

The tendency of it all is to keep
everybody keyed up and trained down
to the tense plane of the athletes of the
gridiron, who are supposed to stand
ripe and ready to overcome any form
of offensive play presented by their
opponents.

There may be such a thing as carry-
ing efficiency and preparedness to the
point where they will grind the gizzard
out of a nation or a man.

Pacifists Bowled Over.

BY PACIFISTS in the headline we
wish to describe the peace-at-any-
price crowd among American citizens.
They are, with few exceptions, an in-
considerable lot of people. They are
nearly all daylight dreamers and the-
orists running after hare-brained con-
ceptions on every subject they utter a
word about.

The President is not one of them, yet
there is not one among them a more
strenuous advocate for peace than Mr.
Woodrow Wilson. He wants an ade-
quate army and a strong navy, not for
purposes of war, but for purposes of
peace. It is strange that any one of
even fair intelligence should fail to
read the signs of the times. They mul-
tiply all around us on every side and
proclaim with trumpet tongues the ab-
solute necessity of any nation, no mat-
ter how numerous its inhabitants are,
being prepared to ward off an attack
from an aggressive enemy. We have
taken this subject up time and again,
and may have to do so oftener in the
future than in the past. In pleading
for an efficient army and a great navy
we have pointed to China and her sad
fate because of her unpreparedness,
which is scarcely more notable than
that of our own country. We have
pointed out again and again the ob-
vious facts that numbers are no safe-
guard of peace unless they are pre-
pared to fight in every way necessary,
and that wealth is but a temptation in-
viting attack. We have pointed to the
Dardanelles and asked what would
have happened to Turkey and Constani-
nople, the capital of that country, had
the Dardanelles not been fortified in
such a way as to defy the navies of
the combined world aided by an im-
mense army landed on the Gallipoli
peninsula.

We have tried to impress upon the
minds of all readers the obvious cause
of the war now devastating all of
Europe. It is greed, international
plunder, the very spirit that instigates
the burglar to break into the unpro-
tected house whose owners are asleep
and that arms the highwayman to hold
up the individual traveler, the stage
coach or the railroad train. The wealth
of the householder or the amount of
booty on the stage coach or in the
train is simply an incentive to the bur-
glar or the highwayman.

This is the age of commerce, when
the merchant makes larger profits than
the manufacturer, or the cultivator of
the soil. It is an era of great inter-
national traffic, when the highways of
the sea are filled with argosies of many
nations carrying costly bales of goods
from nation to nation and treasures
from mines of diamonds, gold and sil-
ver, all over the world. We had pre-
sented the other day in the daily Times
a letter from a special correspondent
now in Europe that informed us that
the belligerents on the side known as
that of the allies were now concocting
a tariff scheme between themselves to
grab the trade of the world when peace
shall be proclaimed. The scheme is
to establish preferential tariffs be-
tween the members of this plunder-
bund, penalizing the goods by high
duties of all nations who do not enter
with them. The scheme is practically
aimed at the Teuton nations to keep
them poverty-stricken after the war is
closed, and the announcement is made
that while they are aware of the fact
that they can neither bluff nor cajole
the American people into joining this
bund, yet they are very anxious for our
allegiance with them.

There is a world of significance in
this new organization on the part of
those now engaged in the effort to put
the Teuton nations on their backs,
hog-tie them and practically put them
out of existence. However little we
may care for the fate of either side en-
gaged in this awful conflict, the letter
is an eye-opener to ourselves to the

THE GOOD WORK DONE BY THE CAP.
TAIN OF THE WARRIOR.
By Drummond Graves.
FROM A CURIOUS GLANCE, THE BELIAL MIS-
sion in East San Pedro on the inner
harbor looks like nothing else so much
as Noah's Ark. True, it is on dry land,
but then so was the Ark at the time—
on Mt. Ararat, if I remember my Bible
correctly.
In 1901, Capt. Charles Part gave up the
mission, and turned his eye toward helping
Company into donating an old ship, the



THE MEXICAN FLAG.
AN ATTEC LEGEND.
ITS PLACE ON NATIONAL FLAG DUE TO
[Toronto Saturday Night:] The flag of
Mexico is the mate of the Italian tricolor,
though the green of Italy is paler than that
of Mexico. The three colors are green,
white and red. On the white in the Mexican
flag is the seal of Mexico. This is one of
the most interesting and significant among
national seals or coats of arms. It shows
an eagle on a bush or branch of nopal—a
common cactus—holding a serpent in his
beak. The interpretation is sometimes given
that this is the serpent of despotism, but
the legend of the seal goes further back
than the legend of the serpent.

LOS ANGELES TIMES
By Force of Arms.
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)
Life. Mine isn't worth it. I have slipped
down pretty far, but not so far as to shield
myself behind a woman's good name. It
isn't right to have you to impose on me
in that way after I have treated you so
decently," she cried angrily. "You ought to
be ashamed of yourself to make me turn
you over to be tried for murder when I
honestly believe you were acting in self-
defense, as you said."

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GOOD LITTLE POEMS.

A Thanksgiving Hymn.
For well-filled rivers, teeming lakes,
Vast forests where the wildbird wakes
The silences with song,
For bounteous crops, for gushing springs,
For all of earth's fair goodly things,
To Thee all thanks belong!

From peril of the smiting sword,
The smoking cannon, plundering horde,
From all grim War's dismay,
Its every bitter circumstance,
We thank Thee for deliverance—
We thank Thee, Lord, today!

That not unmarked is Sorrow's wall,
That love and mercy still prevail,
We offer grateful praise—
That Hope and Faith have not yet died,
Though Mercy oft seems crucified,
So wicked are men's ways.

O may we, Lord, be undismayed
Though heavy is the burden laid
Upon the heart of man;
Though mighty grows the vast world-grave
No ignominious peace we crave
As part of our life's plan.

For faith that War shall sometimes cease,
For hope of Universal Peace,
For every blessing poured
With lavish hand upon the earth,
Unmindful of man's little worth,
Once more we thank Thee, Lord!

—[Louella C. Poole; in Our Dumb Animals.

My Last Lines to Death.

You bring no terror to my weary heart;
The sting you boast of shall
Be dulled and deadened by
My calloused soul, and your
Cold hands shall cause no
Quivering of my naked flesh.
I've suffered all the tortures of
A thousand hells; I've drained
The lees of every cup of gall.
My very soul was rasped and
Then, all bleeding tender, it was
Trampled on by heavy boots,
Hobnailed with poison points of
Family hatred, poverty and doubt.
To lose the confidence of those
You love—to labor faithfully and
Then be dubbed a drone—to
Fight a battle to the best of your
Ability and then be cursed and
Jeered at as a traitor to your kin—
To have your flesh and blood
Spit venom in your face and then
To sometimes feel that even God
Shall scowl unkindly on your work—
To then believe myself unworthy of
A breath of air, a ray of sunshine
Or a peaceful sleep—O Death,
What life now holds for me is
Measured by a cup of burning hate!
To die is but the momentary fear
Of pain—to live is then to suffer,
Cripple-like, a daily agony of body,
Mind and soul, and so if you,
Grim Death, have aught to offer
More than I now have, I pray you,
Lead me on into another world.

JACK WOLF.

To Myself.

Let nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful;
Be still.
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find it in thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill today with sorrow
About tomorrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor.
But rest:
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures—so for thee—
The best.

—[Paul Fleming (1600-1640).]

Under the Oaks.

Under the oaks in a canyon,
Far from the world of strife,
I lie in my hammock musing,
Filled with the beauty of life.

The breeze is at play in the treetops,
Splashes of sunlight creep through
And weave me a magical carpet
Whose pattern shifts as I view.

The birds fill the air with sweet music,
The leaves whisper secrets of love;
The call of the quail from the hillside
Is answered by plaint of the dove.

The earth is rich in contentment;
No shadow of discord is there
To mar the handwork of Nature,
Whose every mood is a prayer.

And at the fall of dusk's curtain
The cuckoo and whip-poor-will's call
Chimes in with the tree-frog and cricket,
While the owl booms a challenge to all.

My soul is aflame with the beauty,
My senses atune with delight;
I thrill with the fullness of being,
I am part of the day and the night.

And as I lie in my hammock
And list to the sounds of the wood,
I wish I might linger forever,
For only when here am I good.

EVA H. THORNBURG.

The Dog Without Friends.

Have you feasted today, old fellow?
Had a sniff of some meat or a bone?
Were you gen'rally fed upon gray and
bread

By someone who called you his own?
Your ribs, sir, how plainly they're showing!
Your legs seem uncertain and weak.
Have you searched every street for a morsel
to eat?

Are you just a town dog, sir? Speak!

Has any one patted your head, sir?
Or noticed your great sunken eye?
Have your unkempt ears heard a kind, gen-
tle word

From some human friend passing by?
Or have they all kicked you aside, sir?
Why, you're trembling now, where you
stand!

Have they struck you so much that you
quake at my touch
And cower at sight of my hand?

It's a pretty hard world, old fellow!
A struggle for bread or a bone,
And some of us know how you feel when
you go

To your bed in the alley alone!
Were you sleek and well cared for and
handsome,
They would feed you and love you on
sight:

But it's different, sir, with a poor, luckless
cur—
A dog without friends—there, good night.

—[Our Dumb Animals.

The Dreamer.

To build imaginary castles
On the highest peaks, and
Then to dwell, contented and secure
Within the castle walls, until
A stern reality attacks and,
Like some dread disease shall
Slowly eat away thy visionary home.

To consummate great deeds
Of kindness and good,
To brace a tottering world and
Guide uncertain footsteps, then
To float upon some fleecy cloud
Through magic space, until the
Gathering storm, with furious strength,
Shall break upon thee and
Again destroy thy cherished hopes.

Dream on, thou godly gifted
Man of earth! Dream on. Good
Thoughts beget good thoughts, and
Some day, as thy weary body lies
In calm repose, thy dreams shall
All come true and thou shalt live
As thou hast often dreamed, beyond
The reach of dread disease or other
Cruel calamities to wreck thy plans.

JACK WOLF.

HUMOR.

[Judge:] She: What's his penchant?
He: Antiques.
She (glaring through lorgnette:) Is that
one of them with him?

[The Widow:] Queenie: Have you ever
kissed a girl?
Oswald: Is that an invitation or are you
gathering statistics?

[Galveston News:] Mr. Frontseat: Will
I have time to go out and get a drink,
usher?
Usher: (referring to curtain:) It won't
stay down a minute, sir.
Frontseat (sharply:) That's my business.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Captain, there
are burglars in a house on Umsteen street."
"Don't bother me with such stuff. I gotta
raid a ladies' euchre game. I know for a
fact that cash prizes are to be played for."

[Louisville Courier-Journal:] "Yes," said
the prince who married Cinderella, "my
wife has the smallest foot in the kingdom."
"Yes?"
"But she can put it down as hard as any-
body."

[Pittsburgh Post:] "How about your new
stenographer? Is she quick and accurate?"
"Yes, sir; she can powder her face, ar-
range her bracelets and fix her hair quicker
than any stenographer I ever had. And do
it accurately, too."

[Life:] Brown: I should think doctors
would be even more tyrannical and auto-
cratic than they are.
Smith: Why so?
Brown: Because all their dealings are
with people who are in no condition to fight
back.

[Washington Star:] "What are your
daughters studying now?"
"Nothing," replied Mr. Cumrox. "They've
learnt all about music, painting and litera-
ture. All they've got left to learn is not
to bother people with them."

[Philadelphia Evening Ledger] Bizzy:
What's the matter old man? You look wor-
ried.
Fizzy: I have some cause to. I engaged
a man to trace my pedigree.
Bizzy: Well, hasn't he succeeded?
Fizzy: Succeeded? I should say he has:
Now I'm paying him hush money.

[Detroit Free Press:] "Talk is cheap,"
he sneered.
"Yes; that's the reason I'm wasting words
on you," she retorted.

[New York Times:] Knicker: I'm think-
ing of studying law.
Bocker: Plain, martial, unwritten or
lynch?

[Life:] Carraway was craning his neck
for a better view of the turkey.
"Rubber," said the landlady.
"I feared as much," said Carraway, with
a sigh.

[Pittsburgh Post:] "Why is that squaw
putting on so many airs?"
"That squaw is some punkins. Regent of
the Daughters of the Aborigines."

[Philadelphia Ledger:] Concert Singer:
I am thinking of touring South Africa next
year.
Best Friend: Take my advice and don't.
An ostrich egg weighs two or three pounds,
you know.

[Washington Star:] "What causes the
scarcity of money in this section," asked
the investigator.
"Well," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "My
guess is that it's partly due to standin'
around an' discussin' the high cost of livin'
instid o' hustlin' fur coin."

LOS ANGELES WEATHER.

[From The Times of November 16, 1915.]
THE SKY. Clear. Wind at 5 p.m., south-
west; velocity, 8 miles. Thermometer, high-
est, 74 deg.; lowest, 50 deg. Forecast; Fair.

[London Punch:] Friend: Well, how's
the war affecting you?
Postcardist-Impressionist Sculptor: Not a
bit, old chap; I never sold anything before
it started—and I haven't since.

[Richmond Times-Dispatch:] "Why," in-
quired the curious visitor, "do you call that
mule of yours Roosevelt?"
"Because," replied the philosophical farm-
er, "he pulls like a minnow and blows like
a whale."

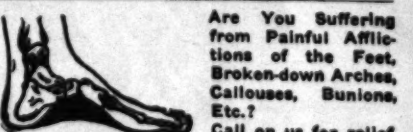
[Albany Argus:] "John was a good
man," said the disconsolate widow, "but he
was so old-fashioned to the last."
"How so?" asked the sympathetic friend.
"Well, he got killed by a runaway horse."

[Brooklyn Citizen:] Katherine: As long
as you say you understand the language of
the flowers, what does this bunch of Amer-
ican Beauty roses say?
Kidder: That a fool and his money are
soon parted.

[New York Post:] "However," concludes
the optimist, as he pockets another divid-
end, "let us congratulate ourselves. Had
Von Tirpitz lived in Noah's time he might
have torpedoed the Ark, then there would
have been no neutrals."

[Washington Star:] "Doesn't that young-
ster of yours toe-in a little when he tries to
stand up?"
"Yes," replied the fond father. "We have
great hopes of him. It looks to me as if
he were naturally built for an expert golf
player."

[Boston Transcript:] Corporal (to sol-
dier reporting sick:) What's the matter
with you?
Tommy Atkins: Pain in my haddomen.
Corporal: Haddomen be 'anged! Stom-
ick, you mean. It's only horficers as 'as
haddomens.



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It over with the use of some percentage tables and some wise remarks about restricting overhead charges. The ordinary citizen thinks the overhead charge must be something like the poll tax or the limit in a Jonathan poker game, but these pepper-noodled efficiency shirps have it differently. On top of it all preparedness has become a national question. The alarmists, the efficiency squad, as well as the

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

Americans to enter into the business, the unfortunate bill passed by Congress put the revival of our shipping interests out of the question. Fortunately the administration at Washington has been wise and considerate enough not to enforce this injurious law to its face value. If it were so enforced there would probably be not a ship flying the American flag plying between any two ports in the world outside of our own coastwise traffic. It is possible there because no foreign ship can enter into competition with those under our own flag, a very fortunate circumstance in more ways than one. It gives us an opportunity of retaining an immense fleet of ships upon domestic waters which not only furnish an investment for capital and employment for our men, but what is worth more than all this, it furnishes an opportunity to train a great many crews of able-bodied seamen which would come mighty handy to man our navy in case of war.

Prosperity in Degrees.

IN THE autumn of 1912 the industrial and business conditions of the United States were normal. That is, they were in the positive degree, to refer to terms of grammar.

A year later, to jump from grammar to algebra, they were represented by X, an unknown quantity. One year later, still using algebra, they were a negative quantity of tremendous magnitude.

With the accommodation of affairs to the conditions created by the war our business and industries revived. Since then the improvement has been marked, and now they are in the superlative degree, or, in terms of algebra, they are represented by all the letters that stand for known quantities, and the quantity is simply immense.

Bradstreet's at the end of the first week in November reported factories of nearly every kind working overtime with increased pay rolls, and this is described as "progressive improvement in industries almost wholly dependent on domestic wants." That means that stocks of goods on the shelves of merchants, from wholesalers to retailers, have become largely depleted during the dull times between the autumn of 1913 and the present time.

As the month of November opened news from the Middle West was of the most optimistic nature, with increased freight traffic, a steady growth in grain movements, ore shipments from the West heavy, and railroads all making money.

These conditions were reflected in the bank clearings of the country which made new records. For the week ended November 4 the checks cleared through the banks of fifty largest cities of the country represented a sum of \$4,480,746,000, or about \$30,000,000 more than the previous week, and nearly twice the amount of the corresponding week a year ago. In one day, November 3, the New York clearinghouse showed a movement of checks representing almost a billion dollars, the largest amount ever put through that great institution.

This is all exceedingly cheering news, with just one little cloud high up in the sky. It is that this prosperity hinges too much on war orders received from Europe. It does not seem possible that peace will be restored there until well along in next summer, perhaps a year from now. Whenever that distracted continent does return to normal conditions of peace there will be a check given

"If that is a thinly-veiled invitation to take on a liquid shock absorber I will accept with pleasure," returned the veteran cheerily.

"It'll never be dryer than I am this minute," persisted the old man. "And let me also tell you that if California ever does get so dry there will be more irrigation projects."

few jiggers of the stuff is as effective as a bunch of highballs and when a man gets a full collection he is apt to forget his name, his troubles and his family. You can't beat a thirst by passing resolution or enacting laws."

"No, it isn't. I am just giving you my impression of a fact. But I get you now. You are pumping me. You want to know

"Well: getting down to cases, it does seem like a tough proposition," returned

be worse. When a man's business wrecked and his wife sets fire to his home and runs away with a piano salesman things are not so bad. He might still have the

try we have a whole lot to be proud
and grateful for. Pretty nearly everybody
else in the world has been warring in a mo-
villainous fashion and there is hardly

"Maybe not, directly," assented the o

American business men are foresighted and shrewd. They have abundant warning of the falling of business incident to the restoration of ac-

This will in a measure make up for the lack of war orders when peace comes.

Awfully.

man. "If we produced shells and bullets for the use of the men in the trenches instead of oranges for the sufferers in hospitals we would get quicker results."

first time. They know their London, their Paris, their Broadway and their Pennsylvania avenue, but not much else. To them the Grand Canyon is merely a gash in the western desert and the Rockies are

the mail guys in the railroad world. He told me that our festive town of Los Angeles entertained 225,000 strangers during a single month of July. This rush of summer travel was a wonder. We are

ticket to Los Angeles. He thought the summers here must be about the same as Hades. But this year over half a million strangers found that the Southwest has most delightful summer climate in the world.

a \$50 bill to California—and, believe me, we have had a wholesale smother them this year."

"We sure did," continued the pioneer.
"And a whole lot of them liked it so
that they are coming back. Of course

find Utopia on the map and Arcadia only a dream. As an American citizen can be glad that you are in a land of narrative peace and plenty and have a

"Well, I'm thankful that I am right on this spot; that I am not hungry just thirsty enough to be interesting am not yet 100 years old: I can wa

fore me. I have books enough for
leisure and apparel enough to keep
from being pinched by the police. I
a conscience that is as calloused as a

as I like. I am an average citizen of the greatest and most prosperous country the world now knows and if I don't speak with pride and thanksgiving it is because we have a touch of horse sense. We are

old attend to that little matter I thought
were talking about when you came in.
"Thanks, awfully."

fornia, and especially Los Angeles, cannot even get him down.

Santa Monica has turned its ill-

A Los Angeles woman in suing her husband for divorce complains that he went back to his bachelor habits.

[643]

Saving Souls.

THE GOOD WORK DONE BY THE CAPTAIN OF THE WARRIOR.

By Drummond Graves.

FROM a cursory glance, the Bethel Mission in East San Pedro on the inner harbor looks like nothing else so much as Noah's Ark. True, it is on dry land, but then so was the Ark at the finish—on Mt. Ararat, if I remember my Bible correctly.

In 1901, Capt. Charles Farr gave up the sea, and turned his eye toward helping his fellow-men. He inveigled the Banning Company into donating an old ship, the Warrior, for a mission. The captain held services on her aft deck for awhile, and was content. Then his attention was called to a large area of atmosphere above the ship and entirely empty. He conceived the idea of utilizing this waste space by building a superstructure on the Warrior and letting out rooms to help support the mission and also as a fold for his flock. A number of the lumber companies donated the lumber, and Capt. Farr built the superstructure entirely alone. In fact, in the construction of the mission, in its operation and its saving of souls, it is distinctly a one-man job. The captain keeps fourteen bedrooms clean, besides the reading-room and chapel, superintends the conduct of his charges, meets every incoming ship in his gasoline boat, giving out good literature of all kinds and a hearty welcome to visit the mission; goes once a week to Los Angeles to visit the sailors in the seamen's wards of the various hospitals, look up jobs for his flock, conducts services in the chapel under the forward deck, and regrets that he can't play the organ! For there is an organ, but the captain says it is probably out of whack by this time.

It took two years to dig a channel, float the Warrior into the position in which she now lies, fill the channel up again, rear the superstructure, and make it a going concern. Since that time it has been going day and night. The reading-room, well stocked with books and magazines and newspapers in several languages, fitted with games of various kinds, is open continuously, with a bright light at night for the wandering stranger.

In one corner of this room stands a desk, and above it is a picture of a mother sitting before an open fire. Underneath is a placard: "Write home TODAY." The captain tells me that many a letter has been written, the first in years, because of that placard.

The hold of the ship was originally planned to be a gymnasium and bowling alley, but now cots line the walls for those members of the flock to whom even the modest price charged for the rooms is too much. Aloft, in the stern of the superstructure, is a community kitchen. Nine oil stoves of fairly generous proportions line one side of the wall. Along the opposite side are tables and above them lockers, one for each room. Here the men may bring and keep food, cooking it themselves and washing the dishes. Often they depart without doing the latter and then the captain does it. A serviceable bath tub in what was the lazarette of the ship, forward in the hold, completes the house-keeping conveniences.

The mission is mainly self-supporting. The captain told me of a number of prominent men in Los Angeles and San Pedro, to whom he is accustomed to go from time to time in unexpected extremities, but the sums which he asks for and receives are quite insignificant. But of late roomers are not as many as of yore, because the attractions across the bay are keeping the men on that side, and the captain is hoping to get the old Alden Besse and turn her into a mission on the right side. This project would cost the staggering sum of \$1000 and the captain does not see where all that money is coming from. Of course it would take considerable work to turn the Alden Besse into a chapel—there are dark hints that she was once in the Asiatic slave trade—at work is the captain's middle name.

But he says most people do not understand sailor men. They think he ought to be saving more souls than he is able. Much of his time, he avers, must be spent in helping them physically, and he does not like to go right up to a man and ask about his soul before he is even acquainted. He would rather do things more friendly-like. For instance, when he meets an incoming ship and goes down in the wake the men will, on finding he is a



BETHEL MISSION, EAST SAN PEDRO.

man of God, begin to curse and talk about women—not meaning and harm, of course, but it's just their way. To overcome this attitude toward him he must talk about ships and the sea, which they understand. All this takes time. He can't save near the number of souls he would like to, and as he can't, he won't lend himself to saying he saves more than he really does. So some people, do not think the mission does as much good as it ought to.

I assured him that I thought he was doing a wonderfully good work and in quite a wonderful way.

Sugar Cane Wax.

[Washington Star:] More and more of the residues of industrial processes that used to be thrown away are being found to contain some useful substance. In some cases the value of what was originally considered a "by-product" has come to exceed that of the primary product itself. The residues of sugar refining have been discovered to contain a valuable waxy substance in sufficient quantities to warrant its extraction on a commercial scale.

When a section of sugar cane is examined under the microscope it is seen that from the epidermis exude little protuberances, straight or curved and disposed perpendicularly to the surface. These are made of wax, which, with other waxy substances contained in other parts of the plant, passes into the juice in the process of its extraction.

The lime used in almost all refineries carries them away in the refuse of the precipitation process, from which the idea of rescuing them was not long ago broached.

For this purpose the slimy residue is placed in a receptacle, where it undergoes a fermentation which destroys the fatty matters without attacking the wax. The substance is then dried in the sun and afterward in a current of warm air or in a furnace. The dry product is crushed and treated with benzine or carbon disulphide. The wax thus obtained is then refined by being extracted anew with petroleum essence, and then by filtration through clay or animal black. The residue of this extraction may be utilized as a lubricant or treated to obtain the sugar which it still contains.

Cane wax thus obtained is white or pale yellow. It much resembles in appearance Carnauba wax, as also in its hardness and high melting point. The dried slimy residue contains 10 to 12 per cent. of it—a sufficiently large proportion to justify the industrial treatment of these residues.

Silk Worms Discarded.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] The disastrous effects resulting from the mobilization of the army in the interests of neutrality are in evidence in the Swiss Tyrol, where millions of silk worms have been thrown away because there has been no one to attend to them and where the vineyards are diseased-infested from lack of attention, says The Pathfinder.

The military authorities have cut down vast acreages of vineyards in order to prevent the vines from being used as covers by a possible enemy.

The Swiss government has been active in its efforts in behalf of war sufferers, not only among the Swiss but also in neighboring countries. Some time ago, with the assent of England, Germany, France and Belgium, it set on foot a plan for internment at Swiss resorts captured officers of belligerent armies who are ill. Swiss soldiers are to be provided to guard the officers.

Deaths From Disease.

[St. Joseph News Press:] Statistics tell us that 650,000 lives are destroyed annually in the United States by diseases of the preventable class. The annual economic loss from this source is estimated at \$1,500,000,000, or six times the amount of our fire loss.

The Mexican Eagle.
ITS PLACE ON NATIONAL FLAG DUE TO AN AZTEC LEGEND.

[Toronto Saturday Night:] The flag of Mexico is the mate of the Italian tricolor, though the green of Italy is paler than that of Mexico. The three colors are green, white and red. On the white in the Mexican flag is the seal of Mexico. This is one of the most interesting and significant among national seals or coats of arms. It shows an eagle on a bush or branch of nopal—a common cactus—holding a serpent in his beak. The interpretation is sometimes given that this is the serpent of despotism, but the legend of the seal goes further back than the time of the Spaniards with the various forms of civil and ecclesiastical control that were imposed by them on the land, from 1519 to 1821, when the Spanish yoke was thrown off.

The story is that during the time of the Aztecs the people were looking for a place to found their city. They came to the borders of Lake Texcoco, and there they halted. The legend says that they saw before them an immense golden eagle—some say a small eagle—on a cactus with a serpent in its talons and its wings spread to the rising sun. Forthwith they laid there the foundation of the great city, Tenochtitlan, which is the City of Mexico of today. The date set for this, of course, conjectural, is about 1325.

At first built with reeds and rushes on piles on the edge of the lake, the rude Indian huts were in time replaced by a huge city of stone, very massive and with something of the engineering and artistic skill which the ancient monuments of Egypt display. Mexico City today stands in the midst of streets that run outside the walls along the very causeways where the streets entered Tenochtitlan of old. The Aztec temple was a pyramid 100 feet high with 114 steps from the ground to a broad esplanade upon which thirty horsemen could ride in tourney. From the top of this temple Cortez looked down on the beautiful land which he was to dominate. A causeway led from Lake Chalco to Lake Texcoco and over this the Spaniards came. The old city was intersected with canals, like a veritable Venice, and these canals have today become streets of the City of Mexico.

The empire of the Montezumas is supposed to have been founded about 1450, and the earliest records of the Indian race in Mexico point to the kingdom of the Toltecs in 648. Mexico City was for 200 years after the Spanish conquest the metropolis of European civilization in the New World, and by the end of the eighteenth century there were 125,000 people there, including Spaniards and mixed descendants of the Indians and Spaniards. The population of the city in 1900 was 344,731.

Why He Looked Around.

The red bear of Asia lives in lofty mountain solitudes, rarely coming below an altitude of 8000 feet. For the greater part of the year he is content with a vegetarian diet, and leads a quiet life. But in spring he becomes mischievous, and then a man who pursues him in his native haunts must be a mountaineer as well as a hunter. The following incident, related by a British sportsman, illustrates the double danger.

This hunter's stalker used to tell of a bear that was a terror to the goatherds, sent to graze the village flocks in the Rakhlot glen, not only a robber, but a bold one, who committed his crimes in the broad light of day, and cared for neither man nor dog. The stalker encountered him when out with a noted English shot. Behind them yawned a precipice; in front was the big beast, grunting and slaving at the mouth. They faced one another for some seconds and still the Englishman did not shoot. The bear advanced.

"Shoot!" cried the stalker, but the Britisher only looked around over his shoulder. The bear came on. Then the Englishman slowly put up his rifle and shot the animal dead through the head.

"And why had not the Englishman shot before?" the man who tells the story asked of the stalker.

"That's what I wanted to know," said the stalker, "and he told me that he was just looking for the easiest place to go down the precipice in case the bear was not killed."

The man who tells this story was sitting at the exact spot where it happened, and going to the edge, looked over. The first thing to break a fall was a green lawn of pine trees 2000 feet below.

E. T.

By Force of Arms.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE.)

life. Mine isn't worth it. I have slipped down pretty far, but not so far as to shield myself behind a woman's good name. It is mighty fine of you to offer me the chance, but I can't take it."

"What right have you to impose on me in that way after I have treated you so decently?" she cried angrily. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to make me turn you over to be tried for murder when I honestly believe you were acting in self-defense, as you said."

Grant looked bewildered. "What do you want me to do?" he asked in perplexity.

"Take Prince and go at once, so I will not know where you are when my brother comes home."

"Your brother?" He stepped toward her. "I thought you were Burton's wife."

"Never mind who I am," she urged, laying her hand on his arm and looking appealingly into his face. "Please do as I ask."

"And if I do it, making a clean start and showing I am worth it, will you wait for me to prove myself?"

"Hello, Grant!"

Startled, they looked up at Burton's huge form, as he regarded them quizzically. The light died from Grant's eyes, but the girl ran to her brother and began a hurried explanation.

"Caught him in the act, did you?" commented Burton. Then smiling broadly at Grant, he added: "How does it feel to be captured by a girl, Grant? Guess I'll have her appointed my deputy."

Seeing the deep flush on Grant's face as he stood silently, she moved to the man's side and faced her brother.

"He refused to escape when I told him he could have Black Prince," she said indignantly. "I don't care what any one says. I believe in him whether you do, or not. He has acted like a man—and—and—and I just wish you had stayed away, Bud Burton."

The sheriff laughed. "Well, don't ruffle up your feathers at me, little girl. You're as bad as the bantam hen when she has a brood of chickens. Ready to fight a buzz saw. Prince belongs to you, and I don't intend to keep Grant from going where he pleases."

The girl's little cry of delight died as Grant said to Burton, "Do you know I shot John Haskins yesterday morning?"

"Why didn't you stay and face it?" Burton demanded sharply. "If you were justified, why did you run?"

"I've been a fool more times than once," bitterly responded the other, "but I didn't want to pay an account that I did not owe. I'm ready to go back and face trial now."

"I guess you won't have much trouble," replied the sheriff. "Haskins didn't die, and two witnesses swore that he had his hand in his pocket before you saw him coming. His gun was in his coat pocket instead of his holster. You may have to remain in custody for a while. You're not my prisoner, you know," his eyes twinkled mischievously. "I give you in charge of your captor."

"I release him," retorted the girl saucily. "He has already given me his parole."

Grant looked down at her earnestly as he said: "I withdraw my parole and demand a life sentence."

"I reserve sentence," she said softly, but seeing the flush on her cheeks as she smiled up at him, he was satisfied to wait.

Burton glanced at them and moved to the porch, filling his pipe. The lighted match was held in suspense, while the sheriff called to his sister, "Where did you find a pistol last night, Joan?"

"In the holster over the fireplace in your room," she answered.

"Well, you did things up brown," chuckled Burton. "I haven't been able to buy ammunition for ten years to fit that old gun. It wasn't loaded."

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AN INSPIRING ENTERPRISE.
THE REMOVAL OF THE GREAT J. W. ROBIN-
SON DRY-GOODS STORE FROM THE CORNER
OF Third and Broadway to Seventh Street
and Grand Avenue left an immense and im-
portant building vacant. J. W. Robinson
has leased the premises for ten years and
proposed to convert them into a
store for the sale of a five-acre tract on
the corner of Broadway and Grand Avenue.

OUR INDUSTRIAL ERA.
The industries here in Los Angeles are
growing apace, under the fostering en-
couragement of the Industrial Bureau of the
Chamber of Commerce. This bureau has
been organized in the purchase by the Ameri-
can Can Company of a five-acre tract on
the corner of Broadway and Grand Avenue.

CITIES IN EMBRYO.
The Santa Fe and the Southern
Pacific tracks cross each other, for count-
less ages stood a big hump on the plains
known as Flower Mountain. It lay there
waiting for the time when it would
be useful in human industry. With the
growth of population and the
growth of human industry.

See the Polinella Glow.
It is a little early, but none the less
welcome. We are assured by an ad-
vanced lyric poet that ever sang in any lan-
guage.
Heine might have had bread and meat
for every meal in his life if that had been
his ambition. But he denied the body to
cultivate his mind. The Eagle has seen
so many of you humans who might have
made great names for yourselves in litera-
ture if you had not been intent on making
money. If you had had the spirit and de-
termination of Heine, many of you might
have rivaled him in genius, had you not
preferred to sleep on downy beds of ease
and to have plenty of good beefsteak every
morning, roast beef and plum pudding at
your dinner, to wear good clothes and live
in a fine house.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, November 30, 1918.]

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



"IN INTELLECT how like a god." That, friends, is the way one of your greatest men describes the endowment that the Deity equipped you with when He created your race. It is in intellect that you mainly differentiate from and are superior to every other living thing that walks the earth, creeps upon its surface, swims he seas or fans the air with wings.

You know, perhaps, the catechism carried on between the philosopher and the boor. The boor asked, "What is matter?" And the philosopher replied, "Never mind."

"What is mind?" quoth the boor. And the philosopher replied, "No matter."

The third section runs thus: "What is the soul?" "Oh, that is immaterial."

Now, friends, the catechism is all right in a way. But you know that none of you know anything about anything disconnected with matter. The mind may never be matter, but it is never found disconnected with the material. Neither is the soul.

You were created like all the other creatures that came from the hand of the Creator out of the dust of the ground, and to that dust you must return sooner or later. You may have a soul. Your Eagle believes you have. You know you have a mind. But what the mind and the soul are you do not know and cannot know as long as you are in this material world. This connects you with the material world in a very close and intimate way.

Your mind is capable of wonderful cultivation. It is like a piece of fertile soil. The products of your intellect depend directly and universally upon the seed you plant in it and upon the cultivation you give it.

There is a piece of ground in which if you plant wheat or any other grain, having care-
fully prepared the soil, under normal cir-
cumstances will yield a beautiful crop of
the grain you put into it. If you plant a
fruit tree in it you will in due time partake
of delicious fruit, provided you cultivate
your ground carefully, and always the fruit
will be the same from the same tree. It
all depends upon the planting and the care
you give what crop you will gather.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in a way the greatest intellect ever produced among English-speaking people, was once conversing with a friend. The friend said: "I do not believe in prejudicing my children in favor of any denomination or any particular religion. I am letting them grow up without any moral training whatever, and they shall choose for themselves when they come to years of discretion."

Now Coleridge was the one man of the English-speaking race with a mind of the same scope as those the Teuton philosophers possessed. He was the one man of the race who could have given the English-speaking people a system of philosophy as Schlegel, Hegel and others gave the Teuton race. He did not do it because he ruined his mind by eating opium. But he answered the friend quoted above wisely. With an ironical smile he replied: "That is just the way I feel about my garden. I would not for the world prejudice its soil in favor of strawberries, but if it prefers to produce weeds let it do so."

Does any one doubt what the philosopher's garden brought forth? Not a bit of it. The crop of weeds was abundant in proportion to the quality of the soil and the conditions of the season.

Do you see, friends, those two women yonder standing by the roadside at a cottage door? One is bent, decrepit and feeble with wrinkled brow and cheeks, dim eyes, and altogether a picture of misery. The other is straight, with smooth brow and cheeks, bright eyes, and the glow of health upon her skin. One might be thought 70 years old, the other does not look more than 50.

The Eagle knows those two women, and knew them in their childhood. They are

almost as nearly the same age as if they had been born twins. They are cousins, and the whole difference comes from the cultivation the two women have had. The wretched creature was just as beautiful and as bright of mind in her childhood as her cousin, but the one had the advantage of mental training, developing her powers of mind. Her parents were well-to-do, and from the time she was born to today she has scarcely had a misfortune, a sorrow or an affliction, and has never done a hard day's work in all her life. You see the cultivation in her present condition.

The other was born of poor parents and has toiled hard, suffered from lack of food, of clothes and shelter, nearly all her life. Her present condition is all the result of grievous suffering and great sorrow, of hard toil and terrible want and woe. She had no cultivation, and the lack of it is shown in the coarseness of her features.

So it goes with all of you. Your minds are not so different at the beginning by any means as they are at the finish. It is all a matter of cultivation and the circumstances that surround your lives. Think you Rabelais was very different from Bernard, of Cluny. Think you Byron differed very greatly from Wordsworth or Walter Scott? In their infancy they were all about the same type of men, and the divergence of their intellects was a matter of different cultivation and of different lives. Walter Scott's mind was carefully cultivated and he kept it sweet to the end. Wordsworth's training was highly moral and he lived a highly moral life to his death. St. Bernard wrote that wonderful hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," and Rabelais wrote filthy stuff a great deal worse than the "Decameron" of Boccaccio and infinitely more filthy than Lawrence Sterne's productions.

There is a great responsibility upon you to train your minds properly and to keep them turned in proper directions. To go back to the simile of the soil and the human mind, you can produce about any mental crop you set yourself about raising. Think of what Heinrich Heine did by cultivating his mind. There never was a poorer boy on the face of the earth than he was. He

was a little early, but none the less welcome. We are assured by an advanced lyric poet that ever sang in any language.

Heine might have had bread and meat for every meal in his life if that had been his ambition. But he denied the body to cultivate his mind. The Eagle has seen so many of you humans who might have made great names for yourselves in literature if you had not been intent on making money. If you had had the spirit and determination of Heine, many of you might have rivaled him in genius, had you not preferred to sleep on downy beds of ease and to have plenty of good beefsteak every morning, roast beef and plum pudding at your dinner, to wear good clothes and live in a fine house.

The Eagle has almost wept over some of you human friends of his, whom he has seen sell your birthrights, the heaven-sent gifts of embryo genius which you failed to cultivate, preferring the mess of savory pottage to fame. Of course, here are a good many humans who think that of all the foolish things a human being ever set his mind upon posthumous fame is the most foolish. The Eagle does not think so. He thinks the love of wealth is a sordid ambition and money-grubbing the sorriest pursuit a human being ever put his mind upon. He thinks the love of fame is a noble ambition, and that is not all. Heine's writings still charm and bless the world, and will continue to do so for many generations to come. See what Homer's genius has left the world, and think of the blessing David's psalms are to humanity. Croesus's wealth is gone where the woodbine twined and is lost to humanity, but Homer's "Iliad" will serve to cultivate and fertilize human brains to the end of time.



THE LANCER

TEN commandments for parents—in-
line their hearts to keep these laws,
saith the child.

Mrs. Stackville Stoner is their author. As the mother of the infant prodigy, a little girl of 11 years old, who can speak five languages, write poetry, give suffrage lectures, and pitch a baseball with deadly accuracy, she is entitled to be heard.

But we shudder for the reputation of Solomon. Mrs. Stoner's very first commandment is "Thou shalt not administer physical punishment unto thy child."

Now Solomon has been quoted as the world's best sage for quite a while now and he certainly made that unpleasant remark, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Of course, as little Willie remarked, he did not say that until he grew up, but that was merely further proof of his wisdom.

And the second Stoner commandment is equally conflicting with the scriptures. "Thou shalt not scold thy child, but shall give rewards for good behavior."

Wherefore, sweet child, before you agree to shake hands politely with the visitor and refrain from screaming in all those five languages in the middle of the parlor floor, emphasizing your emotions with kicks and punches, make the best bargain that mother will stand for. Otherwise go to it. That little unprofitable dictum about "true being its own reward is obviously out of date.

Two more Stoner commandments insist upon the deletion of the words "don't" and "must" from thy vocabulary in connection with thy offspring. "Thou shalt not" is not suggested as a substitute; indeed, Moses

latisfactory father of his flock.

The remaining commandments refer to the duty of making the home attractive to children, never teasing or frightening them, and never giving them occasion for disrespect.

Now we must remember that Mrs. Stoner has but one lone child, and she frankly admits she has concentrated her entire energy on its upbringing. If you are not allowed to use "don't" and "must," it takes a good deal of polite circumlocution and argument to convey the same idea. What is the prolific parent going to do, she who has earned the undying gratitude of a population-seeking nation, if she is to solemnly debate every disputed point with her cherished offspring? Time is money. How much hired help would she have to employ to do the household chores, while she herself is conducting a sweet debate on the question of the inadvisability of eating rotten fruit, of stealing the neighbor's peaches, of wiping one's fork in one's hair, of dropping undesirable portions of food under the table, of wiping one's boots on the best furniture, of putting the pet lizard to bed in the guest-room?

But then, perhaps, if home is to be made really attractive to children, these little excursions into experiment should not be discouraged and the average small child would certainly prefer a dirty, comfortably untidy house in which one could saunter with muddy shoes and sticky hands to one's heart's content.

But then we are up against the hygienists and the sanitation experts. It's a hard world for parents, but the children, at least, will be convinced that Mrs. Stoner is right.

War on War Toys.

AND we observe that some of the women's clubs have declared war on war toys. Soldier hats and guns and swords and medals, torpedoes, battleships and military flying machines are all to be swept from toyland as vicious influences.

But really, you know, it isn't on the side of ultra-militarism that our children err. There are so many more virulently baneful influences than war toys. Of course, it is much easier, and brings far more publicity in its train, to make war on war toys than on parental bad examples, but the bad ex-

amples set by parents are cause for a more urgently needed reform.

Nothing is quite so ludicrous as to hear highly imperfect parents laying down rules of conduct for their young. One dear lady friend of mine who speaks with tears in her voice when discussing the dreadful influence of war toys, is a past-master in the art of insincerity.

She will gush effervescently over callers and scatter them with compliments, only to tear their characters and habits to shreds the moment their backs are turned. One observes the look of wonder in the eyes of her offspring. They are admonished with fearful solemnity for their own little lies, their own little abuses, yet all the while the parent's first effort is to knock their fearless and unpleasant truthfulness out of them at the earliest possible age, and inculcate politely treacherous deceit.

The nice, lady-like, little girl who has a good, old-fashioned fight, pulls hair and scratches, is duly court-martialed and disgraced, although she has comfortably worked all the spleen out of her system in the tussle and is the best of friends with her opponent next day. But her fashionable mamma, who has administered a cruel social snub, inflicting a lasting hurt, and continues to cherish the most despicable malice in her heart considers herself an entirely suitable person to lay down laws for morals and behavior to that small girl. She will be found among the most ardent workers in the campaign against war toys.

No Divorce for Soldiers.

GREAT BRITAIN has just decreed that soldiers cannot be either plaintiffs or defendants in divorce actions. They take the stand that soldiers must not have their attention diverted to private troubles during the war.

And incidentally, of course, there is the question of superfluity. Any minute the lady may be a bona fide widow, anyway.

It is curious that the British courts should show a marked increase in divorce actions since the beginning of the war. Certainly some of the divorce laws had been amended to make divorce a shade less difficult in England just prior to the war, but one would have supposed that sentiment would have played its part, and that under all the

painful circumstances, actions for divorce would have shriveled to nil. But belligerency seems to be in the air and if the ladies may not fight the foreign enemy, they will attack the only available antagonist. Most of the suers for divorce are women, which is perverse, seeing that most women would rather have any kind of a man than none at all, and men are very scarce.

Or perhaps, they are not scarce. We hear many tales of large battalions of colonial troops quartered in England for final training. Maybe the colonial is a handsome, dare-devil fellow compared to the stay-at-home Englishman and maybe he is making the most of his opportunities. In which case, the British government has committed another injustice to women in brutally withholding divorce until after the colonial troops have disappeared.

Do They Really Hate Us?

HARRY CARR is not alone among the correspondents who assure us that we are cordially hated in Germany and England. We should prefer to think they spoke true. But it is so much more likely that they merely despise us for a vacillating nation which either or both of them can take all the liberties with they like. A good healthy hate is a compliment, but contemptuous indifference to our claims is quite another matter—and that's about all the evidence we have observed so far. England takes unwarrantable liberties with our shipping rights, and Germany goes to the point where they essay to do what they jolly well like right here in the country, stirring up labor troubles, dynamiting, intriguing, or anything else that happens to suit their policies. That isn't hate, its contempt. When they hate us, we shall feel more secure.

Not to Be Frightened.

[Life:] Girlie: I've been reading, Harold, that kissing is hygienically unsafe, and think of the number of times you have kissed me!

Harold: Oh, well, "there's safety in numbers," you know.

Here in a piece of ground in which if you plant wheat or any other grain, having care- fully prepared the soil, under normal cir- cumstances will yield a bountiful crop of fruit tree in it you will in due time par- take of delicious fruit, provided you cultivate your ground carefully, and always the fruit will be the same from the planting and the care all depends upon the planting and the care. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in a poem, says: "You give what crop you will, whether wheat or rye, All depends upon the seed that you sow." Here in a piece of ground in which if you plant wheat or any other grain, having care- fully prepared the soil, under normal cir- cumstances will yield a bountiful crop of fruit tree in it you will in due time par- take of delicious fruit, provided you cultivate your ground carefully, and always the fruit will be the same from the planting and the care all depends upon the planting and the care. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in a poem, says: "You give what crop you will, whether wheat or rye, All depends upon the seed that you sow." Here in a piece of ground in which if you plant wheat or any other grain, having care- fully prepared the soil, under normal cir- cumstances will yield a bountiful crop of fruit tree in it you will in due time par- take of delicious fruit, provided you cultivate your ground carefully, and always the fruit will be the same from the planting and the care all depends upon the planting and the care. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in a poem, says: "You give what crop you will, whether wheat or rye, All depends upon the seed that you sow."

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Saturday, November 30, 1918.

California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

See the Poinsettia Glow.

YES, the glory of the poinsettia is here. It is a little early, but none the less welcome. We are assured by an admirer of flowers that early as it is, the blooms will last in all their splendid beauty until Christmas. It is to Christmas in California what the holly berry is to England, though not the only Christmas decoration the Southland gives us, for there is the California holly, which is really an arbutus.

The poinsettia is peculiar to California of all the States in the American Union. It is said to have been brought here from Mexico, but whether it is indigenous there or an exotic is not stated. Nor does it matter greatly. It needs no excuse for existing anywhere, but is welcome to every lover of flowers for its own sake, wherever its original habitat or however it came into California.

The poinsettia is red as a cardinal's hat, and attempt has been made over and over again to dub it by that name, but why it does not take is not entirely evident. It blooms in nearly every dooryard in Los Angeles, and glows brilliantly in the autumn sunshine for five or six weeks.

Winter Ball Amid Green Fields.

THEY are playing baseball all over Southern California these autumn days just at the edge of winter. Last week the schoolboys had a vacation while the teachers' institute was being held at San Diego, and happy little urchins swatted the ball on every vacant lot in the city from early morning until late evening. Down in the Imperial Valley they have just started a winter series of baseball in this middle week of November. That tells the story of the glorious climate more eloquently than words.

We are reading daily of the climatic conditions in the different fronts in which the belligerents are fighting in Europe. In northwestern Russia it is slush so deep that heavy artillery can't be moved. Along many of the battle fronts deep snow is checking operations, and everywhere except on the Gallipoli Peninsula the fighting has been conducted with difficulty because of the wintry character of the weather. In our own East and West winter has come decidedly, and there is no baseball played there, and will not be for many months to come.

Here in California, particularly in the Imperial Valley, where they are planning a winter campaign in baseball, the fields are green as an Irish June and the grass ankle-high, as it will be every day until spring comes again. Football will be scarcely possible at the East any longer, and sports there will be reduced to a very few in number and very strenuous in character, requiring mufflers, overcoats and fur gloves to ward off the rigors of hyperborean weather.

Green Hills Again.

HOW soon nature responds to the influence of a little rain under the sunny skies of Southern California! For six months there was not a drop of moisture precipitated from the skies, except a little from a fog now and then, and naturally the hills got as brown as a Frenchman's garment wherever no irrigation water was poured over the ground. Two weeks ago came a gentle rain amounting to from an inch to an inch and a half in different parts of Southern California, and immediately every tiny seed dropped from the stalks of mature grasses last summer began to swell so that they fairly sang a hymn of thanksgiving for returning life. And all over this fair Southland the hills are being clad in a new garment of green. As the days go on the bulbous roots will respond to the influence of moisture and sunshine and begin to send up their leaves, so that by Christmas time the whole landscape will be clad in a mantle of brilliant green.

Pasadena's Sewer Farm.

THE city of Pasadena has secured a tract of 600 acres east of Coyote Pass from the Monterey Land Company for the disposal of the sewage of Pasadena, South Pasadena and Alhambra. The price paid was \$150,000. It is not a municipal affair, but private, for the disposal of the sewage.

Cities in Embryo.

AT COLTON, in San Bernardino county, where the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific tracks cross each other, for countless ages stood a big hump on the plains known as Slover Mountain. It lay there for ages waiting for the time when it would be useful in human industries. With the growth of population and the building of cities and towns came the opportunity for which Slover Mountain had waited. In due time shrewd business Americans saw the opportunity and organizing a company put pick and shovel, steam scoop and every other implement or machinery used by human hands, tearing down the great hump, roasting it in furnaces and converting it into cement. The corporation was called the Portland Cement Company, and is now the California Portland Cement Company, and the plant there today represents an investment of \$3,000,000.

The plant today is turning out 6000 barrels of cement a day, and there is enough raw material to last at that pace for 700 years. This is probably the greatest deposit of cement material in the world. There are about 700 men employed there day and night, and the company has paid out in wages in the last ten years \$10,000,000. Near Corona there is a great deposit of clay, a mingled silica, iron and aluminum, which, fused with the Slover mountain limestone, gives cement of the finest quality.

They do things in the Southland on a large scale. They had a festival out at Slover Mountain the other day, which they called Neighbors' Day, and from all around the district came people to see the great cement plant at Slover Mountain, on which in the last two years \$1,000,000 has been spent. There were thousands of people at the celebration, and the feast cost the cement company \$5000. There were three tons of beef at the feast, 500 pounds of beans, 8000 cups of coffee, 5000 loaves of bread, 300 pounds of butter, 300 pounds of sugar, forty boxes of apples, "and other eatables in the same gargantuan proportions." For the improvised table 40,000 feet of lumber were required, which placed end to end would reach 2683 feet, or more than half a mile.

This is where the skyscrapers of Los Angeles and other cities of the Southland come from. The amount of cement turned out represents an ordinary twelve-story office building every day in the year.

Why Not.

IT IS reported that 250,000 people have been interested in watching a woman with an old-fashioned wheel spinning Imperial cotton at the San Francisco exposition. The woman and her spinning wheel are to be moved to San Diego, with other cotton exhibits, if the proper arrangements can be made. It is said that the cotton booth at San Francisco received the highest awards at the fair and has been the center of attraction since the fair opened. Some of the cotton spun by this expert woman and wound into balls has been sent to Los Angeles, where the teachers of domestic economy in the schools have been weaving this thread into guest towels.

It is only a beginning and a small one, but one that ought to bear fruit and grow into an immense industry. Cotton is the material used for most of the clothes of millions of people in Japan and China. It is used for garments for a great many other people in a great many parts of the world. The Japanese are buying our raw cotton, taking it over to Japan, where it is converted into cotton cloth, and then sent back to be sold to our own people here. We need a big cotton mill, or several of them, on the Coast. This or these will come some time, and cannot come too soon.

Shriners' Charity.

THE Shriners of Al Malakah Temple, Los Angeles, are to have a gigantic charity ball on Thanksgiving eve at the Shrine Auditorium. This is the ninth affair of the kind the Shriners of the city have given and the one last year netted about \$5000. This is spent at Christmas time on the poor of the city, particularly on foreign families. It is said that 2000 persons, about 476 foreign families, absolutely destitute, were made happy last year by the Shriners' charity. The Shriners spent more than \$7000 in this splendid work.

Our Industrial Era.

OUR industries here in Los Angeles are growing apace, under the fostering encouragement of the Industrial Bureau of the Chamber of Commerce. This bureau the other day brought about negotiations which have resulted in the purchase by the American Can Company of a five-acre tract on Santa Fe avenue between Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth streets. The price of the site was \$50,000, and the plant to go there, with the machinery, will cost at least \$500,000. This corporation is known for its enterprise, and is already well represented on the Coast. It has factories at San Francisco, San Jose, Portland, and at Honolulu, Salt Lake and New Orleans.

Another big factory to be erected here at once represents a plant of the Overland Automobile Company of Toledo. This company has secured a site on Olive street in the midst of the automobile area and will erect a building said to cost \$100,000.

With cheap fuel, the cheapest in the world, there is no reason why our industrial development should not be a record-breaker as nearly everything else is here in Southern California. The State produces more fuel oil than any other similar area in the world and added to this is an unlimited supply of electricity. There comes into Southern California daily more than half a million horse power of electricity developed from the falling streams in the mountains. The total development of this electricity in the State runs well over half a million horse power. In addition to this the city has about 400,000 horse power from steam plants, making the total motive power of the city not far from a million horse power.

This is a good beginning, but it is only a beginning. The capacity of the State for electrical development runs close to 10,000,000 horse power. Southern California has taken the lead in this kind of development and will keep it. It is just what the community needs at the present time to bring about absolute and permanent prosperity. We need in addition to the plants already here especially cotton mills and iron mills. There is an abundance of raw material of both kinds, and with practically unlimited market to which our harbor is the natural gateway.

The Path of Industry.

IT has been plain to the mind of the writer, who has been employed on Los Angeles newspapers for more than thirty years, that the path of our industries lay along both banks of the river between where the Arroyo Seco enters the main stream and its mouth at Long Beach. The first railroad in this part of the State was built from Wilmington to the city close to the river bank, and since then other roads have built their tracks along the same stretch of country. It is a broad, long, level territory rising gently from tidewater to the city, affording ample room for industrial plants, with homes near by for the operatives. With the harbor boulevard constructed, with a modern auto truck to supplement the railroads, it will be about as convenient an industrial district as there is in the whole wide world. The time is coming, coming rapidly, when a hive of a million busy workers will be found engaged in factories of different kinds along this natural industrial road to which the raw material comes easily in on a down grade from any part of the country, and from which the finished products go almost on a level line to the ship in the harbor.

A Good Investment.

THE TOWN of Blythe, in the Palo Verde Valley, shows a very wide-awake spirit in the liberal gift of nearly one hundred town lots to the California Southern Railroad. This is for a site for its tracks and depot. The right of way is along Commercial street for about a quarter of a mile, and the grant of land and of the right of way is made with the definite understanding that the railroad company will erect a substantial depot and complete promptly the line between Blythe City and Blythe Junction, the Palo Verde Valley. This town now has a population of about 700, served with stores, a bank and two cotton gins. It is the center for trading of a large agricultural district.

An Inspiring Enterprise.

THE removal of the great J. W. Robinson dry-goods store from the corner of Third and Broadway to Seventh street and Grand avenue left an immense and important building vacant. F. W. Blanchard has leased the premises for ten years and proposes to convert them into a general market. Along the ground floor runs an avenue broad and straight from Broadway to Hill street. This in Europe would be called an arcade or gallery, and every important city on the continent of Europe has one or more of these, along which booths are arranged, small and many, where every kind of thing used in human life may be purchased. In France they are often found in the middle of a block between two important streets and are then called "passages". Between the two streets the total depth of this Los Angeles market will be 328 feet. There is nothing of the kind on such a magnificent scale in Europe. Of course this is natural, as we do everything here on a larger scale than they do in the Old World. The place is reached by many lines of railroad, and will be accessible from every part of the city. The red cars from Venice, Santa Monica, Beverly and Hollywood run along Hill street, and Broadway is the thoroughfare on which as many of the yellow cars run as on any street in the city. There are yellow cars on Hill street too, and those that do not reach the doors of the place on either Hill or Broadway come up Spring street a block away, or Main street, only two blocks, while Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh have cross-street lines.

Impressive Ideas.

BY THE annexation of the San Fernando Valley to the city, Los Angeles acquired a very broad and rich territory with unlimited capacities for future development. Some of this development is already an actual concrete fact. Among other things the schools of the district. San Fernando, the oldest town in the valley, has taken new life lately with the development of the territory around, and is determined not to lag behind the newer communities in educational facilities. The high school at the old town is a beautiful building of classic design, costly and commodious. San Fernando is wide awake, and proposes to build around the high school a group of buildings for civic use that will form a very impressive feature in that progressive community.

Harbingers of Christmas.

GOOD Christian gentlemen and ladies, Christians too—Christmas is at hand, and harbingers of a joyous feast are on wing in the air all about us. The Mayor of Pomona is to call a mass meeting of citizens to arrange for a monster municipal Christmas celebration, the jubilee to last for a whole week. The Chamber of Commerce of Pomona, the churches, the lodges, clubs and all societies are to join in this great demonstration. A big Christmas tree is to be erected in front of the City Hall, and a chorus made up of choirs and soloists from the local churches is to gather there on Christmas eve and sing "Carol, carol, Christians, carol joyfully, carol for the coming of Christ's nativity."

California's Largesse.

HOW happy the United States is to have California as one of the members of the Union! The State sent East more fruit this year than ever before in its history. The season was the driest on record in the interior valleys since away back in 1850. This gave more time for shipping the fruit, and away more than 16,000 carloads have gone to the eastern markets.

Prosperous Institution.

IT COST to administer the affairs of the State University at Berkeley for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, \$2,737,616.84. The income for the same period was \$2,784,024.28. The institution, therefore, made some money. The assets of the University of California are estimated at \$16,500,000.

Big Ranch Deal.

THE Lone Tree Dairy Ranch in Merced county, comprising 640 acres, highly improved and well stocked, has changed hands at a reported price of \$125,000.

Popular at Present. CARE OF LACES. This is the day when lace is in its element from Washington, Baltimore and New York. [Baltimore American:] Hard cores or cork too large to fit the bottle for which they are intended can be rendered quite soft. On each oval spread a little oval cutter. Roll the dough from end to end, including the jelly filling. Pluck the lapped ends, and when putting them in the oven, make the jelly filling. Pluck the coal on and ignite the wood. As soon as the water boils and the water pipe is automatically closed, then close all base doors and open the front door, so that the coal will burn more slowly.

"Home, Sweet Home" - For Wife and Mother, For Daughter and Maid.

The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

Bright's Disease.

"IF YOU have Bright's Disease," says Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in "Good Health," "and seek to cure it, at least to the extent of obtaining partial relief, you should remember that in this disorder the kidneys are progressively damaged. The latest theory of the disorder is this, that under the influence of an abnormal condition of the body fluids, the kidneys gradually undergo dissolution. This claim seems to be borne out by a very interesting experiment made by Prof. Fisher of Cincinnati. The professor put a portion of kidney into a very acid solution, and noticed that the liquid in which the bits of kidney were placed soon contained albumen. If the acid were not added to the water, no albumen was found in it. The addition of a very small amount of acid, however, dissolved out certain cement-like substances that hold together the various parts of the kidney structure. When this action continued long enough, the kidney began to fall to pieces, and fragments of the little tubes of decomposed kidney were readily found.

"Prof. Fisher concluded from his experiment that albumen in the urine signifies that the fluids of the body have become excessively acid and that in passing through the kidney have actually dissolved its structure. That is to say, albumen in the urine means nothing less than this, that the kidney is being destroyed. When the destructive process has gone far enough small fragments drop away—constituting the so-called casts that appear in the urine."

Ways to Get Sleep.

There are many methods used to induce sleep—little tricks that do not make one more wakeful, but tend to produce drowsiness. There is the common method of getting in a comfortable position, closing the eyes and picturing a broad meadow, surrounded by a stone wall. There are beautiful fleecy clouds in the sky and there is a sound of bells in the distance; a flock of sheep wish to get over the wall into the meadow—or out of it—and you begin to count the sheep as you see them jumping over the wall, one after another, and as every fifth sheep goes over, you hear a bell from a distant church, which you count. Between the counting of the sheep and the bells, you will soon sleep.

Then there is the house-furnishing way: take your own home and refurnish it, room by room; or build a new house and furnish it. You will be asleep before you have furnished the first floor.

Here is a very successful way of wooing sleep: put yourself in a comfortable position and then close your eyes, having a piece of paper on the bed under your hand and a pencil for making a mark on the paper every time you take a long breath. You see, you have to keep your attention on the matter in order to put down that little mark. You are doing two things: taking the deep breath, which is muscular, and which brings in oxygen and helps burn up the poisons; then you are also making a little mark—that moves the muscles of your right arm slightly, but not enough to arouse you or keep you awake.

Sometimes repeating rhymes and jingles, taking full, deep breaths between words or lines, will hasten sleep; or lying in a certain position may work in other cases. One man can always sleep if he lies on his left side and reads for a few minutes. Many people try the reading plan, but reading in bed is not hygienic and it is better to form some other go-to-sleep habit.—[J. H. Kellogg, in "Good Health."

Impure Air.

To the air has long been attributed a subtle potency to incite disease when suitable conditions prevail. One need not go back far in history to reach the days when "night air" and "sewer air" were feared as the bearers of indefinable dangers to health. The discovery of the role of micro-organisms in the transmission of disease has largely changed this attitude. It is true that air from certain localities, such as soils and sewers, may contain an admixture of gaseous impurities—carbon monoxide and dioxid, marsh gas and hydrogen sulphide—which are not wholesome to the organism.

But these admixtures are, in all except the most unusual circumstances, so small in amount as to have little if any harmful significance for health.

The organic or solid impurities of the air give more cause for alarm, for they include the living bacteria. In sewer air the proportion of micro-organisms is usually less than that of the streets and houses, and they are usually harmless species. The movement of air in sewers is rather slow, so that abundant opportunity is afforded for the suspended particles, including the living agents, to become deposited on the moist surfaces. The gaseous components of the air are of secondary moment. There is a growing conviction, however, that in the majority of cases of so-called "air-borne" disease it is not the particulate constituents of the atmosphere that are directly responsible for the transmission of disease. Suspended particles, including bacteria, may, of course, be sprayed about by the acts of coughing and sneezing and thus aid in the dissemination of disease, particularly those of the respiratory tract. But, as a rule, it appears that the diseases conveyed through the air are carried through the agency of insects acting as vectors or as hosts for the infective parasites.—[Journal of the American Medical Association.]

The truth of the foregoing statement is borne out by the fact that in many hospitals at the present time the patients suffering from so-called "air-borne" diseases are now treated side by side in the same ward with other patients without spreading the contagion. From which it appears that wire screens are quite as important as good ventilation for maintaining health.

Birth Weights and Prosperity.

Recent investigations of the weights of infants at birth show that babies born in the British Isles weigh several ounces less, on an average, than babies born in America; while the weight of the infants born in South Australia is five or six ounces more than American babies. "In a way this corresponds with the character of the social and economic conditions prevailing in the three countries concerned," says the report. "The interesting suggestion is made that the mean weight of infants of the same race at birth is a very sensitive criterion of the social and economic environment in which they are born." In other words, the average South Australian is better fed than the average American, and the American better fed than the average Englishman.

It does not follow, of course, that a large baby will develop into a large adult. But it appears to be true that, everything else being equal, large babies are more likely to develop into large adults than small ones.

Nasal Breathing and Health.

Lieut. J. P. Muller, in his "My Breathing System," gives the following useful information about nasal breathing and its relation to health:

"Considered as animals, many human beings are degenerate, and use their organs in a perverted way, e.g., the mouth for breathing purposes. If we examine the internal structure of the nose, we shall see at once that it was Nature's intention that inhaled air should pass through this channel. The entrance to the nostrils is furnished with hairs, and farther inwards, the nasal cavities are entirely lined with mucus membrane. Most of the dust, germs and impure particles which enter during the act of inhalation are retained here, and the air is thus cleansed, whilst if the air is inhaled through the mouth, the micro-organisms may pass into the lungs. Especially in cases where the tonsils have been removed by operation the direct entrance to the bronchiae and lungs is quite open.

"In big towns, where the air is always foul, the mucus membrane of the nose has a very hard task to perform, and must, therefore, secrete a plentiful supply of mucus, which will run or drip away from the nostrils. This process is therefore by no means always a sign of cold, but only proof that the protecting organs are performing their duty thoroughly. In some big centers the air is so bad and the smoke so dense that it is impossible for the mucus membrane to arrest all the dust and germs, some of which will, therefore, pass through

the throat and reach the bronchi; but if these organs are healthy, they will react against the invasion and throw off the germs. This sort of coughing is not always due to any ailment or cold, but is actually a proof of the sound condition of the organs."

Care of Nose and Throat.

Unhealthy persons who are without re-active power will retain and store up, day after day, year after year, all this poisonous matter within their poor systems, which become consequently steadily weakened. It is a good habit to cleanse the mucous membrane and the throat each morning and night with a solution of common salt in warm water. When the throat is gargled with this in the usual manner, much phlegm and black substance from the inhaled town air will be dissolved and brought up. The nose is easily cleansed by means of some of the salt and water held in the hollow of the hand, then snuffed up into the nose, and finally expelled through the mouth.

Biologic Benefits of the War.

"To those who believe that there is a wise purpose running through the universe," says the New York Medical Journal editorially, "and that everything that happens has a meaning, the phenomenon of war seems to have no place; and yet it is hardly believable that war, with all its horrors, does not serve some purpose in the general scheme of things.

"The destruction of fine physique by war has seemed, by all ordinary human standards of measurement, wrong; the preservation of the feeble and sickly, as accomplished by modern medicine, has also, judged by a similar standard, seemed to be bad policy; but, if there is a purpose in it all, both must be for the best. Certainly both tend toward the same end, and if one is good in the long run, the other must be so.

"Following this lead, the purpose of war as established by and continued by Nature, would seem to be the production of a race of beings less robust in body, though this does not mean that they are less persistent or short-lived, and one in which the bodily energies are directed toward mental development. Whether or not war is for this purpose, the development in peace pursuits tends in this direction. The inventions of machinery for work and for getting about are making constantly for sedentariness and muscularity, and mankind takes with apparent readiness to a change in this direction.

"If war has any real biological purpose, it must, therefore, be intended for the end

of bringing about a new type of man in which the combative qualities which make for war are being gradually done away with, and the elements which make for peace are being steadily brought forward. If there is any theory which will make war a good thing and will reconcile the work of bullet and splint, it would seem to be this. If these two factors are to produce, some day, a type of man who will be so peaceable and so wise as not to care to go to war, but content to settle his differences in milder ways, then we could perhaps become reconciled to the present struggle."

Treatment of Excessive Smoking.

When a patient will not or cannot give up smoking, considerable ingenuity must be exhibited. Just back of the burning zone of tobacco is a zone of moisture which causes the nicotine to be dissipated; the longer the distance the smoke has to travel the greater the dissipation of nicotine. The larger the zone of moisture the greater the dissipation of nicotine.

Hence the evils of the cigarette, the cigarette being small and short.

Excessive smokers should therefore be advised to use long-stemmed or Turkish pipes, in which the smoke passes through a bowl of water. Where cigars are smoked, long thick ones should be selected and thrown away when half consumed. To reduce the quantity of tobacco, advise the patient to smoke only after each meal and just before going to bed. Postpone the after-meal smoke until the last possible minute. The cigar before going to bed shortens a long evening and prevents a restless night.

Excessive smokers should drink water freely.—[Dr. Thomas W. Jenkins.]

[Boston Transcript:] "Buying on margin, a little money will go a long way in the stock market."

"Yet it frequently goes so far you never see it again."

HARRY BROOK, N. D., former editor Times Health Dept., still teaches how to cure chronic diseases, through dietetic advice by mail. Send for pamphlet. Dr. Brook now edits **BRAIN AND BRAWN**, monthly, one dollar a year, ten cents a copy. Chamber of Commerce Building, Los Angeles.

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The Negroes of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

The Race Problem.

HOW OUR GREAT SISTER REPUBLIC IS
SETTLING THE QUESTIONS.

THE NEGRO POPULATION DECREASING, BUT
IT STILL NUMBERS MILLIONS—THE RISE
OF THE COLORED MAN AND HIS SOCIAL
EQUALITY—SOMETHING ABOUT IMMIGRATION—HOW
THE SLAVES WERE FREED—A
LOOK AT THEM IN BAHIA, OLD SLAVE CEN-
TER—A GREAT BRAZILIAN PORT AND NOW
IT IS GROWING—AN AMERICAN MARKET IN
THE HEART OF THE TROPICS.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BAHIA, Nov. 21.—For almost 200 years
Bahia was the center of the slave trade
of Brazil. The first negro slave was
brought here from Africa in 1533, only
ninety-one years after Columbus started out
to discover America. Two years later there
were more than 14,000 African slaves in the
country, and the importations continued off
and on until 1860, when British gunboats
were stationed in the south Atlantic Ocean
for the purpose of suppressing the traffic.
Nevertheless, ten years later there were still
1,800,000 slaves in Brazil, and in 1885 the
number was still more than 1,000,000. The
emancipation proclamation of Brazil was
issued over ten years before that time, but
the abolition of slavery was gradual and it
was not until 1888 that it was finally abol-
ished.

At the beginning of the last century Bra-
zil had less than a half million whites and
something like 1,500,000 negroes. There
were also 700,000 Indians. The whites ex-
ploited the negroes and the Indians, and
they had so developed the country that they

1880 it had fallen to about 13 per cent, while
in 1910 it was a little more than 10 per cent.
We had then over 9,000,000 people with more
or less African blood in their veins, whereas
Brazil, with less than one-fifth of our popu-
lation, had over 5,000,000. Of these more
than one-third were pure negroes, and that
is probably the proportion among the colored
people of the Brazil of today. The fewest
are now to be found right on the equator,
while the most live in the state of Rio de
Janeiro, forming a part of the capital city.
There are ten times as many negroes in the
state of Rio as in the state of Amazonas.

Going farther north between the equator
and Rio de Janeiro we find the black spots
of the republic. It is estimated that 80 per
cent. of the people of these states of Bahia
and Pernambuco have a sprinkling of negro
blood in their veins. Going south this pro-
portion dwindles, until on the borders of
Uruguay the colored man is a rarity.

I am told the white race is increasing in
all the States, and especially in the warmer
ones. The most colored people are found in
the places where the slaves were the most
numerous and in the cities to which they
have emigrated.

Bahia was for a long time the center of
the slave trade, not only for South America,
but for North America as well. The kidnap-
ers caught their cargoes along the Gulf of
Guinea and in Portuguese West Africa and
ran them across to Brazil. They landed them
at Bahia and from there shipped them to
the United States and the West Indies.
Thousands were smuggled into New Orleans
after we had prohibited the slave trade, and
they were landed in Cuba and Porto Rico at
the same time. It was with one of these

one years that you show signs of becoming
"William, I have noticed during the past
spoke approximately as follows:
interest in the had, came up to him and
instructor, who had taken something of an
junior year at a technical high school for his
The day that William registered for his
By Glenn H. Wichman.
CIALIZE EDUCATION.
AN INSTRUCTOR'S ADVICE AS TO SPE-
"Study Juic."

Thriving Financially.

Today a large number of the negroes own
property. Some of them have bought this
with their earnings; others were given small
allotments of land by their masters. Many
of them make money as mechanics, and a
few have found a place in the professions as
lawyers, doctors and editors. Not long ago
the Bishop of Amazonas, a territory about
one-fifth the size of the United States, was a
colored man, and the chief editor of the most
popular newspaper of Rio had African blood
in his veins.

At first the freeing of the negroes disor-
ganized all kinds of industries. The supply
of free labor was inadequate, and the slaves
at first did little but loaf. They came to the
cities, and it was only when they found they
could not obtain food without working for it
that they drifted back to the farms. For a
time many plantations had to be abandoned
for lack of labor, and not far from the city
of Rio de Janeiro there are still large es-
tates which have become jungles, although
during slavery days they were producing
large crops.

The whites are increasing rapidly by im-
migration and the bulk of the immigrants
are going to the south. This increase of the
whites in a region where they are already
so greatly in the majority will eventually
make that part of the republic like our States
of the North. Before the European war be-
gan immigrants were coming in at the rate
of between 100,000 and 200,000 a year, and
as soon as the war is over there will be an
increase. All of the State governments of
Brazil are spending large sums to encourage
immigrants. Many of them have immigrant
hotels, and not a few have established col-

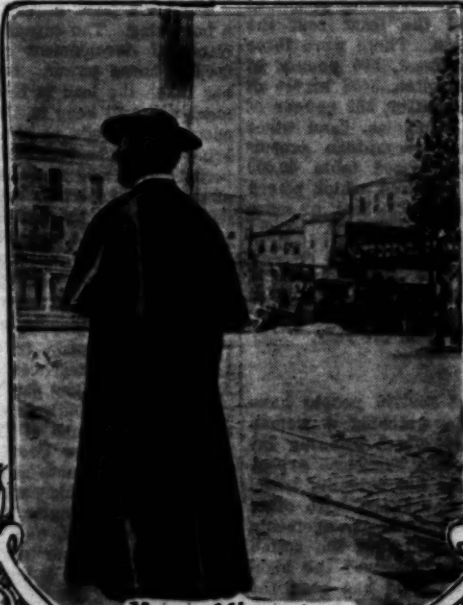
onies and do all they can to bring in new
blood. The most of the immigrants come
from the southern states of Europe, and
chiefly from Italy. More than half the num-
ber are Italians, and it is estimated that
there are more than 1,000,000 Italians now
in the republic.

Many of the immigrants are employed in
the coffee plantations, not a few are in col-
onies, and many are making money. I have
statements from the government which
show that most of the Italian colonists of
Sao Paulo, who have been here for twenty
years, have incomes of about \$2000, while
four have incomes of \$5000 per annum.
Three have incomes of more than \$10,000,
while one has \$13,000, and another is the
owner of three factories, 500,000 coffee trees,
and has an annual income of \$33,000. I am
told that the German immigration has been
overestimated, and that the total number
of Germans in the country is less than 4000
all told.

No Color Line.

Returning to the negro question. Brazil
has never had a color line, and there has
never been a popular prejudice here against
the mixing of the races, although some of
the leading whites deny that there is now
much intermarriage between the whites and
the blacks. Take, for instance, Dr. Jose
Carlos Rodriguez, the editor of the Journal
do Commercio of Rio. He tells me that the
whites and blacks do not marry at present,
although the tendency of the mulattoes is to
marry with the whites. He believes that the
race is marrying up instead of down, and
that in time the colored man will be lost and
his blood will be swallowed up in the white.
He says there is no prejudice in Brazil

The
Bahia black
women are
famous for
their size.



Many of the priests
have African blood



A snapshot in
Pernambuco

had a foreign trade of about \$10,000,000. At
that time 20,000 slaves were being annually
imported and 5000 were being sold in the
market of Rio de Janeiro. Many of the
slaves were the property of the crown and
others were attached to the convents. The
negro population was employed in every
kind of labor, both civil and criminal. It is
said that some of the masters played the
part of the old Jew, Fagin, in "Oliver Twist."
They would send out from twenty to 100
slaves in the morning without their break-
fast and compel them to bring in a certain
amount of money at night. What they got
over that amount belonged to themselves.
The builders made each slave bring back
with him a stone fit for construction and
white mechanics had slaves to carry their
tools.

More Rights Than Here.

Today the negroes of Brazil have, if any-
thing, more rights than the negroes of the
United States. They are proportionately far
greater in number, although the white race
is said to be increasing more rapidly than
the colored. This is so in the United States.
In 1860 the proportion of colored people in
our country was a little over 15 per cent. In

importations that the first yellow fever came
to Brazil. This was along about 1683, just
100 years after the introduction of slavery.

The freeing of the slaves was accom-
plished after a different method in Brazil
from that of the United States. The Bra-
zilians did not require a war to free more
than one-third of their people. The first law
for the liberty of the colored man went into
effect in 1871. It provided that all colored
children born in and after 1872 should have
the right to purchase their freedom for
sums ranging from \$450 to \$550. In 1885 all
negroes over 65 were liberated, and in 1888
the institution of slavery was entirely abol-
ished. In order to bring about this act great
agitation was necessary. The campaign for
the freeing of the slaves began thirty years
before they were given their liberty and
among the agitators were two negroes who
ranked there much as Frederick Douglass
ranked in the United States. These men
were Luiz Gama and Jose do Patrocinio.
Each of them probably was the equal of
Douglass, and together they had great
weight with the republic. There were also
associations inspired by the abolition move-
ment, and Emperor Dom Pedro II encour-
aged the cause.



On the streets of Bahia. The policemen are colored.

EXPERIENCE NEEDED.
 HERE seems to be a mistaken impression on the part of many parents, and others, as to how far a complete college course in horticulture will do a boy for the successful management of orchards, nurseries, truck and other commercial gardens. The list may be extended to include the successful management of orchards, nurseries, truck and other commercial gardens. The list may be extended to include the successful management of orchards, nurseries, truck and other commercial gardens.

local use and the adaptability of their use. In home grounds there is generally a space for children's playground, where shade in summer and sunshine in winter are alike desirable. There is no other way of gaining desired results except through the use of plants.

The City and the Home Beautiful.

By Ernest Brauntton.

Gardens, Grounds, Streets, Parks, Lakes.

LOS ANGELES TIMES Saturday, November 30, 1915.

The High Lights of Our Golden Harvest.

By M. V. Hartranft.

TRANQUILLITY.

IN SOME lines of orchard products the financial returns have started boom planting again. This may be news to those who read only the headlines of the war reports. The solid foundations of the fruit industry in California are exemplified in the markets now ruling for deciduous fruits, prunes and Valencia oranges.

The price charts for the season on citrus fruit show that we are recovering from the effect of throwing enormous quantities of frosted fruit onto the markets two and three years ago. Valencia oranges in the New York City market have averaged \$3.22 per box for all sizes and grades. Navels of the 1914-15 crop averaged in the New York auction market \$2.31 (or thereabouts as will be shown upon the chart published herewith.) The cost of packing, shipping and selling is \$1.50 per box, which includes all brokerages. The New York auction market is the basis price for the private sales throughout the country and the figures very nearly represent the results as achieved by growers.

The Valencia returns show golden prosperity, and this fruit having no citrus competitor from any part of the world, except lemons, will prove to be the popular line for many years to come. Many Valencia groves have netted the growers \$500 to \$750 per acre, an exceptional high light. The navel average of \$2.31 means about 80 cents per box on the trees. Fruit marketed on the sag points did not bring to individual growers such an average. In some cases there were losses by growers. Small acreage groves of ten and twenty acres do not make remarkable profits at 75 and 80 cents a box, but large groves of 100 acres and up with a lesser overhead expense are presumed to be profitable at a figure as low as 50 cents per box net upon the trees. The average of 81 cents net on the trees by the New York auction market shows the solid rock foundation of the citrus fruit industry, however. To hear the noise we have made about the hard times one would think that we were doing worse than giving the oranges away.

If the owners of small groves will give more personal work, with less hired labor, and set aside a small portion of the ranch for kitchen gardening and family poultry, we can hall even these figures as a sufficient abundance. The Valencia orange growers are out of debt and on easy street. The losses sustained by all citrus men from the freeze of 1911-12, and the blizzard of 1912-13, which ruined both of these crops utterly and demoralized the consuming demand for choice juicy oranges, which had been patiently built up, made a series of three bad years for the growers of navel oranges. The season just closed has sustained them, and has shown the banking situation fully sustained in carrying the load imposed by the three years of losses. The season just opening has the sound of ringing prosperity returned.

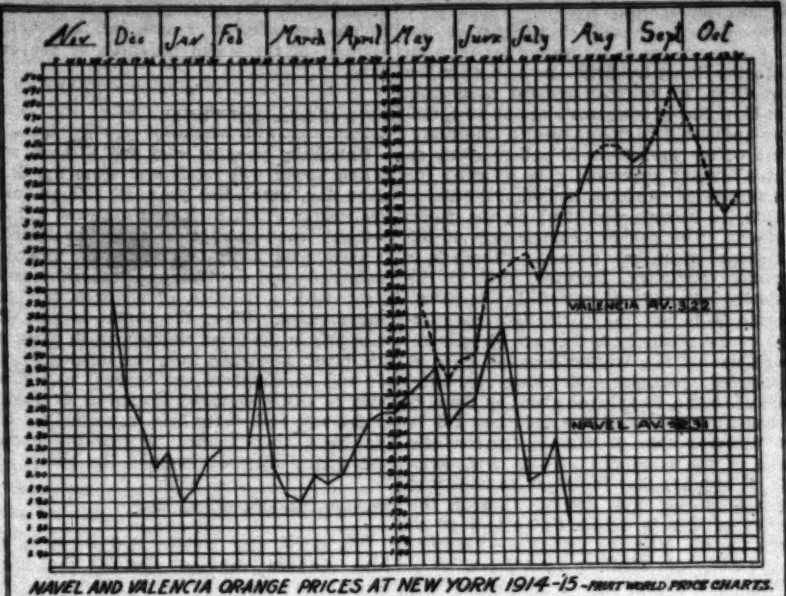
The price chart herewith shows the range of prices each week during the past season. It will be good for your scrap books for comparison next year.

Prunes Booming Also.

At blossom time the canners and packers looked very blue, and the newspapers caught the story and dire disaster was pictured for the growers of small fruits on account of the war. We said then that the manipulation of the market by the attitude of the canners was almost criminal. Allowing them the credit of natural fears, the situation this year has shown the need of some balance wheel for the growers of peaches, who dry their product or sell to the cannery.

The prune men swam right in the face of the storm. They tightened their organization and stood pat. This last month they jammed the f.o.b. market over the 5-cent mark—and let me tell you that 5 cents is some prosperity. Five-cent basis for prunes means the four average sizes, or a normal average of the orchard product. Ten years ago prunes used to go begging on the 2-cent basis, and there was no war nor panic either.

The raisin men have also a well-perfected



organization. Where they originally failed with co-operative organizations, they have tried and tried again, and today the Raisin Growers' Association is the superior of any commercial organization engaged in that industry.

The season of 1915 caught the peach growers unorganized and leaves them unhappy. Enormous exports of peaches are now being made. The hold-over stock has been exhausted and the export demand is rapidly gnawing into the present summer's yield.

Cured peaches will soon be booming in price and next summer will show empty bins throughout the State.

Radiating Prosperity.

Bartlett pears from the mountain districts closed the season at Boston with a new high record of \$4 per box. The five counties of Sacramento Valley are just harvesting the new rice crop of about \$2,500,000, on which same line the county of Kern has a substantial addition.

The rural industries are intact and hold a bright outlook for the ensuing year. Down in our heart of hearts we wish the canal had been dug through Nicaragua, and hope that it will yet be done; in spite of which our orchard industries have become established against the worst odds that could be imagined. We have built these industries 3000 miles from market by rail, with a climb of two miles high in making it; beginning with inexperience and ignorance; facing high wages and high interest charges.

Facing these apparently insurmountable conditions, California has just harvested and

successfully marketed orchard crops totaling \$100,000,000 in value.

Political Probing.

The silly attitude of the Federal government in harassing the cantaloupe industry is becoming so apparent that other lines will be spared the loss from this kind of tinkering. The cantaloupe case will fail. Shippers of cantaloupes from the Imperial Valley organized to prevent overloading the markets with this perishable product. If the government insists upon all of the crop being shipped, it must, of course, assume the cost of the freight charges or abandon its position.

The oriental cantaloupe growers instituted the suit through a Chicago attorney, who seems to have a very lurid press agent. Recent press dispatches have told of the coming of a Federal agent who found that the "trail of the trust led into the Imperial Valley, where vast quantities of the cantaloupes had been destroyed in the field in order to keep up prices in the eastern markets."

When cantaloupe prices decline below the cost of picking and the freight charges, we intend to let them rot in the field and we expect to have the courts decide that we may do so, unless perchance, as stated above, the Federal government wants to guarantee transportation charges.

We ship entirely too many oranges that do not pay freight. If we could eliminate the losses on the cars that made the bad results, we would have a much stronger industrial condition in Southern California today. Every year we ship about 5000 cars of citrus fruit that should never leave California. If we could put our hands on the movement as the cantaloupe people can do, we should deliberately permit this excess to be wasted or consumed here. This excess not only loses money for all except the carriers and the handlers, but it pulls down the price in competition with other fruit. Rural industries need Federal aid not Federal interference.

An Autumn Pilgrim.

He takes the open path at dawn,
 With golden lures to lead him on—
 The truant wind's low murmurings,
 The surge of southward sweeping wings.
 He sees the gentian by the brook
 Cast back at him an azure look,
 And marks above the soft green sod
 A pirouetting butterfly,
 Like a blown shred of goldenrod,
 Go drifting by.

He tastes the brew that Robin Hood
 Once quaffed within the ancient wood—
 The aromatic essences
 Of beechen and of balsam trees;
 And feels an ardor run along
 His veins, and stirs his lips to song—
 A simple strain of reedy mirth,
 Echoes of airs Arcadian,
 Full of the ecstasy of earth,
 The joy of Pan.

He thrills to hear the crickets croon
 Beneath the arches of the moon,
 When the red harvest promise smiles
 From all the fruited orchard aisles;
 And gleams more glory from the hues
 That on the hill slopes flame and fuse—
 Senses in them a stronger spell
 Than in the radiant dyes that glow
 On canvases by Raphael
 And Angelo.

And if the dusk and dewfall find
 Him still unhoused, he knows them kind
 Like the light touch of tender hands;
 And through the quiet autumn lands,
 Accompanied by dreams, he goes,
 His spirit filled with sweet repose;
 Then on the bosom of the west
 A fair beam beckons from afar,
 A guerdon and a guide to rest—
 One pilgrim star!
 —[Clinton Scollard, in New York Sun.

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...in the republic.
...there are more than 1,000,000 Italians now
...are Italian, and it is estimated that
...half the num-
...from the southern states of Europe, and
...blood. The most of the immigrants come
...ones and do all they can to bring in new

...Today a large number of the negroes own
...property. Some of them have bought this
...with their earnings; others were given small
...allotments of land by their masters. Many
...of them make money as mechanics, and a
...with their earnings; others were given small
...allotments of land by their masters. Many
...of them make money as mechanics, and a

...Thieving financially.
...Brazil, with less than one-fifth of its popu-
...had then over 9,000,000 people with more
...of them were pure negroes, and that
...1850 it had fallen to about 13 per cent, while
...in 1910 it was a little more than 10 per cent.

THE NEGRO POPULATION DECREASED, BUT
AT THE SAME TIME THE NEGROES WERE
SETTLING THE QUESTIONS.
HOW OUR GREAT SISTER REPUBLIC IS
THE RACE Problem.
[Saturday, November 20, 1915.]

The Negroes of Brazil. By Frank G. Carpenter.

against the negro, although there may be, perhaps, a social one.

Others tell me that the social objection does not obtain, and, as far as I can see, the whites and the colored move along side by side, arm in arm, and on the same level. There is an absolute equality as to the street cars, railroad cars, hotels and steamers. No one thinks of objecting to the presence of any man or woman in the dining-room on account of his or her color. On the coasting steamer in which I came here two-thirds of the passengers were colored, and many of them were better dressed than I. Some were very intelligent, and not a few were property owners. I have already spoken of the Bishop of Amazonas. I met him one night at a reception of the American Minister. His blessedness had a face of mahogany brown. He wore the dress of a cardinal, having a red skull cap on his head and a big ring of office which was covered with a cardinal glove. I see on the streets of Rio colored women wearing gowns that came from Paris and hats of the latest fashion beautifully trimmed. Not a few have diamonds on their fingers and in their ears. Two negro women who sat in front of me in the street car today wore diamond earrings. One had three diamonds in each ear, and the other wore a ring set with two solitaires.

Here in this State of Bahia three-fourths of the population are colored. Nearly every one you meet on the street shows some trace of negro blood. There are many blacks, and the Bahia black women are famous for their size. I have seen some that weigh 300 pounds. They have a peculiar dress, consisting of a long white chemise without sleeves. This is cut low at the neck and the fat satiny arms of jet black are exposed. In the neck of the chemise is a lace edging of beautiful design, and through its meshes the black skin shows out. Many of these women wear gay-colored turbans, and not a few have shawls about the waist, forming a sort of overskirt. They are often loaded with jewelry. Many of them are barefooted. They are very straight and frequently go about with burdens balanced on the tops of their heads. They are good natured and their jolly laughter can be heard a block off.

Enjoy a Life of Leisure.

The most of the colored people I have seen in Brazil seem to be happy. I am told they enjoy play much better than work and that half their lives is devoted to amusements and festivals. In the coffee regions when the harvest is over they bring boughs of the coffee trees to which they have tied paper ribbons of bright color, shouting for their employer to give the signal for the opening of the festival. They are fond of parties and when leaves and branches are hung over the door of a hut you may know that some kind of an entertainment is going on within. They have dances of their own which are accompanied by songs in dialogue and they have popular songs, a sort of a Brazilian ragtime, that go over the country.

The most of them are religious. Many of the priests and preachers have African blood in their veins. The negroes have their own churches everywhere. There are more than 400 colored churches in this city alone. They are fond of the moving picture show and the circus brings them out en masse.

One of the worst vices of the colored man of Brazil is drunkenness. Liquor is very cheap in this country and sugar-brandy can be bought at such a rate that a day's wages will keep a man drunk for a week. So far there has been no great prohibition movement and the question as to whether a locality shall be wet or dry is not agitated.

I am delighted with the city of Bahia. It has now 250,000 inhabitants and it is rapidly growing. The city is one of the oldest on the American continent. It was founded in 1549, only fifty-seven years after the discovery of America, and it was the capital of Brazil for 200 years. At present it is the capital of the State of Bahia and one of the chief commercial ports of the republic. Bahia has 700 miles of coast line and it has an area about five times that of Kentucky. A great part of the State is mountainous, and much of it is more than 2000 feet above the level of the sea and is consequently healthy. The country produces great quantities of tobacco, coffee, sugar and cotton. It is the Cuba of Brazil as far as tobacco is concerned, yielding something like 80,000,000 pounds and as much as 2600 pounds to the acre. As to cotton it grows wild in Bahia and sugar will grow anywhere. There are

citron and sugar mills in different parts of the State.

Bahia's Harbor.

The city of Bahia has an excellent harbor. It is known as the Bay of All the Saints. The town stands on a high bluff lining the shore. Its houses are of three or four stories and their walls, as you look at them from the sea, make you think of pigeon houses, the windows in the distance looking like holes. The business section is close to the harbor, the chief residences are on the heights, the city running far back into the country. Bahia is imposing as viewed from the sea. Palm trees stand here and there among the houses, which seem to rise in tiers up from the docks. The streets along the river are paved with asphalt. Some of them have walls of blue tiles which shine under the rays of the sun. The custom-house officers are colored. The policemen are colored. They are dressed in blue suits and walk with a strut. It seems strange to hear negroes talk Portuguese.

The market house of Bahia came from the United States. It was ordered for Buenos Aires, but bought by Bahia. It is a great building of glass and steel, standing in the lower town close to the sea. It covers two or three acres and it is filled with iron cages and stalls beautifully finished. Each stall is a shop. The market is filled with vegetables and meats and merchandise of every description. There is no cold storage plant connected with it and all meat must be sold the day that it is killed. Some does not keep throughout the day, and as a result the prices go down as the clock goes around. You can buy a tenderloin steak at 3 o'clock for about one-third of its cost at noon. Most of the market men and market women are colored and the porters are blacks, who carry their produce around on their heads.

Another American product is the elevator that carries one up to the bluff. Its tower is made of American steel and the motive power is electricity. There are also electric railways between the two sections. The latter wind their way up the hills. They pass many fine houses and then go on into the new residential district, where there are buildings some of which cost as much as \$150,000. Many of them are of stone, others are of brick and others are walled with bright-colored porcelain tiles as fine as those of a bathroom. Still other buildings are covered with carvings. The lawns are well kept and filled with tropical plants. Some of the houses seem to stand in little gardens of Eden. Everywhere new buildings are going up. The laborers are widening the streets. They are laying down asphalt and putting in sidewalks of tile. Bahia will some time be one of the large cities of South America. It may reach a million inhabitants. Among the new buildings is the State Capitol, or rather the old Capitol that is being rebuilt. It was almost destroyed during the revolution a few years ago, when it was cannonaded by the Federal troops from the harbor. One of the cannon balls went through the tower clock of the municipal building, others damaged the Capitol itself.

With all these improvements, it is surprising how the new tramps on the heels of the old. Some of the houses of the lower section have been there for centuries. Mules haul carts side by side with the street cars, and the automobiles fly past lines of negroes carrying goods on their heads. Much of the water of the lower town is still supplied by peddlers. The water is carried on donkeys, each of which has two five-gallon kegs on its back. A keg of water costs 3 cents. The peddler leads the donkey from door to door, and he carries the keg in on his shoulder.

Many of the people are illiterate. Nevertheless, the town has a medical school, an engineering school and a Normal school, with a children's garden adjoining. It has geological and historical institutes, and its churches are numbered by hundreds.

[Copyright, 1915, by Frank G. Carpenter.]

Ancients Used Gas Warfare.

[Baltimore American:] The earliest use of deleterious gases in siege warfare is recorded in the history of the Peloponnesian wars from 431 to 404 B. C. During this struggle between the Athenians and Spartans and their respective allies the cities of Platae and Delium were besieged.

Wood saturated with pitch and sulphur was set on fire and burnt under the walls of these cities in order to generate choking and poisonous fumes, which would stupefy the defenders and render the task of the attacking forces less difficult.

"Study Juice." AN INSTRUCTOR'S ADVICE AS TO SPECIALIZE EDUCATION.

By Glenn H. Wichman.

The day that William registered for his junior year at a technical high school an instructor, who had taken something of an interest in the lad, came up to him and spoke approximately as follows:

"William, I have noticed during the past two years that you show signs of becoming a good student. Let me give you a word of advice. William, this is the age of specialization and efficiency. I warn you, lad, against studying things not closely allied to your chosen line. You tell me that you are going to be an electrician. Very well; study 'juice' and its allied subjects; to do otherwise would be a waste of time."

And William, thinking that the man had spoken wisely, followed his advice in so far as the school authorities would allow; he studied "juice" and mathematics and but little else, and bent all his energies to make every moment count and to become efficient.

At the end of two years William was graduated. Even a casual observer noticed that the lad of 19 was far different from what he had been at 15. Naturally somewhat serious, he had become more serious. When he entered high school he had a slight interest for what was going on in the world. Now he had none whatever. Nothing mattered to him but his profession and, in a slight degree, his stomach.

When fall came around William entered a university. And the freshman adviser, a kindly and well-meaning soul, spoke approximately as follows:

"Young man, your credentials from high school do you credit. Let me give you a word of advice. Many freshmen come here with the intention of following one line of study, and only one. Yet, after they have been here a year or two some of them branch off and spend their energies on subjects not in their line. They study history, economics, psychology, philosophy, literature, religion and a half-dozen other things. My lad, they only waste precious time that they should be spending on their life work."

And William followed the good man's advice and studied "juice" and but little else, and strove with all his might to become efficient.

At the end of four years he was graduated with honors and went out into the world and in due course got a job.

The plant in which William worked was a huge one and employed thousands of men. Before long he noticed that there were certain individuals about who were equipped with stop watches, and still others who were equipped with moving picture cameras. Very presently he began to appreciate the reason for having these people around; they were efficiency experts.

For ten years William labored with great earnestness at his job and became exceedingly efficient. Long into the nights he oftentimes worked. Even the Sabbath finally yielded its pleasant self to the elevating study of electricity.

Five more years passed and then one day—William saw the woman. She was ten years his junior and fair enough for any man. Not long before she had graduated from a college. It was a small college, a very small one, but they taught there many things of interest, such as history, economics, psychology, philosophy, literature and religion. She had studied most of them and was consequently a liberally educated woman.

Because he knew no better, William transferred the efficiency of his own life to that of his courtship. Right regularly he sought the companionship of the woman. One, two, three—it is on the fourth of four consecutive evenings that we find them sitting together in the description-defying little parlor of Mrs. Morgan's boarding-house.

"And what have you been doing today, Mr. Methias?" she asked, after a depressing silence of some considerable length.

"Working on a new transformer. I would tell you about it, only you wouldn't understand. It is very technical—very technical."

And then William, both wise and foolish William, lapsed into silence. Indeed, he could find but one other thing under heaven

to do, and that was to look at her. How he longed to tell her that he loved her and say things that would please her and make her laugh.

And she, she had spent three painful evenings trying her best to amuse him. Indeed, she liked the man, liked him very much. She would even like to marry him, for he drew a fair-sized salary and could easily support her. And she was looking for someone to support her, too, seeing that she had not been educated to earn her own way. Liberal education she had more than a plenty, but as for practical education, she had none at all.

So there they sat, the two of them. Each had gone the limit, one in one direction and the other in the opposite way. Each occupied a pole, and 12,000 miles, so to speak, separated them.

As the years passed, she taught French to young aristocrats and he strove with all his might to improve the world's machinery. And all this time they loved each other dearly, yet, oddly enough, they never married.

I wonder why?

Lost Literary Treasures.

The following is an interesting list of known literary treasures that have disappeared:

The greater part of the nine books of poetry composed by Sappho. Only one ode and a few fragments remain.

Of the seventy-five plays of Euripides (or, as others have it, the ninety-one plays) only eighteen have survived.

Sophocles was the author of 100 works. Only seven of these are extant.

A like number is all that remains of the seventy-two tragedies of Aeschylus.

During the time of Aristophanes some 2000 dramas were composed. Only forty-three of these have come down to us.

Of the wit and wisdom of Menander we have but few examples.

Only thirty-five of the 142 books of Livy remain.

We possess only two of the 620 volumes produced by Varro.

The greatest literary treasures the world has lost were undoubtedly those of the Alexandrine Library. This wonderful collection, said to have embraced some 400,000, (or, as other authorities estimate, 700,000) volumes, was lost by fire. Its royal founder had collected from all the nations their choicest compositions. There is a story that one of his successors refused to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. The destruction of the library by fire occurred during the siege laid to the city by Julius Caesar. Later, it is said, this collection was replaced by that presented to Cleopatra by Marc Antony. In 391, during the reign of Theodosius, all heathen temples within the Roman Empire were ordered destroyed; so it happened that the Temple of Jupiter, where this library was kept, was not spared. About 4000 volumes, it is averred, escaped destruction, only to be burned in 640 by the Saracens under Califf Omar.

From time to time there are offered interesting speculations as to whether the world will ever recover certain of the lost literary treasures of antiquity. The favorite reference is to what treasure of this character may be unearthed at Herculaneum, when that immense task is completed. As a matter of fact, the excavations at the site of the Italian city have barely scratched the surface, and many have thought that, since the people of Herculaneum were of a culture superior to those of Pompeii, there must be concealed in the ruins of the former city many manuscripts of fabulous value. Also it has been suggested that in the secret archives of Constantinople, long closed against the Christian world, there lie hidden many antiquated literary treasures. E. T.

Make Finest Tapestry.

[The Pathfinder:] The royal tapestry establishment at Madrid which was founded by Philip in 1720 is one of the most famous institutions of its kind in the world. The yarns intended for carpets are loosely twisted into strings the size of a lead pencil and are of every shade and color.

Yarns to be used in the manufacture of tapestries are fine and delicate. In one room may be seen women at work, all sitting on the floor, some spinning and some carding from hand reels.

By M. V. Hartman.

By Ernest Braunton.

**Gardens, Grounds,
Streets, Parks, Lakes.**

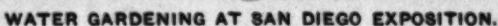
THERE seems to be a mistaken impression on the part of many parents, and others, as to how far a complete college course in horticulture will fit a boy for the successful management of orchards, nurseries, truck and other commercial gardens. The list may be extended to include all branches of plant growing, gardening, etc., for courses in all of these branches of agriculture are given in our State university.

If there be a misconception on the part of the parent or of the boy stepping out with a diploma in his hand, the blame for the matter does not lie with the institution of learning. They do the best possible to equip graduates for the actual struggles of life. Yet there never was, nor will there ever be, in the present generation a graduate who can step out and at once take the place of manager of a successful fruit orchard, following the routine from the flowering stage until the season's profits lie in the bank. There are actual business transactions, as well as minor points of practice that can never be met and overcome until one is confronted with the problems personally.

For years the present writer has made a close study of these matters and as a parent now having a son pursuing a four-year course, is vitally interested. A four-year course in architecture will not fit a youth for designing a modern skyscraper; far from it. Neither will such course in any branch of horticulture—landscape gardening for instance—fit any boy to at once take up landscape architecture. Some years of practice will be needed before practical problems may be solved that must arise in every extensive piece of work. Parents and friends often overestimate the value of the graduate as much as others underestimate the value of the instruction. All should learn to sharply discriminate between schooling and education. One is the process the other is the result. It is possible for one to get a fair education in any line or in general lines without attendance at school as we understand the term, but schools offer the best, quickest, easiest and most satisfactory methods of training and approach, even if the real problem of education has to be met after leaving school. All schooling, however finished and extended, is but a probationary course, and does not of necessity fit a graduate for earning a penny when he finally faces the world in search of employment. His diploma is not an index to the contents of his brain. Experience is the best teacher and the school of hard knocks the best educative institution, yet one needs all the elementary training possible.

THERE is a hardy aralia grown in Eastern States, native to China and Japan, that would prove a good subject for planting in local territory, where an odd-looking, dry-weather plant is needed. Unlike the Chinese rice-paper plant our subject has not palm-like leaves, but are pinnate, much like those on the walnut. The stems and branches are somewhat prickly in some varieties. In Southern California we have a lowly species and in the Southeastern United States is a native species making a small tree, which closely resembles the species from China and Japan. In the South the native one is known as Hercules' club.

AMONG all who have had many years' experience in the planting of shrubs, there is a unanimity of opinion that it is much to the advantage of every one to plant small shrubs instead of large ones. Take any of the common bushes, such as Weigela, Snowball, Spiraea and the like, and make a trial of a 2-year-old one and of another, a 4-year-old, and the chances are all in favor of the younger plants. This is especially true when the older one is an older cut-down plant. The younger one will beat it every time. Give the plants good soil and the same treatment throughout, and the younger one will lead. The rec-



nition of this is what has led nurserymen generally to burn up overgrown stock and replant with younger. There is evidence of this in the trees sold today. In shade trees many now find their way to the bonfire which before were held for sale indefinitely. This is not saying that large trees and shrubs cannot be moved to do well; far from it, care will accomplish it, and does, but no matter what the care given them, there is a standstill following, which the small specimens do not feel.

AFTER a careful canvass touching the use of the name avocado we find but one in a hundred in favor of any other name. And this one is not much of a sticker for any other name, consequently there is no bitterness over names unless it be that all other factions are prepared to jump on the man who uses alligator pear. Nearly all seem to agree that the use of this name is wholly indefensible. If all users of these fruits were to refuse to buy them under such name it would quickly disappear, for dealers are desirous of getting rid of their wares regardless of name. Upon request no doubt all would substitute upon sales cards the name avocado.

FOR LONG years we have enjoyed cannas that are creamy white, but have had no pure white. One of the best of the so-called whites is Richard Wallace, but it has never been popular. It is said the new one, which has been named *Blanche Wintzer*, is a pure white and that the originator has been working with the breeding of cannas for twenty-one years, all of which time he has had in view the procuring of a pure white. Just when this new sort will be on sale we do not know.

AMONG the multitude of roses to select from at the present day, the old sweet briar still holds its place in the affection of many persons. When there is a stock of it to offer and the attention of visitors is called to it, usually a sale follows. Those not acquainted with it have heard of it, and, as the Eglantine, have read of it in many a work on flowers.

It appears not so well known as it should be; that there are rose bushes sold as *Eglantine*, a fellow name of the sweet brier, which are not at all the true ones. *Rosa rubiginosa* is the old sweet brier name, a native of England, and its high appreciation is because of the elegance of its foliage and its sweet odor. This odor is most pronounced when the dew is on the bush in the early morning. Then its pretty pink flowers and its orange red fruit, which follow, all add to its merits.

Those who wish to have this old favorite rose should be careful that they get the true one. There are plants passing for it which are not it at all, but may be varieties or hybrids of it, the numbers of which are said to be many. Several of these pass as Eglantine, but have no odor of foliage, and the foliage is larger and coarser than

it should be. If plants are found without odor, particularly when handled, it is safe to say they are not *Rosa rubiginosa*, the sweet brier.

GARDEN periodicals as well as the press in general have had much to say of late over a comparatively new race of primroses now rapidly finding favor on the Atlantic Coast. A late issue of the New York Sun states:

This new race of primroses from the mountains of China has proved most profuse—flowering for pot culture. The plants form rosettes of light green leaves, from which numerous wiry stems, eight to ten inches in height, gracefully carry whorls of flowers fully a half-inch in diameter. *Primula malacoides* is easily grown from seed and begin flowering about four months from sowing and continue to bloom in increasing profusion for many weeks. Seeds sown in February produce plants that will bloom from May until July, while by sowing in August plants can be had in flower during the winter months. A cool situation indoors or in the conservatory suits them to perfection. There are three varieties, *malacoides*, with lilac colored flowers; *malacoides alba*, pure white flowers, and *malacoides rosea*, rose pink flowers. Those who become acquainted with this new primrose will not dispense with it afterward.

MANY inquiries come to this department regarding the best deciduous trees for

local use and the advisability of their use. In home grounds there is generally a space for children's playground, where shade in summer and sunshine in winter are alike desirable. There is no other way of gaining desired results except through the use of deciduous trees. For such purpose nothing surpasses the oriental plane or aycamore and the soft or silver maple is also a splendid tree. The Spanish or Italian chestnut will grow but slowly for two or three years, but in after years makes a splendid tree. When but one is used it is often self-sterile, so that if there is space it is better to plant two, even though close together.

UNDER this head M. B. Hancock writes in *Horticulture* (Boston, Mass.) of his visit to the West Coast florists and flower growers. He does not mention Central California, but speaks of the far north, and then continues:

"Going south from San Francisco, Los Angeles affords the most opportunities for commercial possibilities in horticulture. Here everything grows with so little attention, except a good water supply, that the eye is often shocked with a riot of colors. Some experiments are being tried out here which will prove in the near future the possibilities of producing in Southern California many of the things that we have always bought in Europe. All the way down to the Mexican border (which seems like the end of civilization) the Coast suggests possibilities which will justify the term "Golden West," and offer the reward of dollars to the men and women who will learn to understand and apply the principles that will make nature their ally in commercialized horticulture."

MANY vine lovers know Clematis Montana, a vigorous clematis of the small-flowered type. There is now rapidly coming into favor a variety of this species with rose-colored flowers, by the name of *C. Montana Rubens*. It was discovered in Asia in 1900 by E. H. Wilson of the Arnold Arboretum, and is hardy in all parts of California.

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Woods Exhibited at San Francisco Fair.

By Jeanne Redman.

WONDERFUL DISPLAY.

NEVER has the world seen such an impressive exhibit of useful and ornamental woods as that made at the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. This is particularly true of Philippine products, numbering 400 varieties of wonderful woods. Before I had gone a dozen steps into the attractive Philippine Pavilion, I looked questioningly at the floor, wondering how to account for the fact that my heels clicked on it as they would on marble. It seems incredible that such a ringing sound could come from wood, but it does; and the investigator having been satisfied as to that fact, becomes aware that the pavilion is a triumph in wood—wood, wood everywhere. Walls of the beautiful red narra, the Philippine mahogany; a piano of the same rosy wood, the only piano of its kind in the world; tables of narra, both red and yellow, and one of rare beauty for a library, which combines the two colors and is finished with a polish of indescribable luster. Under foot is the hard lumbayao, which I have spoken of as sending the sound of the heels resounding through the building; also pillars of the Palmo brada, which is so hard that it has to be drilled for nails, and which has been used for eighty years as piles for wharves, showing but little deterioration. The Lucky Thirteen.

There are thirteen kinds of wood used in the pavilion, and each of them is suitable for commercial purposes, although the only one which has been exploited to any extent in the United States is the red lauan or taugile.

The Philippine ebony, or camagon, is shown to great advantage for decorative purposes, as it is too rare to be devoted to commercial uses. It is black—not black and tan!—and takes on a fine negro luster when polished, although there are some pieces on exhibition which are dull black and very beautiful, having proven impervious to all polishes. This ebony is used for borders on tables and desks, and for inlays of all kinds.

Among the commercial woods are the acle, which looks very much like the burl of the California redwood, and makes up into very fine furniture. The apitony is also shown, a wood for flooring and construction, and the lpl for heavy beams.

In the reception hall there is an array of furniture made from hardwoods which foretell that the Philippines will be the future source of artistic furniture material, and this before very long.

There are curious peacock chairs made of the natural bejoco or rattan, interwoven with the dyed bejoco, to give it character. There is a great variety of office and home furniture on exhibit in sets and single pieces, all of solid construction and composed of Philippine woods throughout, most of them being finished in French polish.

The Philippine forestry exhibit in the Palace of Agriculture occupies 10,000 square feet of space, where over 450 varieties of woods in panels and samples are displayed, including ten-foot panels running from one end to the other of the space along the wall, showing the principal commercial and cabinet woods of the islands, with their corresponding botanical and log specimens. In the center is an octagonal kiosk, wherein fifteen kinds of woods are used for floors, trimming, etc., making an attractive and educational illustration of how Philippine woods look when actually worked up. If you want a kiosk, you can't do better than build it of Philippine woods.

Of the 2500 tree species now known in the islands, about 1000 are timber-producing trees. New species are constantly being discovered, and it is estimated that when investigation shall have been completed the number will reach 3000.

An Enormous Forest.

The Philippine virgin forest covers an area of about 40,000 square miles, with an estimated stand of two billion board feet. The second-growth forests have an area of 20,000 square miles, 99 per cent. of which wealth belongs to the government and will be a future hardwood supply when

the present hardwood stock in the United States is exhausted.

The entire forestry exhibit is commercial in character, and should be of great interest to American manufacturers, and particularly to those of the Pacific Coast. The business man can not fail to have his eyes opened to the tremendous resources of our insular possessions and to what can be done by diverting them to the United States. For those who have never visited the little-known and unexploited timber districts, the great forests where the tree tops meet hundreds of feet above the earth, shutting out even the intense and brilliant light of the tropical sun, must always have a fascination. Many of the larger trees are set on giant "butts," fifty feet in diameter, and from these prodigious bases enormous hardwood tables in a single piece, and as much as twenty or twenty-five feet in diameter, have been carved.

Until the introduction of modern logging methods, the lumbering was slow and tedious. After the tree had been felled with crude native axes, or even with knives, it was hauled to tidewater by bamboo poles fastened to the log. Most Philippine wood is so heavy that it will sink like lead unless artificially floated.

The Philippine forestry exhibit is in charge of Mr. D. D. Wood. Part of the exhibit will be sold and a part returned to Manila.

[The subject of Philippine lumbering was dealt with extensively in the Times Magazine of October 9, 1915.]
From the Argentine.

Probably the most extensive and interesting exhibit of woods at the exposition, aside from the Philippine Pavilion, is the forestry department of the Argentine Republic, the greater part of which is shown in the Palace of Agriculture.

In Tierra del Fuego and a portion of Patagonia are found occasional forests of trees, generally belonging to the beech family, the *Fagus antatica*, *Fagus obliqua* and *Fagus betuloides* being especially notable. The first-named is the only one which is not used for constructive purposes, but merely for fuel. Patagonia itself, by which, of course, is meant botanically the territory south of the river Colorado, is, as may be imagined from its geographical position, by no means rich in plant life. Near the Andes, however, there is a belt of forest extending from Nahuel Huapi to the Straits of Magellan, estimated to be worth ten thousand million dollars! The principal trees are varieties of beech, cohigue, robe negro and robe comun, a species of pine, *Fitzroya* Patagonia, the chaur, a species of carob or algarroba, the purple willow, or sauce morado, the *Araucaria imbricata* and the piquillin.

The Pampa is the exact opposite of the Patagonian region. Here the soil is adapted to the growth of grasses to the almost entire exclusion of trees. The Pampa is a vast prairie, especially adapted by nature for the rearing on an immense scale of domestic animals. The characteristic tree of the Pampa is the Ombu (*Phytolacca dioica*), which is to the poets of the plain what the lighthouse is to the traveler on the sea. It is "el faro de aquel mar." With immense gnarled roots rising high out of the ground, and a good expanse of leafy shade, the tree is a welcome object to the wanderers of the plain; but from any other point of view the ombu is deemed useless. It can not be used even for fuel. In a long list of Argentine trees which I have before me, the ombu is the only one which figures as "nada"—good for nothing. But the animals and the tired travelers who lie under it in the heat of the day would scarcely put it altogether in the class of good-for-nothings.

The zone known as the Monte extends to the west of the Pampa and the Province of Buenos Aires to the Andes, and northward from the river Colorado to the south of Tucuman and the river Turamento. In the Monte zone most of the trees are of low stature, and many are furnished with spines or prickly leaves. The mimosa or acacia family is largely represented with the algarroba, mistol, melle, chaner, etc. The sub-tropical zone is that comprised in

the northwestern provinces. The flora is luxuriant and tending more and more to tropical character. In fact, a large number of the forest trees of the Chaco and Misiones are found in this zone. The trees of this region are: Quabracho Colorado, tipa (*Machaerium fertile*), laurel, walnut, cedar, cebil and many others.

Stands Soaking.

The Masopotamian zone is the best watered of all the Argentine territory. Espinillos, algarrobas, nandubay, tala, chanar, etc., are found here. The principal hardwood of Argentina is the Quabracho Colorado. There is a sample of it at the exposition which has been under water, used as piles, for nearly seventy years, and is without a sign of deterioration. It is said that it will last easily seventy years more. It grows from fifteen to twenty meters high, and one meter in diameter. There are immense forests of it in the central and northern zones. The lumber operations increase from year to year, as it becomes known that this wood is proof against decay. It is used in the construction of railways in Argentina, and in places iron rails are now being torn up and the quabracho used in their places. It is very rich in tannin, and its sawdust yields up to 28 per cent. Argentina exports to Europe about 150,000 tons a year for tannin. More than 16,000 bags of the product were sent to Glasgow alone in 1908. This is the most important wood in the country.

The Algarroba negro belongs to the leguminosae family, and is allied to the carob or locust of Europe. It forms a graceful tree, growing to a height of eight or ten meters, and the wood is of a dark mahogany color, with a density of 0.646 to 0.730. The wood is used extensively for building construction, posts, cartwheels, and in making furniture. The Algarroba blanco is an allied species, which grows to a height of eight to eighteen meters, with a diameter of from half a meter to a meter. The wood is lighter-colored than in the preceding species, but, according to Niederlein, has a density of 0.809. The uses of the trees are similar to those of the preceding algarroba, and the fruit also.

The nandubay is a tree which produces one of the hardest, heaviest and most in-corrutable woods in the country. Although it grows to a height of more than ten meters, the wood is so tortuous and full of knots that it can only be used for making posts of corrals and fences. Its fruit is bitter and disagreeable, but is eagerly sought and eaten by the native ostrich, just the same.

Another wood shown is the Itin, which grows to a height of eight to fifteen meters. This wood is very hard, of a dark red color, with dark veins. It is generally used for objects which require turning. In some parts of the tree the wood is jet black, and shows no grain when polished. Some beautiful specimens of the laurel amarillo, which makes exquisite furniture of a dark, rich yellow, are shown, and the willow and poplar have important exhibits, also. Mr. Ernesto Nelson is officially responsible for this exhibit.

We Hold Our Own.

Against the wonderful forestry exhibits of the Philippines and the Argentine Republic, which are so extensive that it is impossible to give an accurate impression of them here, the woods of the United States are holding their own, and most of the glory comes from California and Oregon. The redwoods of Humboldt county are stupendous, and while one can not get from an indoor exhibit, an adequate idea of the immensity and magnificence of the redwoods, still, the California building at the exposition has a very creditable display. The big tree is the stump section of a redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*, which was cut at Fieldbrook, Humboldt county, California, and its height is 300 feet, its diameter at stump twenty feet, and from its stump to its first limb it is 150 feet, its diameter at stump twenty feet, and feet. The logs cut from the great trees are six of twenty feet each, one of sixteen feet and one of fourteen feet. The lumber sawed from the logs amounted to

166,125 feet. The remainder of the tree was made into shingle bolts, and no record kept. The butt log was split before being loaded on the cars, and it took nine cars to transport the logs to the mill.

There are eleven large sawmills in Humboldt whose output, added to that of the shingle mills, makes up a total of about 375,000,000 feet of timber products shipped from Humboldt county yearly, the value of which is about \$7,000,000. The chief virtues of redwood, aside from its color and luster, are its excellent building properties, its weather resistance, its lack of combustible elements, its adaptability for patterns, moldings, tanks, vats, flumes, and house finishing. It is one of the most useful of all commercial woods. The great size of the trees makes it possible to get out planks of almost any desired width and thickness, all of an even texture, and without flaw or blemish. California yields the palm to no land—nor the redwood either.

An interesting exhibit in the Varied Industries Palace is that of the burl, which comes originally from the redwoods. Burl is an excrescence of the redwood, and is caused by injury to the tree. It is naturally very rare; as rare in a redwood as a pearl is in an oyster. The injury in the tree becomes a blister, and that forms what they call a "burl growth." There is no authority on the subject, but the supposition is that the burl is the elimination of waste coming from the wound in the tree. The excrescence grows for thousands of years before there is a burl of great size. There is one in the Palace of Varied Industries which is about 8000 years old. They are found in the *Sequoia sempervirens* and the *Sequoia gigantea*; in the Yosemite, at Wawona and at the Mariposa Grove. The *sempervirens* are usually found on the coast. Burl is used for art purposes, and some have been sent to the London Museum as being the rarest wood in the exposition. There are two tables on exhibition, which for rarity rival anything in the wood exhibits.

Cascade and Coast.

In the Cascade and Coast area, Douglas fir, spruce, cedar and hemlock are the principal woods, ranking in the order of importance named, commercially and for quantity. White pine is the principal timber of the southeastern part of the State, the output ranging from 15,000 to 100,000 feet to the tree. On the east slope of the Cascades, extending from fifty to a hundred miles, and throughout the Blue Mountains, there is a great abundance of soft pine, generally known as Western white or California white pine. Throughout this region there is a small percentage of sugar pine. The white pine contains less resin than the southern pine; it is therefore lighter colored, softer, and of lighter weight. Probably no other wood in the world is worked into so many articles for general use.

Douglas fir is the most important commercially, and is marketed throughout the world. Oak, ash, myrtle and maple appear in sufficiently large quantities to be factors in furniture and finishings. Cedar is used largely for shingles, finishings, wash and door manufactures, and in ceilings. Portland is the largest milling center, but there are large mills at Coos Bay, Bandon, Astoria—in fact, they are in all the harbors. The Douglas fir flag-pole at the exposition is the tallest and largest in the world.

NOTE—Don Carlos Ellis has charge of the whole United States Government Forestry exhibit under Mr. A. M. Smith of the Department of Forestry at Washington. The government exhibit will probably be returned to Washington after the fair closes.

Let Them Come.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Only one kiss in 100 is said to carry germs. All right, we'll take the chances. Where are the ninety and nine?

Preserving Future Treaties.

[Baltimore American:] At the close of the war it would not be a bad idea to have the treaties of peace engraved on cast iron. Then they could not with such ready convenience be converted into scraps of paper.

Experience as a Red Cross Nurse in Belgium.

By Edna Goodrich in Paramount Press.

Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

IN FULL SWING.

WHILE these lines are being read the Panama-Pacific International Poultry Show is in full swing, particulars of which will be voiced in the news columns of The Times, while later on its more salient features will be treated on in this department. The cash awards set aside by the exposition total about \$12,000, to which must be added many special premiums and valuable trophies. The entries in geographical distribution represent thirty-five States and Canada; a number of breeders have imported birds from abroad for the express purpose of playing for honors at this show. The entries are so numerous that the normal accommodations of the exposition livestock department were found wholly inadequate. To provide comfortably for all, a large structure on the exposition grounds was turned over to the department of live stock for the poultry and pigeon show. The interior of this has been arranged especially for the display. There are breeding pens and cages of such design as the special needs of the fowls they contain demand. In the center of the building there is a pool with a fountain, and in this are placed fancy and wild ducks. On one side of the pool are two large pens of pheasants, while on the other side is a pen for quail and another for wild and fancy doves. Peafowl and guineas have their own pens. The poultry and pigeon pens are arranged along the sides of long aisles extending the length of the building. The number of birds exceeds the total shown at the St. Louis Exposition and comprises 200 varieties of pigeons and 150 of poultry, besides pheasants, water fowl and peafowl. Of turkeys there are 250 individual specimens. No one with the faintest admiration for pure-blooded poultry can afford to miss seeing this array of aristocrats in web and feather.

The "Stringman" at the Shows.

For fear that the term "stringman," as applied to poultry shows, will not be understood by some of our readers, we rise to a personal privilege of explanation. The "stringman" is the individual who follows the fair circuits with a string of birds, including all the popular varieties and breeds, with no other purpose than to try to capture the cash awards, the same birds being shown first at one fair and then at another. Thus we learn that four stringmen showed something like 2000 head at the Allentown (Pa.) fair; similar cases are reported at a number of the larger fairs throughout the Mississippi Valley States and east to the Atlantic Coast. In so far as we know the practice is as yet unknown west of the Rocky Mountain States, though the way some of the State and district fairs are hanging up cash awards we may soon look for similar conditions closer home. If the stringman's birds possess quality, and, of course, this is an essential in order to win, entries of this class in no way injure the exhibition; quite to the contrary, they add to it by insuring larger entries and also that all breeds and varieties shall be in evidence. Such entries do, however, discourage the smaller breeders and the general fanciers from entering their birds. Being purely a game for the premium money, the whole atmosphere of the exhibition becomes tainted with a sordid and mercenary atmosphere that is anything but encouraging to the fancier, breeder and sportsman. Hence it is our opinion that sooner or later this huckstering for the money must be curtailed and the stringman eliminated, or the real objects and aims of the fall fairs, in so far as poultry is concerned, will fail to be realized. Let us hope that the practice will never be tolerated on the Pacific Coast.

A Good Poultry Tonic.

As readers of this department know, we are not among those who advocate the wide use of tonics; neither are we among those who believe in "monkeying with sick chickens"—better use preventive measures, observe wholesome feeding, clean quarters and good sanitation, and the bother of ailing specimens will be largely eliminated. Remove the causes of vermin and disease first, then apply remedies where expedient.



SILVER DUCKWING BANTAM.

The Game bantams in color scheme are much the same as the corresponding varieties of standard Game fowl. There are eight standard varieties: Black-breasted Red, Brown Red, Golden Duckwing, Silver Duckwing, Red Pyle, White, Black and Birchen. In courage and pugnacity they are not behind their larger relatives, while in constitution they are hardy and not difficult to raise, and with a little care and attention are easily tamed. Not only is this true of the Game classes, but of all bantams. A pet bird should be readily handled, which is made easy with these midgets of the poultry yard. Standard weights for Game bantams are: Cocks, 22 ounces; cockerels, 20; hens, 20; pullets, 18. Our illustration shows a Silver Duckwing male properly dubbed and in exhibition trim.

As a preventive, S. Gillan, a breeder of experience, recommends the following tonic, claiming it a good "counter-irritant" for colds, canker, roup and the usual run of chicken troubles:

Magnesium sulphate	10 oz.
Magnesium oxide	1 oz.
Sulphate of iron	2 oz.
Ground ginger	2 oz.
Sulphur	3 oz.

Give one tablespoonful in moist mash to twelve birds each morning for three mornings and discontinue till again needed. The magnesium sulphate acts on the intestines; the magnesium oxide, on the kidneys; sulphate of iron acts on the blood; the ground ginger stimulates all organs, and the sulphur is a general antiseptic. This is therefore a good system of treatment or tonic for the fowls. For severe cases the dose mentioned above should be increased.

A Word to Beginners.

It has been said that the personnel of the poultry business in Southern California changes every seven years. Much of this is normal and due to ordinary changes that are, after all, inevitable; but much is also due to bad planning and management, particularly so if the plant to be established is a commercial one. No business is established in a day, and hence many of the failures are due to a disregard of the future; nothing is allowed for development and the meeting of emergencies, which are sure to arise. "Too many poultrymen spend all their money on plant and go short of good birds," says E. P. Thompson, president of the American Poultry Association, in discussing some of the pitfalls met by the average beginner. "Others put all their working capital, or most of it, into plant and good birds and then lack funds with which to advertise, pay feed bills, and wait for a demand to come for their products. Both plans are wrong. The better way, by far, is to start on a moderate scale, spend money somewhat reluctantly, hold tight to a large portion of your working capital and play safe. Time, after all, is the great element. You will think of things tomorrow that you should have thought of today, and will be ashamed that you did not think of them yesterday or a year ago. That is how time helps."

Want of working capital is one of the

chief causes of failure in the establishment of a poultry farm. The best plan is to start modestly and work up. Many of the failures are attributable to a lack of means at a critical moment in the growth of the farm, when a little additional surplus capital would carry the business over the trying spots and land it on the highway of success.

Singleness of Purpose.

It has been well said that success comes to him who pays the price—and the greater the success the higher the price, which usually covers only one division of human endeavor. So in poultry culture the breeder who centers his ambitions on a single breed is quite generally the most successful with it. To cite instances in verification would only be tedious. The representative poultry-breeding plants of this country are those which handle only one variety, but breed it in its highest perfection. Indeed, so pronounced is this of the Petaluma district, which is probably the most successful poultry community in this country, that the entire region is devoted to one variety of one breed—namely, the White Leghorn. Verily, it does not pay to scatter your ammunition. In the chicken business singleness of purpose is what counts. To breed Mediterranean and Asiatic, English and Hamburgs, is to confuse one's ideals of each, and so lead only to indifferent quality; but to handle Barred Rocks or White-faced Black Spanish alone is to attain reputation as a breeder and fancier and also a profitable market for the goods. To paraphrase Pope: "One breed only will one genius fit, so wide is art, so narrow human wit." Hence we say to the beginner, be he an egg or meat farmer, a back-yard breeder or a fancier, confine your operations to one breed. If "in it" commercially select a breed and variety that pleases your sense of the beautiful and yet possesses strong economic values; if simply a fancier, then limit operations to the breed and variety that pleases your sense of the beautiful. In both cases, to breed toward perfection will tax your ingenuity and endeavors to the utmost, with chances of success decidedly more favorable than if handling two or more breeds.

Meaning of Poultry Terms.

To the general reader many of the expressions and terms of the poultry industry are more or less a closed book; people here and there have a general rather than a definite and correct idea of their meaning. In the interest of a clearer understanding we herewith append a few of the more common expressions of the fraternity:

A cockerel is a male bird less than a year old.

A cock is a male bird over a year old. A pullet is a female bird less than a year old.

A hen is a female bird over a year old. A yearling is generally one counted as having laid for twelve months.

A setting of eggs is thirteen, although many poultrymen have increased it to fifteen.

A broiler is a bird weighing two pounds or less and from six to twelve weeks old. A spring chicken is a young bird weighing over two pounds.

A capon is the male bird deprived of its generative organs for the purpose of improving the weight and delicacy of its carcass.

A stewing chicken weighs about three pounds.

A roaster weighs four or more pounds.

Important Thing to Do

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A poult is a turkey in its first year. A poularde is a pullet deprived of the power of producing eggs, with the object of great size.

A trio is a male and two females. A breeding pen is generally made up of four or more females and a male. The male chick is called a cock; the male goose, a gander; the male duck, a drake and the male turkey, a tom.

Animals for King's Use.

[Washington Star:] No other race of animals can show such a history as the black oxen that draw the funeral cars of dead Japanese emperors. They are of a special breed, and for centuries have been kept for the sole use of the imperial family.

The cream-colored Hanoverian horses, reserved for the British royal family, are nearly as famous, but some of these animals once wore the yoke of an alien and an enemy. When Napoleon occupied Hanover in 1804 he seized all the cream-colored horses in the royal stables and took them to Paris. The state carriage at his coronation was drawn by eight of these animals.

This insult, as he regarded it, made George III so angry that he would not use the others of the breed that were stabled in London. Until the fall of Napoleon, the state coach was always drawn by black horses when the king or his son, the Prince Regent, opened parliament.

College Versus Experience.

[Engineering Magazine:] If a man or group of men start a new business on a large scale the process of learning by experience involves a series of lessons, and each unit of loss is so large that financial trouble is likely to ensue. Wrecks of corporations of this type may be found in countless numbers throughout the country. If a man starts in, on the other hand, in a small way, his little failures may be properly classed as laboratory material. One after another he profits by them and gradually gets that score of working knowledge which enables him to handle large enterprises. This fact is the real basis of the old well-known conflict between the rule of thumb successful business man and those who speak of the value of schools, colleges and education. The rule of thumb business man says the college is not practical, and in part he is right. In fact, both parties are right; and what we need is a combination of the elements of theory and actual experience in the man who is to attempt industrial management on any large scale.

Hauser's Organic Fertilizers

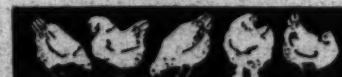
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Only Way by Which Permanent Peace May Come.

By Edward Marshall

OSCAR STRAUS TALKS.

OSCAR STRAUS, world famous diplomat and member of The Hague Tribunal, in the following interview for the first time gives to the public, in full, his conclusions in regard to the present great European war and his conception of what must be the only plan to prevent similar world catastrophes in future. This article, therefore, is of international moment. It is the result of two extended interviews.

"It would be worse than futile, at the present time, to make predictions as to the probable end of the great war," said Mr. Straus. "The end must come in time, of course, and the sooner it can come in any way promising a permanent peace the better it will be for all concerned.

"It will end in one of three ways: through the domination of one side or the other; through the exhaustion of all participants; or through a conference to arrange for peace before exhaustion. The present outlook would seem to indicate even a termination of the war as the second one suggested.

"If the nations could but realize that now! Then the world would not be put to the tragic necessity of witnessing the slaughter of one or perhaps two million more human beings.

"I am inclined to think that it might be better for the future welfare of the world that there should be no really dominant victor, because the terrible tragedies of this war have been so extraordinary that a dominant victor scarcely could be expected, at the end of such a war, in view of the tremendous power he would have, and in view of the tremendous sacrifices he would have been compelled to make in order to win victory, to make those concessions which would enable the nations to come together on a basis permitting general reconstruction upon favorable lines.

"A rearrangement upon lines notably unfavorable to any of the combatants would result in nothing but another period of arming peace, certain to be followed by another war. The decided dominance of any of the powers would foster a spirit of revenge in the bosoms of the vanquished, as dominance has done in the past.

"Nothing but a spirit of unity can permit the nations to reconstruct upon a firm and satisfactory basis, such as will foster not a spirit of revenge, but a spirit of amity. It was the spirit of revenge, an aftermath of the incomplete and unsatisfactory conclusion of the Franco-Prussian war, which played a major part in the fanning of the flames now culminated in this titanic struggle.

"Because of it enormous armaments were piled up, and, in the last analysis, it must be admitted that these armaments were the real cause of the present war.

"Lately I have been reading 'Studies in Diplomacy,' by Count Benedetti, who was the French Ambassador at the Court of Berlin up to the time of the Franco-Prussian war's outbreak. The studies were written in the years between 1873 and 1891.

Propheesed the Present War.

"The present war shows them to have been prophetic to an amazing degree.

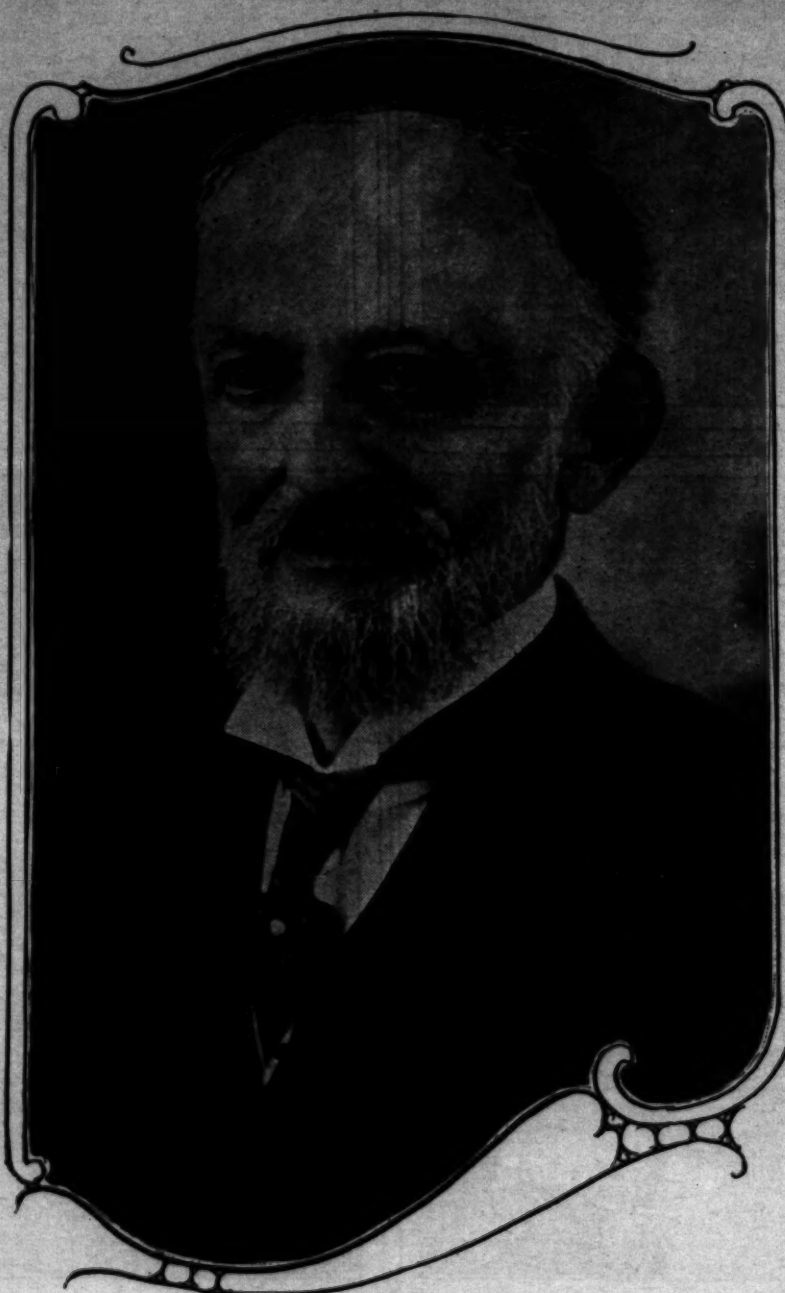
"After the formation of the Triple Alliance, and on account of it, he foretold the greatest clash of arms in the history of the world. It came, as he predicted, in the present war.

"After reciting the fact that in 1873 Germany concluded the treaty of defensive alliance with Austria, which Italy joined in 1882, he wrote:

"... can peace under arms be lasting? Are not the treaties signed in Vienna and Berlin rather a portent of war? Will they preserve the continent from fresh calamities?

"He then attributed the certainty of the outbreak of a great war to Bismarck, the architect of the Triple Alliance, and said:

"You will permit me, moreover, Prince Bismarck, to point out to you that your policy has engendered militarism that has placed Europe in the necessity of arming, of arming unceasingly and beyond all measure, that the nations live in terror of frightful catastrophes which some fortuitous event may cause suddenly to explode, not



OSCAR S. STRAUS.

withstanding the prudence of the various governments."

"Was not that exactly what occurred?"

"Can a new peace which will promise to approach anything like permanence be expected if the ending of this war is in an agreement in any sense similar?"

"So much for that. Now let us consider our own affairs.

What it Means to Us.

"From the beginning of this war the role which this country, by circumstances over which it has no control, has been called upon to enact, has been very difficult. It has displeased both sides in the controversy.

"It is the proverbial fate of neutrals to incur the enmity of all belligerents, and when such a neutral nation, as we are now, combines with its neutrality, as we do now, a deep-seated humanitarian desire to be helpful where and whenever practical, through an effort to bring about peace, that enmity is likely to become exaggerated and excessive.

"That is our present position, yet I am sure our country, our government and our people would be ready to make the largest possible material sacrifices if, thereby, we could effect, not peace at any price, but peace with justice, lasting peace.

"For we recognize the fact that unless the peace is one which will eliminate from all hearts the thought of revenge, and unless it is founded on a broad principle of equity, it will not, for it cannot, last.

"Whatever the sympathies of our people

may be, they must be effectively subordinated to our dominant aim, which is to aid in the restoration of world peace upon a sound and permanent basis.

"In saying this I feel that I am expressing the view of our government as well as the prevailing sentiment of our people.

"Certainly in this country we have no feeling of enmity against any of the belligerents.

"We really are neutral, regardless of what our views may be with respect to the causes of the war and the issues that are or may be at stake.

"And we have a real importance in the councils of the world which is so torn with conflict while we remain at peace. This is admitted by both belligerents when they so constantly express the opinion that we are not adequately informed as to their respective points of view and rights.

"In this they are grossly mistaken. Our press, newspaper and periodical, as is but natural, contains more reliable information than is or can be given out by the press of the belligerents.

"Our people are more notably a reading people than any other population in the world. They read both sides and are prepared to recognize the rights, as well as wrongs, of both sides.

Our Qualification Perfect.

"We are, essentially, a composite nation, and our roots run back to all the leading nations engaged in this war, yet I would say that 90 per cent. of our people take the

broad and purely American point of view, 'with malice toward none and charity for all.'

"The opinion that we are a materialistic nation generally pervades Europe, affecting her statesmen and her people alike. This is only a degree less true in Great Britain, perhaps, than in Germany. In both nations prevails the thought that our chief concern with the world war is an effort to make from it as much profit as we can.

"I find it impossible to conceive a more erroneous interpretation of the American spirit. We are essentially dominated by a spirit of humanity. No better proof of this comes to my mind than the causes which produced our own Civil War and those which brought about our war with Spain.

"This spirit accounts for the variance of our attitudes toward Germany and Great Britain in regard to their respective infringement of our neutral rights.

"That the sinking of the Lusitania should our attitude toward Germany much more severe and determined than our attitude toward Great Britain, which, in violation of our neutral rights, is holding up our commerce to the aggregate amount of thousands of millions, is proof of the fact that we are more in earnest where human lives are at stake, even though they be comparatively few in number, than we are when dollars are at stake, even though they aggregate sums vast enough to be almost beyond the power of average human comprehension.

We Long to Be Peacemakers.

"Above all things we long to be maker between the warring powers.

"In the same spirit as that in which Theodore Roosevelt exerted his wise and effective efforts in the bringing about of a conference between the belligerents of the Russo-Japanese War, I am sure that President Wilson would act, without the slightest urging, but after only an intimation that similar offices on his part would be acceptable to Europe, in efforts to bring to the council table the representatives of the contending parties in this war.

"Therefore it may be well for us to consider the various means by which this war might be brought to an end when the time comes.

"It seems to be the prevailing mistaken notion that wars may be concluded through the mediation of a neutral power, and with the chief executive of such a neutral power presiding over the consulting belligerents.

"Neither the Napoleonic wars, the Franco-German war nor the Russo-Japanese War was brought to a conclusion in that way.

"All terminated through conferences of the belligerents, alone, the first at the Conference of Vienna, the second at the Conference of Berlin, the third at the Conference of Portsmouth.

"Therefore it certainly may be said that mediation is not what is needed, but rather a plan or method, a leverage, if you please, influencing the belligerent nations to send delegates who will meet and discuss ways and means whereby may be built a bridge to international safety, with a certainty that that bridge, when built, will not break down.

"This latter point is of the utmost moment, for if the bridge breaks down the moral effect of the entire procedure not only will be lost, but, upon the country first proposing an effort to go across the bridge, the effect will be worse than if it had lost a dozen army corps in battle.

"Therefore it is of the utmost moment that the invitation to cross the bridge shall be coupled with the assurance that it will not break down.

"It is perhaps not assuming too much to say that the time has arrived when suffering people, especially those outside the trenches, are hoping day by day that their governments may find the means by which to make the crossing of the bridge a possibility, that they may find some way which will make possible a conference designed to bring the conflict to an end and the firm and reasonable foundation of a peace which will be lasting.

Will be Great Achievement.

"Great will be the man, be he ruler or

By Edward Marshall

Only Way by Which Permanent Peace May Come.

Saturday, November 20, 1915.

statesman, who may be no fortune as to lead the way to the council chamber and do for this war what Roosevelt did for that which waged between Russia and Japan.

"No spectacle so terrible as that which now confronts the world ever, in the past, has faced it. This generation seemed to promise an unprecedented, worthy climax to many years of peaceful progress, but suddenly we see instead the material advancement which seemingly was leading toward such a much-to-be-desired ultimate, the minds which had been trained to compass this advancement, diverted from the paths of wonderful construction which they had been pursuing and co-ordinated in their hard-won efficiency into terrible achievements in destruction of their fellow men.

"Destruction everywhere in Europe! Here in America it is inevitable, and it is fortunate for the whole world, that the best thought which has been developed by our years of peace and by our struggles with the great problems which have confronted us, a vast democracy, occupied not only with the necessities arising from the political creation of the greatest Republic which the world ever has known, but in the enforced habit of constructiveness, due to generations of hard though victorious struggle with the forces of Nature, should be called into action for the purpose of suggesting wise plans of reconstruction to be put into effect when the war shall have come to an end.

Humanity Must Hope.

"But neither our plans nor those of others can be anything but tentative and purely speculative, for, until the end shall come, we can only blindly grope, and, groping, guess at the sum of the destruction which they must be devised to meet, and, in so far as possible, correct.

"The whole thoughtful and peace-loving world today finds itself in a state of mind necessarily similar to that of the Children of Israel after their Temple was destroyed and their Holy City burned to ashes.

"They could not despair. Humanity never can despair, nor ever has. It must look forward hopefully, after vast destruction, to a reconstruction which, on foundations better than the old, according to plans more perfect than the old, shall stand more firmly than the old and not be subject to catastrophes similar to that of those which brought downfall to the old.

"Where was the weakness of the old foundations which brought about today's disaster? Obviously, was it not, in international relationship? Of what material have these foundations, these international relationships, been constructed?

"All were devised to preserve one thing, justice, for justice means peace, or should mean peace, and peace, only, is constructive. What were they, then, which proved to be so sadly futile?

The Three Plans Which Have Failed.

"Studying history in the search for an answer to this query we find that they were three in number and were, first, disciplining power, such as that of Greece under Alexander. His unconquerable armies dominated Asia, Africa and Europe.

"But this disciplining power was permanent only so long as it remained the strongest disciplining power, for, presently, it was supplanted by the similar but stronger power of Rome.

"This eventually showed itself to be as futile, for it was overthrown by an onrush of the northern barbarians. Thus it became plain that humanity, growing in worthy ambition and knowledge, would not tolerate the disciplining power of conquering nations. It preferred war against it to peace under its yoke.

"The second method of preserving international peace developed after the Napoleonic wars. This was the system of the Balance of Power and of the Concert of Europe, under which there was no nation gazing to itself an international disciplinary power, but under which instead there were unions of several nations in offensive and defensive alliances.

"Following this, the third plan was devised, creating, upon the one side, the Triple Alliance and upon the other the Triple Entente, dividing Europe into two great military camps with the hope that 'one sword would keep the other in its scabbard.'

"Did it have this effect? The present war is the tragic reply to that inquiry. Perhaps it kept swords in their scabbards for a time, but while they waited they were multiplying on both sides.

"Militarism was born in new and unpar-

alleled degree. Armament was piled on armament until the burden of its support became insupportable and the inevitable culmination has been the bloodiest and most brutal war in human history.

The One Plan Which Will Succeed.

"Thus all plans devised, from the time of Alexander the Great to the time of William the Second, have failed. Their foundations have been imperfect. These have been built with war, not peace, in mind.

"Now the day has dawned—thunderous, hideous and clouded dawn as it is, lit by the fires of war—when for the preservation of the world humanity must seek some new, enlightened method, which shall have none of the faults which have brought failure in the past and which really shall accomplish the great desideratum for which humanity, taken as a whole, ever has yearned.

"Now the day has dawned when, in the light of the logic of history, the world must find a way toward righteous peace. Perhaps a great advance, too tragically won, too dearly bought in blood, but still a great advance, has come in all humanity's now inevitable acknowledgment that no peace can achieve permanency which is not really righteous, which is not founded upon justice and respect for law.

"Humanity's great misfortune is that it has circumscribed to the internal affairs of nations its recognition of the fact that civilized human relationships must come within and be governed by the dominion of law. Between nations, in the last analysis, the governing power has been might, and is now, but must not remain.

"Former Ambassador Hill recently has pointed out the clash between existing schools of thought, one demanding the application of moral principles to international affairs, the other holding might as right.

Basis Must Be Peace, Not War.

"All this must be reversed in any future plan if it is to succeed. Reconstruction must come upon the basis of peace, not upon the basis of war. The guardian of peace must not only be the strongest power, but its strength must be devoted, avowedly, to the maintenance of peace.

"No division of power has accomplished this, therefore no new division of power can accomplish it. What is left then? A union of power.

"To this idea the extreme pacifists object, saying that force never must be used and that we must depend for our protection wholly upon the power of justice and good will. But righteousness which has exalted a nation will not protect that nation against other nations which have not been exalted similarly. The time of universal exaltation will come with the millennium and not before.

"We must not deceive ourselves. Fundamental changes in the progress of mankind rarely have come save through the influence of war. Perusal of all history, from the records of Armageddon to those of the invasion of Belgium, show that war can be abolished only when the most powerful nations reach that point of civilization which will lead them to the erection of a force which not only can advise but can compel settlement of disputes, fundamental readjustments, without resort to war.

"We, in the United States, must realize the basic truths in the great text-book which Europe now spreads out before us.

"National weakness does not necessarily make for peace, but invites aggression. Within limitations power, which has come to be called 'preparedness,' has a restraining influence on possible aggressors and may well induce peaceful settlement of controversies. Disputes between weak nations and strong nations are unlikely to be settled in the favor of the weak.

"Alexander Hamilton, writing in The Federalist, said:

"The rights of neutrality will only be respected when they are defended by adequate power. A nation despicable by its weakness forfeits even the privilege of being neutral."

The Best Plan so Far Suggested.

"To my mind the best plan of the many which have been suggested to meet the present world necessity is that devised by the founders of the League of Enforce Peace, recently organized in this country, with ex-President Taft as president.

"Briefly, the plan contemplates:

"First: the submission of all justiciable questions to an international court; second, the submission of unjusticiable questions to a council of conciliation for consideration

and recommendation; third, the use of the joint forces of the powers, economic and military, against any one of their number who shall go to war without such submission of its alleged grievances.

"A proposal somewhat of this sort was made by Sir Edward Grey to Germany, as a safeguard against aggression by the Triple Entente, but, unfortunately, this suggestion came at the eleventh hour, July 30, 1914, when excitement, irritation and suspicion were so highly developed as to make its adoption impossible.

"Here we have the final proof of the necessity that provisions for the maintenance of peace must be made in advance of the arrival of such crises as may lead to war and that, therefore, such provisions must be made by the nations with a care and caution as great as those which, hitherto, they have devoted to their preparations for war.

"America, although not a belligerent in this war, is vitally interested in its rightful conclusion. We must play our part in the events to follow. Norman Angell truthfully has said that if we do not mix in European affairs Europe will mix in American affairs. Far more than the humanitarian impulse urges us to devote our best efforts to assisting in the European reconstruction which will be at hand when the war ends.

"Hitherto all resort to treaties of arbitration, to the Hague Tribunal, to commissions of inquiry has been voluntary. That has been their flaw and through it they have failed. We must help to put compelling power behind them and the League to Enforce Peace, in its recent proposals, has taken the first step toward that end."

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A Tribe of Jokers.

THE TUNGUS OF NORTHERN SIBERIA KNOW NOTHING OF CIVILIZATION.

[New York Sun:] Reports have just been received at the University of Pennsylvania Museum from its Siberian expedition which has arrived at London after spending the winter among the Tungus of northern Siberia, traveling 700 miles from civilization and making the first scientific study on record of this remarkable tribe.

Knowing nothing of the outside world, the Tungus are content to live in their age-long habitat eating principally fish and meat, raw or cooked as the case may be, and having no religion except that they believe in certain good and evil spirits, to be propitiated.

The museum's expedition was in charge of H. U. Hall and accompanied that of the Oxford University School of Anthropology, led by Miss M. Czaplicka. With the party went part of the journey Miss Curtis, an artist, and Miss Haviland, an ornithologist, but they did not proceed to the furthest limit.

During the trip the cold was often more than 80 deg. below zero and it was exceedingly difficult to keep warm. The food supply was gained from the natives so far as meat and fish were concerned and with tea this constituted most of the diet.

The Tungus are of Mongolian race and speak a highly inflected tongue. Their wigwams are built exactly like those of the American Indians. Their only trading is in furs, especially the white fox, the skins being passed from one tribe to another until civilization is reached.

This is their only knowledge that an outside world exists, but they have no knowledge or little interest in it. In winter their chief difficulty is to get water, as fire is made with difficulty and it takes long to melt snow. Thus they eat much of their food raw. Their principal wealth is in reindeer.

The expedition was met with kindness from the natives, who much preferred asking to answering questions. The members made a thorough study of language, manners, customs and beliefs and got many ethnological specimens covering all of their arts and trades.

Some specimens have at last reached London after many difficulties of transportation and at the first favorable opportunity the university museum's large collection will be brought to this city and placed on exhibition.

Members of the expedition are now preparing their official reports in London. The preliminary report states that the philosophy of life of the Tungus is very brief. It is: "Eat much and laugh much." They live up to this dictum. They are enormous eaters and are full of jokes, but their humor is crude.

They seem a happy people. Property is respected and the Tungus are said to be

among the poorest traders on earth. Gold and silver have filtered in to some extent, but they delight chiefly in barter. The delight of a Tungus in getting the better of a trade is the finest experience of his life.

Great credit was gained by the expedition for its medicine, but the members had to keep close watch on them or the natives at the first chance would swallow them wholesale. One woman took enough poison to kill several civilized persons, but suffered no ill effects.

Owing to the region in which the Tungus live being so barren and the surface so broken and stony even the expert Russian traders have given up all effort to trade directly with them.

The Tungus' only metals are copper and iron, with which they make implements, weapons and ornaments. As the Tungus have no literature they were amazed at the books carried by the expedition and at the fact that communication could be made by writing.

This seemed to them so incredible that it was ascribed to supernatural influence. The Tungus have many myths and much folklore, which have been collected and will be published.

Legal Absurdities.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT JUST AS CARELESS AS OTHER LAWMAKERS.

[Washington Star:] Lord Palmerston, when Prime Minister, is credited with having said that the British Parliament could do "anything but turn a man into a woman, or a woman into a man." This ancient legislature can abolish any institution of the country, the throne, the church, the courts of justice, and can even extinguish itself. But it is often unable to "make sense" of the statutes in which it embodies its authorities.

One of the most absurd enactments to be found in the acts of Parliament is the statute for the rebuilding of a certain jail. The bill as originally drafted provided that prisoners should be confined in the old jail until the new one was built, but in committee a clause was added to the effect that the new prison should be constructed out of the material of the old, and the bill became a law before anybody detected the absurdity.

Then there is the "fifty-second of George II, chapter 146," which enacts that the penalty imposed under it shall be given, half to the King and half to the poor of the parish. After the act had been passed it was discovered that the penalty which the act provides is transportation for fourteen years. The first intention was that the penalty should be a fine of £500. On second thought Parliament substituted a term of penal servitude, but it forgot to omit the clause providing for the division of the spoils between the King and his indigent subjects.

The Darlington Improvement Act of 1872 has a "definition" that it would puzzle the most astute lawyer to explain. It reads: "The term 'new building' means any building pulled or burnt to, or within, ten feet of the surface of the adjoining ground."

Such mistakes are, of course, due to clumsiness or carelessness. Others as amusing arise from the use or misuse of technical language.

One amendment proposed by a member of Parliament was worded as follows:

"Every dog found trespassing on inclosed land, unaccompanied by the registered owner of such dog, or other person, who shall on being asked for his true name and address, may be then and there destroyed by such occupier or by his orders." But this gem of meaningless rhetoric was not passed.

Peers of the realm as well as the common lapse into ambiguity. A certain noble lord in committee on the agricultural holdings bill put down this startling notice:

"To ask the government whether they will consider the practicability of introducing some provision for alleviating the great hardship now suffered by the family of any clergyman if he dies while occupying his glebe, as many clergymen have latterly found themselves reluctantly compelled to do."

[Yonkers Statesman:] Mrs. Flatbush: So she told you that piece of gossip, did she? Mrs. Bensonhurst: She certainly did. Mrs. Flatbush: Over the telephone? Mrs. Bensonhurst: No; over the back fence.

By Force of Arms. By Forrestine C. Hooker.

A CAPITULATION.

GRANT twisted in his saddle to look back where the purple peaks were etched sharply against the gray Arizona sky, and seeing no sign of pursuers, urged his pony down the steep mountainside. The canyon below was thickly brushed with manzanita, mesquite and scrub oak, and he knew there was a ranch three miles ahead of him, but he had no desire or intention of visiting it. The owner was the county sheriff.

The pony slipped awkwardly, but responding to the tightened rein, regained its footing, only to slip a second time on loose earth, dislodging a jagged rock. There was a crash as horse and rider fell heavily to the ground. The man rose, after a second's dizziness and helped the pony struggle to its feet.

"That might have been worse, Rodomo," Grant addressed the animal, as he swung himself on its back.

Rodomo took a step forward and nearly fell once more. The man's face grew serious, and when another step showed that the pony was badly crippled, the rider leaped from its back, led it a few paces, then felt the foreleg. There were no broken bones, but the injury would make it impossible for the animal to carry its owner any farther.

With a bitter laugh the man kicked the mischievous rock. It was not a very large rock, after all; just large enough to be a factor in his possible capture.

"It's no use, Rodomo," said Grant, rubbing the pony's nose gently. "You weren't to blame. The cards were stacked against us this time."

He looked at the horse hesitatingly. They were old chums. Many a night Rodomo had grazed near his master, who slept serenely on the ground wrapped in a Navajo blanket, with a horsehair riata forming a loop around his rude bed to check the advances of rattlesnakes, while the big-horned saddle provided a pillow. The pony's affection for the man was dog-like, and Rodomo was the one thing on earth in which Grant had not lost faith. Often the man had gone hungry, unable to resist the begging of Rodomo, whose nose had hunted out the biscuit tucked away in the saddlebags.

"Devil-may-care" Grant, men called him behind his back and his wild escapades were told for many miles. He was a gambler but never played unfairly; quick to draw his gun or resent an insult, yet equally ready to stand up for the under dog. Where he came from, none of them knew, and curiosity was tempered with circumspection, so it never developed into catechism.

Absently stroking the pony's nose, the man stared down the canyon. There was a race horse in the sheriff's stable. Grant knew he could easily outdistance his pursuers and reach the Mexican border forty miles south if he could manage to get that horse. It was his only chance, but what about Rodomo?

Grant turned suddenly and flung his arms about the pony's neck. "I guess it's 'good-by,' Rodomo. I can't take you with me and I won't leave you here with a crippled leg for coyotes and buzzards to tear you to pieces before you are dead. You've been the best friend I've had for three years—" he was looking into the pony's bright eyes. "God! I hate to do it!"

He lifted his pistol to the animal's temple, but the big, soft eyes gazing trustingly at him, unnerved him, and his hand dropped to his side. A thought brought hope. Untying the hair rope from his saddle, he slipped it about Rodomo's neck and secured the other end to a sturdy scrub oak, then removing saddle and bridle he laid them on the ground near by. With a quick scrutiny of the cylinder of his pistol, he tightened the cartridge belt that sagged on his hip, and facing the canyon, slipped and slid down the rugged incline, while Rodomo, watching anxiously, whinnied shrill protest at being left behind.

There were moments when Grant's descent was involuntary and too rapid for comfort or safety, but he finally reached the bottom of the canyon, and with a last glance up at the pony, now almost invisible in the gathering gloom of night, the man struck out briskly, keeping carefully concealed in the thick undergrowth. A light glimmered faintly from the ranch-house as he ap-

proached, and throwing himself on the ground, he waited patiently, knowing that Burton, the sheriff, was out after some Mexicans who had held up the stage and looted the mail pouches. Old Adobe Jones lived at the place and not wishing to molest him, Grant planned to wait until Jones was asleep, when he could count on the old man's infirmity of deafness as additional protection.

The pride of Burton's heart was his race horse, Black Prince, famous through South-eastern Arizona. All offers from would-be purchasers were rejected flatly by Burton with the stereotyped assertion, "He is not for sale."

Grant had witnessed the last race won by Black Prince two months previous, and being a horse-lover himself, understood the sheriff's pride in the handsome animal. Under any other circumstances Grant would not have thought of stealing the horse, for his misdeeds had been those of a man who fights face to face.

He weighed his chances coolly, lying in the brush, knowing if he were caught the end would be swift and sure, and not one that any man would envy. The light disappeared, and he wormed his way between the bushes until he reached the picket fence that inclosed house and stable. A spring of water gurgled from a rock in the side of the hill against which the adobe stable was built to give additional protection from wind and storm and around this spring the brush had been cut away.

"All right, unless Jones has a dog," thought the man, cautiously making his way to the barn door, which was fastened by a large hook and staple. The door swung open easily and Grant slipped inside, closing it carefully, then stood in the corner of the building, listening for any sign of alarm.

Reassured by the silence, he stepped to the horse's side, speaking quietly to avoid frightening the animal. Black Prince scrambled to his feet as Grant struck a match, concealing the flame in his cupped hands as he took a quick survey of the place. The adobe barn was well-built, but the door, made of boards, though substantial showed several wide cracks due to shrinkage of the wood. Above Black Prince's stall hung a lantern, which Grant took down and lighted, standing between the light and the stable door. Taking an envelope from his pocket he scribbled a few words with a stubby lead pencil.

"Sheriff Burton:—I took your racer. Had to have him to save my neck. My pony is up the canyon trail with a sprained ankle. I left my saddle and bridle to pay for his doctoring and feed. Will return your horse to you in good shape as soon as I get a chance. I'll take good care of him. You don't love your horse any more than I do my pony."

"Yours truly,

"JIM GRANT."

He found a rusty horseshoe nail and planed the envelope conspicuously against the side of the stall, then slipping a rope over Prince's neck, twisted it in a loop to form a hackamore around the animal's nose, and leading the horse from the stable, he was about to mount when he discovered he was facing a six-shooter. An ejaculation died on his lips.

"Hold up your hands," a woman's voice commanded. Grant's hand fell limply away from his pistol, while his face expressed dazed consternation as he stared at his captor in the dim starlight.

She was a very pretty girl who looked at him coolly and a bit contemptuously with big brown eyes. A tangle of hair fell in a braid below her waist, while a gray bathrobe and bare feet in little red slippers, denoted disturbed slumber.

"Don't put your hands down," she admonished. Without lowering the pistol she held in her right hand, she reached across with her left and removed Grant's six-shooter from his belt. The man's eyes twinkled in spite of his predicament, and he wondered who she was and why she had not wakened Jones to help her. He had not heard of Burton's marriage, but that was nothing remarkable when a man only drifts into town once in a while and has no women friends or relatives to retail such events. One thing was certain, though, the sheriff's wife was mighty pretty and had plenty of pluck.

His thoughts were broken by a curt

order. "Take Prince back to his stall," and he obeyed promptly while the girl stood a short distance from him, holding her own pistol as well as his, leveled steadily upon him.

Grant tied the horse in the place indicated, then turned to the girl, looking calmly into her eyes.

"What next?" he asked with a perceptible note of curiosity.

She hesitated a second and the man sensed her perplexity, but had no time to take advantage of it before she bade him leave the stable. He reached the house.

"Go into that room," she said sharply, nodding at a closed door.

He looked at her without moving, calculating his chances of escape, but recalling that she had his gun and that Rodomo was unable to travel any farther, shrugged his shoulders and meekly obeyed, with mingled chagrin and amusement.

Opening the door, he entered the room, which was in total darkness, but hearing the slam behind him and the click of a key, understood that he was trapped. The match which he struck showed him sacks of flour, potatoes, onions, strings of dried chili peppers, leather chaps, ropes, a worn saddle, rusty tools, proving beyond doubt that he was in the storeroom which every ranch finds a necessity. The walls were of adobe, like most places in that section, and the roof of rough boards was topped with earth to keep out the heat. A small, unglazed window for ventilation near the roof, was too small to admit the passage of a man's body. The floor had never been boarded. It was an ideal storeroom, or dungeon. The only possible weak spot would be the door.

Grant turned the knob softly, only to hear the now familiar tones advising him to keep away from the door.

"I am sitting right outside and will shoot through the door if necessary. Do you hear me?"

"Very distinctly," replied the prisoner. "I am sorry to cause you any inconvenience. You don't mean to keep guard all night, do you?"

"Most assuredly," was the answer, and the man knew she was alone.

"I will give you my word of honor that I will not try to escape."

A short laugh answered him, and the mocking voice asked, "Don't you think that is making virtue of a necessity?"

"Had you thought that I might set fire to the place?" suggested Grant pleasantly. "There's nothing to burn except the door and I am outside. The smoke would inconvenience you more than anyone else."

A prostrated silence ensued, while Grant, seated on a sack of potatoes, lit a cigarette and smoked, wondering how he could get Rodomo taken care of. Evidently the girl was alone. The pony had not been watered since morning and the sprain would make him feverish.

The man approached the door again. "I beg your pardon, but are you still on guard?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to ask if there is any way to have my pony brought down here. He is up the trail three miles, with a sprained ankle. He has not had any water since this morning and I left him tied, because I expected to go back with Prince and take care of him before I hit the trail again."

"There is no one to send," was the reply. "I don't suppose you would accept my word of honor if I promised to get Rodomo and come back here with him?"

"I do not intend to open that door until the sheriff reaches home tomorrow noon," was the decisive answer.

Grant made his way back to the potato bag where he finished his cigarette in silence, looking back across the last four years of his life.

"Not much to be proud of," he summed up. "What a damned fool I have been."

He threw the burnt cigarette on the floor, grinding it with his heel, true to the cowboy's instinct to prevent range fires, then he stretched himself out to sleep, using an empty gunnysack for a pillow. But the dreams of a cripple pony calling for succor and a girl with innumerable pistols, made him restless. Once he sat up suddenly, believing he heard the tramp of hoofs approaching and waited hopefully in the thought that Jones had come home, so aid

might be given Rodomo. But hope died in the silence.

The hours passed and daylight crept into the room through the small window; the light fell across the sleeping man, who moved, stretched, lifted his head and stared about him, then recalling events of the previous day, sat up quickly.

"I wonder if she really did sit out there all night," he murmured, rising and moving to the door.

"Good morning," he called cheerfully. "I hope you did not sit up all night on my account? I gave you my word that I would not try to escape and there is honor, even among thieves, you know."

Silence answered, and believing she had deserted her post, Grant felt relieved. He was hungry and thirsty, but the thought of Rodomo's condition worried him more than his own.

There was a tap at the door and Grant hurried to it.

"If you will promise that you will not try to escape, I will give you breakfast; but otherwise, you will go hungry."

"You have my promise," he replied promptly.

"Have you ever stolen any other horse?"

"No."

"You give your word as you would give it to a man?"

"No man has ever doubted my word," said Grant quickly, his tone carrying conviction.

"Very well."

The door swung open and the first direct rays of the sun flashing in his eyes, blinded him; then growing more accustomed to the light he saw the girl framed in the open doorway.

He had thought she was pretty in the faint light the night before but as she stood tall and slender in a trim tailored skirt of serge and a frilly white waist open at the throat, while the braid of hair had been converted into innumerable soft masses, Grant caught his breath in surprise. Back in other days he had been accustomed to many pretty girls, girls who had smiled on him graciously, mindful of his substantial bank account, and whose smiles had vanished with his dollars. Even among those girls he knew this one before him would have been pre-eminent.

Suddenly he realized his own unshaven face, his tousled hair, and that in her eyes he was merely a would-be horse thief, a part which he, no doubt, looked to perfection.

"You will find soap and towels in the next room. After you wash, you can get that can of coffee down and bring some potatoes and a sack of flour to the kitchen," she commanded as she moved toward the kitchen.

The situation dawned on Grant, and his lips twitched. Evidently all the provisions had been locked up with her prisoner, necessitating a truce on her part, or hunger.

Depositing the articles on the kitchen table, the man asked if there were anything else he could do. "Shall I feed Prince?" he queried.

She looked at him searchingly before she nodded assent, and Grant flushed angrily at the doubt in her eyes, but merely made his way to the barn.

He started in surprise, for Rodomo, with carefully bandaged leg, shared Black Prince's quarters.

A thrill of gratitude swept over Grant, and he hastened to care for the two animals, then made his way back to the kitchen where the girl was poking at the stove.

"Who brought Rodomo here?" asked Grant, standing beside her. "I thought I heard horses in the night."

"I brought him," she replied, punctuating her words with prods of the poker between the bars of the fire grate.

"You went up there alone, in the dark?"

She glanced up quickly. "Did you think I could let an animal suffer all night?" she retorted sharply, then without waiting a response, she concentrated her attention on trying to make the sullen fire become flames.

Grant looked about him. "You've got hard wood in that stove," he said authoritatively. "What you need is a little pine to start the blaze and cedar to hurry it up."

THE SERIES OF TALES!
STORY TELLING. THIS IS THE SECOND OF
THE TRAVELERS WITH ORIENTAL CURIOUS.
IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE HINDU
PUNYAS BEGAN TO ARRIVE IN HINDUSTAN.
THE YEAR IS 1856. JUST BEFORE
OF THE MODUL. EMPEROR. ARKAT.
CITY OF PAPHOS-SIKH. THE CAPITAL
MET AT A CHAMBERSMAN OUTSIDE THE
FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF INDIA. HAVE
EIGHT TRAVELERS. HINDUS AND MUSLIMS.
AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

can the dhole, assuming a sitting posture
and spreading the folds of his loose-flowing
cotton garment over his bare shoulders.
I am an honest man. And it is for that very
reason I have suffered. Yesterday, among
the apparel I received from the home of the
zemindar to be made clean and white was
the body of a woman, and tied in one cor-
ner of this piece of raiment was a ring set
with bright red stones that gleamed as if
not one word more to anyone about it.

"The recipient of this unexpected bounty
prostrated himself before me.
"O prince of justice, no longer do my
wounds pain me. The bellies of my children
will be filled for many long days to come."
"Then so thy way, rejoicing in thy
heart even though limping on thy feet.
And remember that silence is golden. Say
not one word more to anyone about it."

he spoke, he touched a pouch that hung
from his girdle. "For I am not, as I may have
seemed to you, a mere dealer in horses, but
the son of a great chief in my own land."
I bowed my head, in homage as well as in
acquiescence. For the news did not sur-
prise me, and in a friend of such noble
bearing and high attainments I was well
acquainted.

The Hollow Column. By Edmund Mitchell.

Saturday, November 20, 1915.

"Dead long since."
"The hollow marble column?" pressed the
interlocutor.
"Its secret remained unrevealed," replied
the tax collector. "Trusty friends told me
later that the flight of Abdul on a fiery
stallion, with a female figure clinging to
him on the saddle behind, ever remained a
mystery. So the youth had had the
presence of mind to close the sliding panels
above and below."
"He escaped? He lived?" queried the
Rajput.
"Assuredly," came the quiet reply. "I
have never seen nor heard from Abdul
from that day to this. But as destiny had
provided, long years before the actual
event, a means for the accomplishment of
his happiness, I have ever rested content
in the belief that all was well with him—
that all is well with him even yet perhaps
—with him and his beloved in the valley
of far-away Bokhara."
"I should like to find that hollow column,"
muttered the Afghan.
"As I have said, the column was contrived
for love and not for rapine, my friend.
Should the white stone from Comorandel
that can be cunningly wrought into marble
ever cross your fate, be on your guard lest
the omen mean, not the gaining of a for-
tune, but the making of a tomb."
The Afghan smiled, half disdainfully, half
uneasily, and silence reigned for a spell.
[Copyright, 1915, by Edmund Mitchell.]

"Every one in the audience hall swept
outside, even the zemindar, his dignity all
forgotten. Left alone, with swift conscious-
ness of the suspicion that had fastened it-
self upon me, and of my powerlessness to
deny connivance with the escape of my
friend, I gathered myself up and fled by
the side passage to a ghat on the river.
Here I had a boat prepared for just the
emergency that had happened, and because
of this happy foresight I am enabled today,

"Where is Abdul?" of a sudden asked
the zemindar, casting a glance of inquiry
around.
"He has been smitten with fever, my
lord," I answered, taking upon my shoulders
the burden of excuse, and telling no false-
hood, for surely love is the fiercest burning
fever of all.
"Ah, ha!" muttered the zemindar, in a
guttural note of disappointment. And there
and then I saw him toying with a ruby
ring, not worn upon one of his fingers, but
held lightly between the two hands. "Does
anyone here know aught of this bauble?"
he added, raising the gem aloft.
"There were glances of inquiry from all

to the treasure chamber above. This he
confided to my father, seeking to gain him
as a confederate in systematically robbing
their master. But my father had a heart of
gold and a hand of steel, for he slew the
would-be thief after disdainfully rejecting
his base proposal. Yet did he keep locked
up in his own breast exclusively, knowledge
of the hollow marble column, and of the
sliding sections that gave access to it both
above and below. For knowledge is power,
he argued, and no man should squander
such power any more than he would squan-
der wealth. The destined time would come
for the use of the knowledge, and it was in
this faith that, just before he died, he con-
fided the secret to me, his successor in the
office of treasurer.
"And with me unto this day the secret
has remained. But now at last the workings
of fate are disclosed. How old art thou,
Abdul?"
"Four and twenty summers," he re-
plied.
"Well, a full score years before you were
born God so contrived that there should be
a means for you to rescue the pearl of your
heart, and escape, both of you, back to your
own country. Go now and arrange the re-
lays of horses, as I have directed, and when
tomorrow's sun has risen, send by the hand
of the dancing girl the message to your be-
trothed within the zenana, bidding her to
be prepared. An hour before the zemindar's
noontide council I will meet you, and, con-
ducting you to the vaults below the as-
sembly hall with its three-and-thirty columns
of marble, will show you that particular
column which, by the touching of a hidden

When Ringwell Scored. By Robert Speed.

OF GOOD STUFF.

JIM, THE old driller, was possessed of
an inexhaustible fund of stories of the
oil field, his home for twenty years. The
rig of Omar 3, where he was working "after-
noon tower" was a favorite resort in the
evenings for the teamsters and other oil-
field employees whose day's work was done.
Grouped in the light of his flaring gas torch
we listened to his tales and sage observa-
tions punctuated with the puff, puff of the
tireless engine.
One evening the talk had turned to the
many types of men to be met in the oil field.
"You can't tell, here, by a man's looks
who nor what he is," Jim observed. "You
may see a fellow all daubed with oil help-
ing to pull a well and find out he's a mil-
lionaire's son; another one may be wearing
diamonds and tailor-mades and yet be a poor
skate without a shingle over his head or a
table to stick his knees under. We don't
care a hang who a man is, anyway, it's what
he is we look at. Money cuts a wide swath
in town, but when a moneyed man comes
out here if he shows he has the right stuff
in him we'll treat him just as well as though
he had to work for a living.
"Now take Ringwell. 'The duke,' as we
called him, hadn't been working on the lease
a week before he had every man on the
job despising him. He was English with a
big E and an accent so broad you could see
it. Of course, that was against him; still
he might have got along with the boys all
right if he hadn't bragged about his wealthy
people in the old country. That was too
much, much too much, as the fellow in the
show says.
"He 'rad a high-and-mighty way of talking
that 'made you mad clear through if he only
said 'good morning.' More than once a
crowd of the boys have been sitting in my
rig of an evening, just as you fellows are
now, when here would come the duke. He'd
butt right into the talk as if it was every-
body's chief business to listen to him, and
in a few minutes the other fellows would all
get up and leave. Then he'd sit there and
tell me and my tool-dresser about his rich
folks and the swells he 'knew in London till
we'd be about ready to throw him into the
sump-hole. We could see that he wasn't a
bad sort at that; he was just all swelled up
and hadn't learned that the things you knew
at home are what you've got to forget when
you come out here into the fields.
"Johnnie Essen was skinning a team of
mules for the Omar then. You fellows don't
know Johnnie—he left here several years
ago—but he was a little, dried-up cuss with
a temper like a tarantula. Well, they put

Ringwell to swamping for Johnnie at first.
He stayed with him two days. The evening
of the second day Johnnie walked into the
office and told them that if Ringwell got
on his wagon the next morning he was go-
ing to kill him with the monkey wrench.
"Johnnie was a good skinner and he'd
been with the Omar a long time, so they
humored him considerable. Next morning
Ringwell was put to work with Dad Varley.
Dad's producing foreman for the Stanhope
now, but in those days he was one of the
Omar's gang-pushers.
"A few days later Dad and his gang were
pulling a well near where I was drilling.
Along in the afternoon, everything at the
rig running smooth as clockwork, I left my
toolie in charge and strolled over to swap
chews with Dad.
"We walked together over to another well
that was to be pulled next and were stand-
ing there talking when we saw a cloud of
dust coming up the road and heard a whip
cracking.
"Here comes Johnnie with a load of
twenty-inch to start the new well on the hill
with," says Dad.
"Before Essen got near us we could tell
that the load on his wagon wasn't the only
one he had with him. He used to hit the
bottle pretty hard, and that day he was
ginned to the eaves. Up the road he came,
cracking his whip and yelling at those mules
language that would curdle milk. Johnnie
thought the world of his stock; but the way
to talked to them, sometimes, was scanda-
lous.
"To get to the new rig Johnnie had to
turn off the road a ways beyond where Dad
and me was standing and drive straight up
the hill. It was pretty steep; but that didn't
trouble Johnnie any. When he was sober
he'd drive those mules anywhere a goat
could climb; when he was drunk he'd send
them up the side of a church.
"As Essen passed us Dad looked at me
and I at him. The wagon had on three joints
of twenty-inch casing, twenty-two foot to
the joint, forty-five pounds to the foot. To
climb hills with that kind of a load is
mighty risky business unless you've got it
bound on so tight it can't slip a hair; and
Johnnie's binding chain hung loose—he
hadn't even put in the twisting bar. As he
turned off the road we could see the casing
slip and shift in a way to scare stiff anyone
but a drunken man.
"We'd better stop him and make him
tighten that chain," I says.
"Looking for trouble?" Dad asked. "Giv-
ing Johnnie advice is unprofitable business
any time; when he's drunk it's picking a
quarrel."

"So we didn't say nothing, and Johnnie
kept going, cracking his whip, cussing the
mules turn about from the off leader to the
near leader, and stopping every few feet to
blow them. We stood watching him, looking
every minute to see his load slide off over
the tail of the wagon. It had a clear sweep
down the hill so we weren't worrying much.
If it rolled down Johnnie'd have the job of
hauling it back again, that'd be all. If it
did happen to swerve far enough to hit a
rig—well, that would be Johnnie's funeral.
"He'd got almost to the top when, sure
enough, the top joints went off. If he'd
been going straight up the hill it might
not've rolled, but he'd just turned sideways
to go around some cactus when the hind
wheel went into a hole, the wagon gave a
lurch, and the casing slipped back under
the slack chain onto the ground. For about
a second it lay still, then started to roll.
"Just then we saw something that fair
froze my blood. Dad's little three-year-old
girl Toodles, as pretty a youngster as you'll
ever lay eyes on, had come out with him
that afternoon and been playing around
without Dad's paying much attention to her.
He said afterward he had forgotten her en-
tirely when all of a sudden she comes
climbing out of a wash and starts trotting
across the field toward us right in the path
of that runaway pipe.
"For half a second we was paralyzed;
then we both let out a yell and started for
her as fast as we could run. We knew we
couldn't do any good, though; the casing
would reach her before we could. Dad kept
calling to her to run back into the wash;
but she didn't understand and came on to-
ward us.
"Then something else happened. Dad's
gang were on the other side of the baby
and only about half as far from her as we
were; and when we yelled they all looked
up to see what was the matter. It took
them about a jiffy to take in the situation;
then two or three of them started for
Toodles as hard as they could come. In two
seconds one of them was running away
from the others. It was the duke.
"I never saw a man run like he did; but
at that there didn't seem much chance for
him to reach her in time; and if he did the
casing would certainly catch him before he
could get out of its way. That pipe was
coming like an avalanche, bouncing over
the rough ground, smashing sagebrush and
cactus flat as it came, sometimes jumping
into the air from the top of a squirrel knoll.
It was the most exciting race I ever saw
and I don't never want to see another one
with such stakes up.
"To hear me talk you'd think it lasted

quite a while; but really it was all over in
half the time it takes me to tell about it.
The casing was almost on the child when it
dropped into the little gully where she'd
been playing. It came out again with a
bounce but its speed had been checked a
little; and by just that much the duke
reached Toodles first. And right then he
showed real presence of mind. He didn't
try to get out of the pipe's path—if he had
they would both have been killed—he just
threw himself on the ground with that baby
in his arms and the casing passed right over
them.
"We thought they had been crushed, sure;
but when we reached them we found they
were lying in a little hollow—that's what
saved their lives. It wasn't deep enough,
though, to protect them altogether. Toodles
wasn't hurt—Ringwell had shielded her
with his own body—but he had a broken
shoulder and was pretty badly bruised.
"When Dad found his baby was all right
he held Ringwell's hand and cried like a
woman. Fact is there wasn't many dry eyes
in the bunch of us. I know two that weren't
anyway."
Jim rose and walked over to the yawning
hole that would some day yield a wealth of
"black gold." Up and down in its maw
churned a steel cable; three thousand feet
below a huge bit was slowly ramming its
way downward. The driller grasped the
cable and as his hand rose and fell with it
the big wire cord told to his trained touch
just how things were going a half-mile
below. Presently, as though satisfied, he
resumed his seat.
"The duke got along with us all right
after that," he remarked. "You see he had
good stuff in him; as soon as he got over
some of his foolish notions he proved to be
a bully good fellow."

Thanksgiving.

The yellow has gone from the maples,
The birds fly away to the south,
I hear the great blast of the north wind,
A trumpet with storms in its mouth.
Ere long and the snow will be falling,
The twilight come early and cold,
And the beautiful runes of the summer
Shall be but as tales that are told.

Yet now is the time for Thanksgiving,
For music and greetings and mirth;
A song for the old folk we honor—
A song for the little one's birth
In the home as we joyfully gather,
As gayly we sit at the board,
We lift up our praise to the Father;
Accept our thanksgiving, O Lord!
—[Margaret E. Sangster.]



Recent Cartoons.

Saturday, November 20, 1915.

The Return to the Tents. By Myra Nye.

HOME AGAIN.

"WHERE ARE you going?" "To California." There was a little exultant note in Elsie Haskell's answer which did not escape her questioner; although she did not realize the intensity of it and, taking the next answer almost as a matter of course, there was no rising inflection to her voice when she added:

"To the expositions."

Elsie shook her head and her eyes were shining with something not quite tears. Her voice broke ever so little.

"No, not the expositions; I am going back to the tents."

"To the tents! Pardon me, but what do you mean? Are you going home?"

"Yes, oh yes, I am going home and to the fumigating tents." She uttered a little laugh and clasped her hands in a pretty, girlish gesture as she eagerly leaned towards this traveling acquaintance whom she had just met.

"I am so happy," Elsie went on, "you would know just how happy if you ever went back home to California. It is such a beautiful place to go and if you love it, why you just love it to pieces and then—well there are other reasons why I am glad. Perhaps you have lived there, though, and you know how I feel."

"Yes, I have lived there, but I do not know how you feel. I am going there merely to visit the two fairs and see some friends in Los Angeles." Patricia Silver spoke deliberately and slowly; her well-bred tones took on determination as she added: "Then I am going back to New York where my—no, her home was not there—where I live," she ended lamely.

There was no conversation for a moment and the rhythmic rumble of the train was an accompaniment to the cinema of the great Middle West unfolding before their view.

"Will you tell me, please, what you mean by going back to the tents? It sounds interesting, as though it held a splendid secret of yours. My magazines have become dull and lifeless."

Elsie leaned her elbow on the sill of the car window, her chin in her hand, looking at the fast receding Iowa landscape but not seeing it. Like other trick films, another moving picture registered at the same time on her brain. Could she tell this scenario to the beautiful stranger—a scenario whose synopsis held a tragedy in her own life? Sometimes it is easier to confide in a stranger than in one who is closer; and in a moment Elsie was deep in her story.

"Isn't it funny how selfish, and little, and stupid, and self-centered a bride can be and keep on being if she isn't jarred out of herself? It isn't at all funny for me, though, and I was all of that and more too. I married the best boy you ever saw. He is just fine. He is big and handsome and his name is Jim." The richly-clad girl beside her stirred uneasily in the seat, but Elsie did not turn to see the expression of her face.

"He has the kind of hair you can't keep your hands away from—the good feel of it—nor your fingers from running through it. At least, I can't, you'll have to, though, if I have anything to say about it; and I have, because he is my husband, you know." There was world-wide possessive in Elsie's "my husband" and Patricia smiled almost tenderly. She was not the least impatient of this enthusiastic, almost boastful, praise. There surged memories of the happy time when she had said with that same happy intonation "my husband."

"And he is so masterful," Elsie brought her back to the present. "He lets me have my way up to a certain point, but when he said a thing, it was so. I can't imagine Jim being beaten. He is just a master—'captain of his soul'—I heard that somewhere in a song and that describes Jim. But you know a mosquito can bother a lion, and I buzzed around poor Jim that first year we were married till he was bothered to death. He did some roaring, too. But

I didn't have the sense to stop. I was all the time teasing him to sell the ranch and go back east. I hated California then almost as much as I love it now. I was so homesick I cried every day. They say it takes a trip back to cure you when you get that bad; any way I am cured good and proper.

"Jim tried to make our ranch attractive with flowers and vines, but I wouldn't help him a bit. Our ranch! You will laugh when I tell you that our ranch is only five acres, set to young Valencia oranges. Our first crop the freeze took. Then the next winter the dry bed of Manzanita Wash became the unrestraining cage for a devouring beast of a flood which took two rows of our dandy trees that had grown big and fine. Well, you'd think that any one would be discouraged then and glad to leave it all; but not Jim. I couldn't budge him. I am glad I didn't now."

"He took what money he had in the bank, borrowed more by mortgaging the ranch and what do you think he did? He went into the fumigating business. That was the last straw for me. I am ashamed even to think of the quarrel we had. Jim had always said I was the prettiest girl in the world; but I guess I didn't look good to him then. I said the very meanest things I could think of and, believe me, through those months of practice I had grown to be a master hand at mixing words that sting and cut and kill. It broke Jim all up."

"I made him borrow more money. I took it and went back east to clerk in a city department store. Of all things! I left a dear little bungalow with roses grown to the roof, and violets at the doorstep, and an outdoor sleeping porch under a pepper tree that made a festooned fairyland on moonlight nights, and views from every window in my house that were masterpieces in God's gallery. I left all that and a good husband who loved me to clerk by day in a stuffy store and to sleep by night—when I could sleep—in a still more stuffy hall bedroom that cost more per week than Jim and I spent in a month to keep up our house. That is just as much sense as I had. I'm next now, though, and I am going to stay close to next. Next means Jim and California for me. I can't get there any too soon."

Patricia Silver heard the story through with varying emotion. The confidence elicited confidence. Hers was very brief.

"I am divorced," she said. "My former husband lives on a ranch in California, but I am not going there and I shall not see him."

"Oh!" There was a world of pity and some little remonstrance in Elsie's monosyllable. Yet when Elsie went more into detail of her own story, nothing further was added to her companion's disclosure. For the rest of the journey there was only casual conversation between them.

It was after dark when Elsie Haskell alighted from the long overland at the little canyon town two miles north of her own home. From the Colorado River on, her heart was fairly bursting with the joyful excitement of being in her beloved California. With the desert behind and the approach of familiar orange land glad tears came to her eyes. The evenly marked checkerboard of carefully tended groves lay unfolded below the mountains. She kept her window high. Once she leaned her head out and when she caught the scent of a few far off-season Valencia blossoms, memories stirred so poignantly that she could scarcely keep her seat in calmness. It seemed as though such exquisite ecstasy must lift her of itself. She felt that her own happiness must radiate through the car like a tangible thing; it must beat its waves against all these quietly-sitting people till they felt it. She half expected to see the men take off their hats and shout. Instead they were complacently reading their newspapers or sometimes raising their eyes to contemplate with envious glance the sunset of Elsie's perfect, home-coming day.

At the station there was no one to meet her. A little daunted, Elsie thought: "He didn't get my letter in time. I ought to have telegraphed dear old Jim. Never mind, I'd rather meet you there—at home."

The suburban street car ran past the corner of the ten acres next to them and in a short time Elsie, suitcase in hand, was at her own door. There was a light turned

low in the house, but no Jim. Elsie called softly, then louder and louder, going to the side screen porch, with her hands as a megaphone she called the old familiar call that once had brought Jim quickly to her side. There was no response.

"He hasn't got my letter." She looked over the letters in front of the clock on the mantel propped in place by Jim's pipe. Not only was her last letter not there—the one telling of her departure for California; neither was the one before it—the loving, reconciling, yearning letter. Then Elsie noticed the new address on the letters in her hand. Jim had evidently changed from the old post-office address to an office address in Los Angeles. That accounted for it all—no telegram in reply, the dimly lighted house, no welcoming arms. But so sure was Elsie of this latter that her joy did not diminish. It became only more subdued. What a surprise for Jim! She took off her hat and jacket, bung them in the little guest-room closet, then went to the kitchen where on the table were the remains of a man-prepared meal. The coffee in the pot was still a little warm and Elsie's fingers touched lovingly the cup which Jim had so lately touched. Half ashamed of her sentiment she let her lips linger where his had so lately been. With eyes blurring she groped to the place behind the door where his supper coat had always hung. It was there now. She leaned her cheek against it; it seemed a sentient thing, with its dear familiar smell of Jim and tobacco.

"Oh, Jim, you will forgive me, I know. Come home to me now. I want you so."

But Jim did not come and later, when a faint peculiar odor drifted in through the open door, Elsie said the one word:

"Fumigating." He was near then, in the orchard down the road. He would be out all night. She could not wait.

Without hat or coat, eagerly running she reached the quaint roofed gate which Jim had made for her in their honeymoon. How often she had waited there for him. Now a long spray of gold-of-Ophir rose caught in her hair as she hurried past. She slowed her steps as she came to the road. Down the row in the middle of the street the tops of the plume-like eucalypti were illumined by more moonbeams. The torches and the lantern of the fumigators flared against them. Huge shadows of the men moved in the flare. From the distant rows of the orchard came the shouts of the men as they called the numbers of the tents and the "pullers" covered the trees. As they worked they were singing "My Little Gray Home in the West."

"There are arms that will welcome me home—" Elsie echoed softly.

"There are lips I am longing to press—"

But where was Jim? She was near enough now so that the rhythmic swish of the great canvases as they were pulled over the trees sounded to her like the surf at the shore. The covered trees stretched away in perspective like a parade of gigantic, majestic elephants motionless and tamed.

She saw the generator come down the aisle of the trees, his lantern in one hand and the tray of potential death in the other. She stepped back in the purple shadow of the eucalyptus to avoid his light. She saw him take the bit of deadly cyanide in his rubber-gloved hand. The "kicker" lifted the canvas of the last covered tree while with one quick decisive movement the generator dropped the white crystals into the pitcher of sulphuric acid and set it beneath the tree. The "kicker" lowered the canvas, circled the tent and kicked every fold of the canvas into place close to the ground. Then he followed the generator down to the next tree. The deadly fumes began their work upon the black scale. Elsie watched fascinated. It was indeed a weird sight made dramatic by the shadows, the lights, the night and the poison. She shuddered slightly when she remembered the death which had followed in the wake of fumigation—her pet dog only a moment or so beneath the tent, the chickens that had roosted in the trees and unseen were covered, the birds upon the ground lifeless in the morning.

Slowly, stumbingly, wearily with the weariness of life a man came down the aisle of trees. The moon was behind him, no lantern shone in his face but Elsie knew even with that unfamiliar gait that it was

Jim. She would have known Jim anywhere. Her face quiver with love she started toward him. Suddenly she stopped short; she heard the cry that harrows a woman's soul, the cry of a strong man, her mate, broken and beaten. Elsie was crying too, when she heard her own name. With arms outstretched she called:

"Jim, dear Jim!" But she must not go to him like that. He must not see her, for the first time on her home-coming in tears. She remembered how tired he had grown of her constant crying. That would be different now, she was determined. So she choked back her sobs and he did not hear her.

He was intent upon death.

Elsie saw him glance furtively up the row. No one was watching from the crew of busy men. He lifted the edge of the canvas and the fumes swept out. Instantly affected, he staggered back. He realized he must go feet first if he was to conceal his body before the appalling gas overcame him. He crouched down; then he lay prone upon the uneven ground. The canvas fell just to his shoulders when, with a piercing shriek Elsie was beside him.

Frantically she tore the canvas back, sweeping it close to the ground leaving his body free. Even thus, quickly with the deadly fumes pouring about his nostrils, he was unconscious. Elsie tugged at his shoulders and called loudly, repeatedly. A moment later the men were carrying him toward the house, a voluble one explaining how it happened.

"He don't drink nothin', he must have stumbled and fell against the tent. Mighty close shave."

Elsie following breathed a swift prayer of thanksgiving. Only she knew how close had been the shave.

The next day, Jim, all sickened by the lethal poison, with no trace, however, of the agonizing feeling of throttled throat and crumpling lung-tissue that he had experienced the night before, was able to be up and about. He hovered constantly near Elsie. All explanations had been made but the words of love seemed exhaustless.

"You told your Mrs. Silver that I was captain of my soul, did you, girlie?"

"Yes, I did, dear, and you are."

"Not last night, Elsie," he said ruefully.

"And not ever without my mate."

"Then you will be always captain of your soul." He took her words and her caress as a pledge.

A week later, happily busy about her home, Elsie answered the telephone.

"Long distance, Mrs. Haskell. Here is your party."

Then a soft aristocratic voice which Elsie recognized instantly: "This is Mrs. Silver. Tell me, are you happy?"

"Oh—" Elsie could only gasp at first.

"Happy! Oh, you don't know how happy!"

"Yes, I do know; you haven't a corner on all the happiness," she said, playfully. "I was Patricia Silver when you met me on the train. I am soon to be Mrs. James Silver again. I have a Jim, too, you see, though to hear you talk that day coming to California one would think there was only one Jim in the world. It was your story that did it, dear little Mrs. Haskell. We have an orange ranch, too, and we are going to live in the San Gabriel Valley. Come to see me soon."

Elsie could not wait to tell the news to Jim. She ran out to the end of the home-made pergola where Jim was making a rustic seat for her.

"The Silver Ranch! Well, I should say I do know it. We fumigated there early this fall. Silver is a fine fellow. That one orchard of his is a sixty-acre Valencia and it brings him big money."

"They can't be any happier than we are though, can they?" And disregarding the formidable hammer in his hand, she snuggled past it into his arms.

"Not on your life, kitten; but say, this fumigating business of mine isn't so bad and our Valencia returns are coming in right now good and plenty. We can get a machine next week and pay cash for it if a Ford will satisfy you, Miss City Person, friend of Mrs. James Silver."

"Oh, anything will please me, Jim; just so you go with it."

"Gee, I hope I won't have to go with it. I want to go in it."

The Hollow Column. By Edmund Mitchell.

AT THE WAYSIDE INN.

EIGHT TRAVELERS, HINDUS AND MUSLIMS, FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF INDIA, HAVE MET AT A CARAVANSERAI OUTSIDE THE CITY OF FATHPUR-SIKRI, THE CAPITAL OF THE MUGUL EMPEROR, AKBAR. THE YEAR IS 1590, JUST BEFORE EUROPEANS BEGAN TO ARRIVE IN HINDUSTAN. IN ACCORDANCE WITH ORIENTAL CUSTOM, THE TRAVELERS BEGUILF THE NIGHT BY STORY TELLING. THIS IS THE SECOND OF THE SERIES OF TALES.

"EVENY man's fate is foreordained," said the tax collector, reflectively stroking his beard. "Although we may not understand it at the moment, each particular event that happens is simply a means prepared for some destined end that may be many years remote in time. Vishnu the Preserver saved the life of the little maid of Jhalnagar so that her father's life might later on be saved. But none can read the future, so that we are all blindly doing the things of today without knowing their real bearing on the things of a far-away tomorrow. And one man can make or mar the happiness of another man, even though their lives be separated by hundreds of leagues in space or hundreds of years in time."

"In your mind doubtless is some tale to illustrate the truth of what you teach," remarked the astrologer, with a shrewd up-lifting of his eyebrows. "The stars can help us to read the future, as I can prove to you by a story of actual experience. But before I proceed to my narrative, pray, friend, let us hear from you."

"Gladly," assented the tax collector. "The story of this noble Rajput has brought to memory an incident in my own life many years ago, likewise serving to show that the gods prepare long years ahead for the working out of each particular man's destiny. Listen:

The Tax Collector's Story.

"As a youth I was keeper of accounts in the service of a rich zemindar, whose estate lay in the Country of the Five Rivers. He was a usurer as well as landowner, as had been his fathers before him for many generations. So in his castle was an accumulation of great stores of wealth—gold and silver and precious stones, cloth of gold, silks, brocades, and muslins, ivory and amber, camphor, spices, dyestuffs and other merchandise of divers kinds."

The Afghan general stirred, and the scabbard of his sword rattled on the floor as, raising himself from his elbow that rested on a cushion, he sat up and assumed an attitude of keen attention.

"Where is this place?" he asked, a wolfish gleam in his eyes and his lips curved to a smile that revealed, under the black, curled mustache, the white gleam of sharp-pointed teeth.

The story-teller also smiled, knowingly, and raised a deprecatory hand.

"Nay, friend, this zemindar, my first master, was not fated to be relieved of his treasure, as my story will tell, even though a skillful plot had been laid for his spoliation. Which is the very point of my tale, although I may seem to come to it by a roundabout way of telling."

The Afghan sank back on his cushion, but his gaze remained riveted on the narrator's face.

"One day I was seated in my home, casting up my books or account, for I had only that morning completed the taking of taxes from the crops of the rayats, the tenants of my lord. All of a sudden a white-robed figure entered the doorway and threw himself prostrate before me. When at last the face was raised I recognized the dholi of the village that nestled under the hill on which was perched the castle of the zemindar."

"O thou washer of clothes," I asked, "what is thy plaint?"

"Protector of the poor," replied my visitor, "behold my bandaged feet, beaten with rods until they are swollen and torn."

"I looked, as requested, and saw the blood-stains soaked through the wrapping of linen."

"Thou art an honest and peaceful man, Bhagwan. Why this cruel punishment?"

"I know not, indeed. But I have come to thee because I have endured the wrong at the hands of thy master."

"Tell me thy story."

"As you have said, O my protector," be-

gan the dholi, assuming a sitting posture and spreading the folds of his loose-flowing cotton garment over his bandaged feet, "I am an honest man. And it is for that very reason I have suffered. Yesterday, among the apparel I received from the home of the zemindar to be made clean and white was the bodice of a woman, and tied in one corner of this piece of raiment was a ring set with bright red stones that gleamed as if they were aflame. Straightway I returned to the palace of the zemindar, and, entering the audience chamber, where, as is his wont at that particular hour each day, he was seated receiving the complaints of the oppressed, did my humble obeisance, and then placed in his hand the jewel I had discovered. He asked me where I had found it, and when I replied truthfully, his eyes flashed with anger, and his voice thundered at me in rebuke. Although I had done no wrong, but rather a virtuous deed, I implored for pardon. But in vain. My mind grew confused, and the next thing I remember was the sharp cut of bamboo rods upon the soles of my feet. I was in a small vaulted chamber, bound to a wooden bench, surrounded by the zemindar's soldiers, and powerless except to scream out in the agony of each blow. Thirty strokes were counted, and then I was flung out of the gates of the castle, to limp my way home."

"Tears of self-pity were in the dholi's eyes as he recounted his tale of woe. Even then I was reflecting on the real cause of the zemindar's wrath. The jewel had been discovered in the folds of a garment worn by one of the women in his zenana, and his quick access of anger showed that the gift had come from some other hand than his. Savage jealousy, therefore, had prompted the act of injustice inflicted upon the unfortunate washerman. I knew my master so well, his sullen moods, his outbursts of passion, that already I could arrive at this conclusion with certainty."

"Proceed," I said, indifferently, for it is well that a man should keep his own counsel in such delicate affairs. "What is my concern in your misfortune?"

"Harken, O dispenser of bounties! Last night when I lay nursing my wounds I remembered that the ring which had proved the cause of my misery had been wrapped in a fragment of paper whereon were some strange marks and lines as in the books of learned men. This I had flung away, at that time deeming only the ring to be of any consequence. But the thought came to me in the night that perhaps the paper might tell something about the ring. So all this day have I searched among the bushes by the stream where I beat the clothes on stones and wash them. And behold, I have found that for which I have been seeking."

"Hereupon the dholi loosened the loin cloth beneath his upper garment, and extracted from its folds a tiny roll of paper. This he presented to me, with a bow of deference to my superior understanding of such things."

"This time I have come to you," he said, "a man of learning and of justice, not like unto the cruel zemindar. Does the paper tell why I should have suffered such shame and pain at his hands?"

"I had unrolled the scroll, the folds of which showed that it had served as a wrapping for the ring. The writing was in neat Persian characters, and I had no difficulty in deciphering it, for the four lines that met my eyes had been recited to me only a few days before by the very man who claimed to be their author."

"Now did my very heart tremble with agitation. But to the dholi I appeared cold as the waters of the snows that melt on the mountains."

"This writing would only add to your troubles," I said. "Here, let me destroy it." And, turning to the red ashes burning in a brazier near at hand, I dexterously substituted a fragment of paper, on which I had been figuring my accounts, for the paper received from the dholi, placing the former on the glowing charcoal embers and bestowing the latter in the security of my girdle. A curl of white smoke, a puff of flame, and the work of destruction was, to all appearance, completed."

"In view of your misfortune, my friend," I resumed, "I bestow upon you in the name of my master ten maunds of dal, which will

be sent to your home on the morrow."

"The recipient of this unexpected bounty prostrated himself before me."

"O prince of justice, no longer do my wounds pain me. The bellies of my children will be filled for many long days to come."

"Then go thy way, rejoicing in thy heart even though limping on thy feet. And remember that silence is golden. Say not one word more to anyone about the ring or the paper, your punishment or the reward that has now redressed the wrong. Go in peace."

"And the dholi, after profuse expressions of gratitude, hobbled by my presence."

"Alone with my thoughts, I felt sorely troubled. The writer of the verses of ardent poetry written on the paper brought to me by the washerman was my cherished friend, a youth from far-away Bokhara, Abdul by name. This young man had come to our country only a year or so before, bringing several beautiful Arab horses for sale. These the zemindar had purchased, and had retained Abdul in his service, for the youth was skilled in the management of horses and in the rearing of young stock."

"Abdul and myself were much of an age, and my regulation of expenditures in the stables had brought us constantly together. So a close friendship had resulted, valued greatly on my side, for I had soon come to know that Abdul was a man of refinement and learning such as I had never before encountered in any man of so humble a calling. And despite the fact that he was a Moslem and I a Hindu, he had chosen me as his intimate friend, his only confidant. Thus had it come about that at times he had read to me of an evening songs of his own composing, and even on occasion had sung them to the accompaniment of a small harp, the strings of which he touched with wondrous skill and sensibility."

"Now did I know that this dear friend of mine had endangered not only his well-being but his life, by sending into the zenana of our master, the zemindar, a love token and a love message for one of the women dwelling there."

"Thus ran the fateful lines, written after the style of the famous Persian poet, Omar the Tent-Maker, which I now read again on the paper withdrawn from my girdle."

"This ring, O idol mine, tells ore is here To bring thee joy, to kiss away the tear. Keep in thy heart the ruby fire of love; The hour of thy deliverance is near."

"And after reading, I felt thankful that the message had not fallen into the hands of the zemindar, else had the intriguer's identity been quickly determined and his fate as quickly sealed."

"Yet the lines breathed the spirit of honorable love, and my heart was stirred to aid my friend in his daring enterprise."

"Patiently during the afternoon I waited, cogitating the while, and counting the chances. At last, about an hour before sunset, Abdul came to me with his usual gay smile and happy greeting."

"He read trouble in my look, for straightway he asked of me:

"What is wrong? What matters have gone amiss?"

"I motioned him to sit by my side, and then without more ado told him of the evil turn that had befallen the dholi, and showed him the quatrain of verses."

"These you wrote?" I questioned.

"With my own hand," he answered, gravely, but without access of fear.

"And the ring with the flaming red gems?"

"Was her mother's own ring. Zuleika would know it in an instant."

"Zuleika—who is she?"

"Listen, my brother, for fate points that to thee should I give my fullest confidence. Zuleika is a maid of the Turkmans, betrothed to me. But a year ago, when gathering flowers in our valley, she was stolen by roving freebooters. And, true to my love, I have followed her here, to the home of the zemindar, your master, who purchased her from the marauders."

"How came you to know that she was here?"

"Never mind. I am a man of resource and observation, and I tracked the maid. Moreover, gold opens the gates of confidence, and of this I have goodly store." As

he spoke, he touched a pouch that hung from his girdle, "For I am not, as I may have seemed to you, a mere dealer in horses, but the son of a great chief in my own land."

"He had drawn himself up proudly, and I bowed my head, in homage as well as in acquiescence. For the news did not surprise me, and in a friend of such noble bearing and high attainments I was well content to recognize an overlord."

"More did he tell me—about a grass cutter in the stables who had ridden with the robbers, and knew where the captive had been disposed; and about a dancing girl who had carried the ring into the zenana, and brought forth Zuleika's answer in return, telling that she was well, that she was destined as the bride of the zemindar's eldest son, but that she would resist all advances until rescued by her lover, the pearl of her heart, now thrice dear because he had followed her so faithfully and so far."

Abdul, fearful of danger to Zuleika because of the discovery of the ring, was for instant action—the hiring of bravoos, and a bold attack on the zemindar's person, taking him unawares, carrying him off and holding him to ransom, deliverance of the captive maid of the Turkmans being the price of his freedom."

"But I had more subtle counsel to offer. For by foreordaining of Providence there rested in my breast certain knowledge, the real use of which was only now being revealed."

"Harken to me, Abdul," I said, "and I shall show you a way out of your difficulties—a way, too, that will lead to the attainment of your heart's desire. Send out tonight relays of horses along the northern road, and reserve for your own use the fleetest and strongest steed in the zemindar's stables. Tomorrow morning early the dancing girl will carry a message to Zuleika, bidding her to watch and wait for you near the door in the women's quarters that leads to the treasure room of the zemindar."

"Of a surety you jest at me," interposed Abdul. "How can I gain access either to zenana or to treasure chamber?"

"All will presently be made clear. At the appointed place Zuleika must await your coming, tomorrow during the hour of the zemindar's public audience. Him shall I engage in business matters while you carry off your beloved. In this you cannot fail, for God, the Lord of the Universe, pitying and helping you, has long years ago prepared the precise means for the accomplishment of your purpose."

"Still do you speak in riddles, friend."

"Nay; listen, Abdul, and though you, a follower of Mohammed, may think of me as an idol-worshipping Hindu, you will yet see that the same supreme spirit rules both our destinies, making me the instrument of your happiness, because of certain knowledge which I possess. There is a secret which my father entrusted to me before he died, bidding me to guard it jealously until occasion for its application might arise. And behold now the appointed hour has come."

"You know the council chamber of our lord, the zemindar, with its three-and-thirty columns of white marble. These are massive, seeming to have been hewn out of single pieces of rock—base, pillar and capital all in one, each column of its entirety a single piece of quarried stone. But learn that this is not so, for these monoliths are in reality artificially made, having been fashioned by clever workers from the Coromandel country, who brought with them here supplies of a certain hard white stone, which they first roasted to a great heat, and then ground to the fineness of flour, finally compounding this material with other things, and constructing therefrom the columns of marble you now behold."

"Indeed have I marveled at their size," commented Abdul, "and wondered how such mighty blocks of hewn stone could have been obtained or set in place."

"Well, you learn now that they were not quarried but moulded. This work was done in the time of my father, when he was treasurer in the service of the zemindar, then a young man. Now, know that the architect of the zemindar's palace was a dishonest knave, for he contrived that one of the three-and-thirty columns of marble should be hollow, and fitted inside with steps or holding places of iron, so that a

The Holiday of Gratitude. By Alice Harriman.

[Saturday, November 30, 1918.]

Four Thanksgivings. By Perne Hunter.

A TRUE CHRONICLE.

IT WAS a pretty wedding. The "captain's lady" herself made it for them; and no drawing-room in the post was more fragrant with November violets than the one where Karl and Emma gave their pledges; nor was any Thanksgiving feast more gay with silver and glass and autumn flowers than the one prepared for Karl Schults and his bride, blushing and all but speechless with happiness.

Long had Emma sewed for the captain's wife, stitching in love with every "set" of her skillful needle; and the "captain's lady" had a seeing eye and an appreciative heart.

Karl was but a humble soldier, but he served Uncle Sam, and incidentally his officers, with a devotion that was almost religious.

The two had one shadow over their joy—in a week the regiment was to leave for the front. Would Karl return? This day they tried to forget the shadow, to look only into each other's eyes. And when they entered their snug quarters, where a fire on the hearth welcomed them home, Karl held his wife in a long, close embrace.

"Whatever in years to us comes, this day makes Thanksgivings for all mine life," he said slowly, reverently.

Months, years passed; and though worn by long suspense, Emma was happier than many of those long-ago war brides, for her Karl did return to her. Though wounded during his first year in the field, he was now whole and in health.

Like most other soldiers who fought faithfully against the disruption of the country of his adoption, he settled at once to the business of beating his sword not into a plowshare but into a lathe; for no one in three States could make better tools; this was before machines made them so perfectly.

Years passed. No children came to them, but an adopted daughter received love to the full capacity of their big hearts that might well have nourished a brood of sons and daughters.

With the same devotion—no, not the same that he gave to the flag that remained his star of worship—but with equal faithfulness, he served in the shops of the great railroad company, which he called with pride, "my company."

And for years Karl and Emma and little Emma were busy, happy, vigorous.

Then the blow fell. A great casting, let loose by some inadequacy of cord or pulley or human hand, crushed him. For weeks he struggled with death, winning so hardly that, though they knew he would live, living seemed scarcely worth while.

As soon as he could walk he went to his old place, drawn there by human longing for familiar labors no longer possible, hungry for the faces of his mates, for a nod from his good friend, the master mechanic. And flippant young workers, who called him Old Iron-heart behind his back and trembled under his stern eye, marveled at the tremor in the master's voice when he bade Karl good-by.

"Your place is always open to you, Karl," he said at the shop door, but with averted face; Karl would not work again with iron and steel.

He did not reckon with Karl's unconquerable spirit.

Little Emma, upon whom they had lavished the savings that had not been eaten up by the long illness, married and found a home in a distant State, and they never saw her again. And the two migrated to a small, vine-adorned village in the hills, where Karl opened a little tool-repairing shop, which he tended when able.

On his bad days he worked as he could in his chair, and Emma took his place in the shop, receiving orders and delivering goods, between times nursing him in their small rear rooms.

Finally a critical operation became necessary, and then a second, and after months he returned from the hospital to make another long fight for health.

Gradually the little business, coupled with great frugality, paid the hospital bills; and Emma, by dint of sewing, cooking, taking care of babies for visiting or busy mothers, any work that came to hand, saved enough

to buy a lot. A little later they built a cottage, Emma undertaking the payments in her own name.

Time passed and Karl, better, yet less strong than he believed himself, returned to the city, and applied to his friend, the master mechanic, for his old place. Tools were no longer made slowly by hand, but there was ample repair work for Karl's skill, and soon he was in the noisy shop again, his first day's work ending Thanksgiving eve.

The next night, when Emma called him to their anniversary dinner, he took her again in loving arms.

"Twenty-five years, mama, and you still by me stay. Health and mine job also I have; God is good." Their sunny little second-floor flat was to them a mansion, their simple dinner a feast.

Better than Karl, Emma knew what lay ahead; and unknown to him she obtained government sewing, carefully hiding it from his eyes, as well as the dollars she earned against returning illness which came all too soon; for Karl's strength was not equal to his task, and for years the days he was ill outnumbered the days he could work.

But the master was lenient, and Karl's valiant spirit defied defeat. Gradually health, though never won, came nearer and remained longer.

The two became Uncle Karl and Aunt Emma to all the neighborhood. In spite of busy fingers Emma found time—as always she had found it—for many kind turns for less fortunate ones, and Karl had ever a dollar for one who needed it.

It fell to Emma to look out for the cottage in the hill village, to collect the meager rent, make repairs and watch trees and flowers. During each visit she planted some rare tree or shrub she had nourished in her city window. Vines she trailed over the porches, and planned a tiny shop in the sunny basement against the time when, his work-days over, "papa" could retire on his two pensions, Uncle Sam's bounty and the company's pension.

Carefully Karl had gathered from his earlier friends in the shop and in the small town evidence showing that he had been injured in the company's service, through his long enforced furlough had fought for his life and strength, suffered dangerous operations necessitated by his hurt, and paid the resulting bills, and even sooner than was prudent had returned to his post.

All this was stored in the office of the pension agent, ready to be submitted to the pension board when Karl should leave the company's service.

Though his good friend, the master mechanic, was now dead, as well as many others who had known Karl before the accident, Karl faced old age and growing weakness calmly, believing he should be able to work even longer than the time required for his pension.

Five o'clock in the morning, April 18, 1906.

The shock that horrified a great city and appalled the world with its aftermath of fire, awoke Karl and Emma to terror, and presently to action.

"The best stuff pack up, mama, for fears; but the fire soon stops. I go to the shop," Karl said with the optimism that prevailed that morning.

"Sure it soon stops," Emma indorsed. But with a sore and foreboding heart—as a mother's called to choose from her children one for some sacrifice—she began to select from her household goods.

Karl was the first man at the shop, and of hundreds of workmen the only one there to help the master mechanic guard the vast properties of the company. All day long, sturdy, faithful, his sixty-five years forgotten, he patrolled the place, the old soldier in him commanding a new strength and a new courage.

Relieved at night by a company of men, he stood with Emma and saw the flames sweep south farther and farther down their narrow street. In boxes and barrels Emma had packed their goods, treasures that linked them to the fatherland, their clinging love for it the base of their staunch loyalty to America.

But there were no wagons to move them; no willing one to carry even hand burdens

for each strong hand had double burdens those awful days and nights.

"We must our own self what we can carry, and go now," said Karl, when they saw the building on the next corner topple into the holocaust.

Yet—their neighbors below! The paralyzed man and his frail daughter. There was no one to move them. Already had the daughter bundled him into his wheel-chair and out on the sidewalk ready for flight, the chair stuffed, piled and hung, to its capacity, a coffee pot jingling against the teakettle, and supplies wrapped in petticoats.

"To help them last first," Karl said, dropping his bundle.

"Yes," Emma responded faithfully, untying her roll and selecting quickly, not grandmother's vase from Nuremberg, not the bedspread knit by great-aunt Amelia of Baden; only the simplest necessities and—Karl's picture, a big framed photograph of him as he had looked on their wedding day. She would not leave it but compromised with the sacrifice of glass and frame, carrying the rolled paper as if it were a baby.

Hastily—and furtively—they concealed what they could in the hole in the earth floor of the basement, dug that day by the slender daughter of the paralytic, and started south pursued by the blistering breath of voracious flames.

Down and up the hills they toiled, a part of a long, motley, clamoring, close-packed throng; the three in turn pushing the heavy chair, while the cripple impotently commanded them to leave him to his fate. It was wicked to save a paralytic when useful people were dying.

"Und what use for wicked peoples that lets a man die already? Shut oop!" counter-commanded Karl with effectuality.

Far on the southern hills the four cowered in safety under the all-night rain and watched the fire eat its way through the city, wiping out business, homes, separating parents and children, proving the courageous, exposing the coward, assisting the skulking criminal.

At 8 the next morning Karl was at the shop, as he was every day till the stress was over. But the strain and loss told on spirit as well as body. The one gloomy room, meanly furnished, into which they presently moved, was a poor substitute for their cozy flat. And though Karl with dogged persistence continued at his post, Emma knew he lived by sheer will.

She importuned him to retire to the hill-town home, declaring she could make Uncle Sam's pension sufficient for their needs. But he protested. He had given far more of his life blood and energy to the company than he had given to his country; his reward was justly due, and he would have it—"for her sake," he whispered.

The happy day came at last when, his term of service finished, they left the city for the village under the hills.

But there was only a short time of peace. Emma, the faithful, was stricken, must suffer an operation. Strange it was that she must have cut from her breast the same thing that the falling casting nearly two decades before had caused to grow upon Karl's breast.

The little house was mortgaged, and just before Thanksgiving back to the city they traveled, and Emma "went under the knife."

A few days later a friend of long standing, permitted to see the patient, found a languid, ambitionless Emma, totally unlike the Emma of old.

The nurse was anxious, said the patient ought to recover rapidly, that the case was going well if she only would have the will to live.

Alone with her friend, Emma told the reason—she was trying to die! There was no company pension—all the papers had burned, burned before the time had come for "papa's" case to go through. And those who had testified to the fact that Karl had lived and worked in the little village only to gain the bread he must eat while waiting for strength enough to return to his post—those friends were scattered or dead.

"If I die papa will have enough. If I live I be always dead weight on his arm." She hid her face.

But the friend was of the right stuff.

"Suppose Karl had tried to die twenty years ago; what kind of coward would you have thought him? Brace up! That pension shall come! I've known you always, I'll get revenue.

It myself. Live! Be a good old sport as you ever have been."

To Karl she said the same, though she did not tell him Emma had tried to die. And by Thanksgiving Emma was convalescent, and the two ate their anniversary dinner together there in the hospital, Karl openly thankful, Emma striving to be so.

Then followed a long, all but hopeless, task for the friend. The inspiration of desperation had sent the confident words from her lips to Emma; but when alone she had not the slightest idea how to set about her task. It would take much new evidence to convince the pension board that had never seen the old evidence; for its members did not know Karl, and would scrutinize coldly all assertions that his years away from the company's employ were merely years of probation to health, the health needed before he could work again.

But a kind deed is its own inspiration. Day by day and act by act she wrote out the life history of Karl and Emma as she knew it; his fight for health, Emma's loyal assistance; their kindness, faithfulness, neighborliness, good citizenship. Pages and pages she wrote, and sent copies broadcast to physicians, friends, fellow-workmen, neighbors, asking each one to mark every fact and paragraph to which he would be willing to make affidavit, and to return the manuscript. These parts she copied and returned to be sworn to, often supplying the notary's fee.

Many addressed were dead. Some could remember nothing. Some letters were returned with scant reply, or none. But some came generously marked, accompanied by warm-hearted letters suggesting still others who might remember. And best of all was the unflinching courtesy, the sympathy, the heart open to conviction, of the company's pension agent, who had been all but burned to death while trying to save some of the records of his office.

Still the months passed. The old people, ill and unable to work, waited in lessening hope. Karl, who would rather have "crept on hands mit knees" than accept charity, pattered about his strawberry beds or mended tools by day and suffered silently at night, while Emma, the active one, sat in her chair and worried over the interest money and wished she was dead.

The friend, having forwarded to the pension board everything her long, patient search could discover, waited almost without hope. She could no longer write to the old people simulating a buoyancy she not feel.

Then after weeks of leaden days she was summoned by the pension agent. The case had "gone through!" In her hand he placed the precious announcement, that she might be the bearer of the good news. And it was the day before Thanksgiving.

The next morning found her on the earliest train. Soon she stood in the little sitting-room with the astonished two, waving the magic letter.

That night when Emma was already at the gay table and the bearer of good tidings stood near to serve their dinner of celebration, Karl went to Emma and put his arm around her, lifting his eyes an instant, then fixing them upon the woman opposite.

"Life is rich. To give me a wife like Emma, and us a friend like you, God is very good. By thanks we eat."

A New By-product.

[Philadelphia Public Ledger:] "Pickle,"

which, heretofore has been allowed to go to waste after removing the scale in the manufacture of tin plate and galvanized wire, has been found to contain paint pigment colorings, a valuable by-product. Experiments here have proved so successful that one of the large tinning plants has authorized the construction of a laboratory for the recovery of the acids and the manufacture of coloring pigments from the solids derived. The various tints of color are attained by subjecting the material to different degrees of heat.

It is said that enough of the material is recovered from the pickling liquid thrown away daily to make it a valuable source of revenue.

Bucking the Movies. By Alice Harriman.

Prince believe that you didn't know the

Miss Hicks managed to catch the sword, but Mrs. Dorne stumbled, fell, and screamed with fright, for her cheek was cut by the knife.

But the light did not diminish. Red as
redder it grew and the panic-stricken man
rushed to a small stove in the rear of

the purring cat. His reply was given with all sincerity:
"It's my private opinion he wanted the himself."

Bucking the Movies. By Alice Harriman.

Good Short Stories - Brief Anecdotes Gathered From Many Sources. Compiled for the Times.

Robbed of His Choice.

A TAXICAB chauffeur furnished the text for this anecdote:
Having run over and killed a number of people, and presented his company with a number of lawsuits, he was finally discharged for reckless driving. He then became a motorman on a trolley line, but did not take kindly to the new work. One day as he was grumbling over his fallen fortunes a friend said:
"Oh, what's the matter with you? Can't you run down just as many people as ever?"
"Yes," said the ex-chauffeur, "I can, but formerly I could pick and choose."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Insulted the Policeman.

THROUGH the busy downtown streets a stalwart policeman led a little child by the hand.
A motherly-looking woman paused before them for a moment. Then, in a sudden burst of sympathy, she bent over the child and kissed her.
"Poor lamb! She looks so cold and starved-like; and she hasn't been washed for a week. Some folks cannot be trusted with children, wicked, cruel things they are. Where did you find the child, policeman?"
"Find the child, woman?" snorted the policeman angrily. "I didn't find her at all. She's my own kid."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Much in This Name.

AT A certain Welsh railway station which rejoices in the name of "Llanfairpwllgwyngyll"—and about two yards more of it—a new porter was engaged.
He was only an Englishman, but meant to do his duty.
The first train came in. He tackled the name of the station, but failed miserably to pronounce more than about the first inch. But he was a man of brains. Running along the platform he pointed to the board which bore the lengthy name, and yelled out:
"If there's anybody there for here, this is it!"—[Unidentified.]

Used to It.

THE MAN had been haled before the magistrate on some trivial charge.
"Let me see," said the judge. "I know you. Are you not the man who was married in a cage of man-eating lions?"
"Yes, your Honor," replied the culprit, "I am the man."
"Exciting, wasn't it?" continued the justice.
"Well," said the man judicially, "it was then; it wouldn't be now."—[Ladies' Home Journal.]

Compulsory Volunteering.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE said the other day in Washington:
"Women in England today hand white feathers to young men who haven't volunteered. These young men are booed in the streets and theaters. A young Englishman out of uniform is apt to be called a coward by every pretty girl who passes."
"Under these circumstances the English volunteer system reminds me of the Bolivian general who set out on a recruiting expedition. He wanted volunteers to put down a rebellion. Well, after he had been gone about a week he sent the War office this telegram:
"Volunteer spirit splendid. Am forwarding by steamer 150 volunteers. Please return the handcuffs."—[Washington Star.]

Exposed to Temptation.

"I HOPE you will be happy, Mary," said the mistress to her maid, who was leaving to get married.
"Thank you, ma'am. My young man is very steady, considering his environment."
"What does he do, Mary?"
"He's valet to a young millionaire, ma'am."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.]

Professional Beggars.

IT IS pretty well known that a great many apparent cases of distress are fictitious, and at least four-fifths of the street beggars are impostors, but it is to be hoped that very few benevolent people are so highly deceived as the lady who recently investigated the wants of some pensioners on her bounty.
"Where is the blind man?" she asked of a little girl she met at the door of a tenement house.
"He's readin' the paper, mum."
"Ah! where is the deaf man?"
"He's talkin' politics with the dumb man."
"And what has become of the paralytic?"
"He's abed, mum."
"That's strange! He ought to be running a race," said the lady, sarcastically. "He is the only honest beggar in the house. Why is he in bed?"
"Because he's dead."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

In a Bit of a Hurry.

A VERY small boy was taken to a dental establishment to have some of his first teeth pulled. For a second or so, during which time four teeth disappeared, everything was fairly serene, and then came howls of objections.
"I didn't want them teeth to come out," cried the young patient, suddenly recollecting something. "I want them to stay in."
"That's all right," consolingly responded the dentist. "They will soon grow in again."
"Will they?" quickly rejoined the boy, with a brightening face. "Do you think they will grow in time for dinner?"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

Suspicious.

"HOW DID this accident happen?" asked the reporter on the scene of the railway horror.
"Somebody stopped the train by pulling the airbrake cord," answered the conductor, who was among the survivors. "So the second section ran into us. It will take six hours to clear the track so that we can go ahead."
"Six hours?" screamed a passenger who had not yet spoken. "Six hours? But I was to have been married today."
"Have you any idea who pulled the rope?" continued the reporter, disregarding the interruption.
"I didn't have till this minute," whispered the conductor. "But what's the matter with telling the detective to watch that fellow that just butted in?"—[Cleveland Plain Dealer.]

English of the Diamond.

IN THE National League is an umpire who is a stickler for correct deportment on the diamond. In a game in which he officiated at the Polo Grounds early in the season, as Chief Meyers, the Indian catcher for New York, came to bat, certain of the Boston players sitting on their bench began to guy the brawny red man.
In an instant the umpire had left his place behind the catcher and was running toward the visitors' bomb-proof.
"Cut out them personalities!" he ordered. "Cut out them personalities!"
As he turned away a high-pitched voice filtered out from the grand stand behind him, saying:
"Cut out them grammar!"—[Saturday Evening Post.]

Embraced Opportunity.

THE newsboy had stood on the corner holding an undiminished bundle of papers for half an hour.
An unvarying and meaningless sound issued from his lips, but neither he nor anyone else thought he was saying anything. Suddenly the clang and bang of a fire engine divided the traffic.
"All about the fire! All about the fire!" he shrieked.
And every fifth person bought a paper.—[Puck.]

The Intelligent Juror.

IT IS not uncommon with lawyers when addressing a jury to single out one member who appears to them to be the most intelligent, and, therefore, the one most likely to be influenced by their appeals, said a well-known jurist recently. "But it does not always work out advantageously," he continued. "All the testimony in a case recently tried in Texas had been taken, the lawyers for both sides summed up, and the judge had charged the jury, when suddenly loomed up the aforesaid intelligent juror against whom both counsel had thundered their impassioned appeals. He was thirsty for information, and straightway addressed the court:
"I have been bothered a lot by two words the lawyers use here all the time."
"What are they?" demanded the court, expecting, undoubtedly, to be called upon to expound a fortiori or some other abstruse term.
"Plaintiff and defendant," said the juror. "I don't know just what they mean."—[Lippincott's Magazine.]

Wanted—Guidance.

"UM yes, Ah!" remarked the medico in his best bedside manner to his patient as they stood in the consulting-room. "I'll give you the following prescription," and he handed him three small packages.
The patient opened them and read the directions.
"A powder for my headache," he said aloud; "a pellet for my liver," he continued, "and a capsule for my gouty foot." Then he stopped and pondered deeply for a moment. "I say, doctor," he queried, "how'll the little beggars know the right place to go when they get inside?"—[Philadelphia Ledger.]

A Careful Witness.

NOT long ago a man was charged at a country court with trespassing, and also with shooting some pigeons belonging to a farmer.
In giving his evidence the farmer was exceedingly careful, even nervous, and the lawyer for the defense endeavored to frighten him.
"Now," he remarked, sternly, "remember you're on oath! Are you prepared to swear that this man shot your pigeons?"
"I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply. "I said I suspected him of doing it."
"Ah! Now you're coming to it. What made you suspect the man?"
"Well, first, I caught him on my land with a gun. Secondly, I'd heard a gun go off and had seen some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four of my pigeons in his pocket—and I don't think them birds flew into his pocket and committed suicide for the fun of the thing."—[Chicago News.]

Preparing a Finish.

"THAT feller Morgan Buttles is terrible unpopular," said one mountaineer.
"We'll have to git rid o' him, somehow," replied the old moonshiner.
"Yes. But we don't want to do nothin' in a way that ain't legitimate an' customary. You know he has p'litical ambitions."
"I've heard so. But he ain't got no pull."
"Yes, he has. An' you an' your relations want to stand back o' me when I put the case up to our Congressman. We'll git Buttles app'inted a revenue inspector an' then let nature take its course."—[Washington Star.]

Disconcerting.

A CANDIDATE for parliamentary honors was addressing a political meeting in the north of England. Anxious to make friends with his audience, he began thus:
"Gentlemen, I am very pleased to address a working class constituency. It may interest you to know that I am a working-man myself—in fact, I often work when you are asleep."
"You must be a burglar, then!" said a voice at the back of the hall.—[Tiddbits.]

The Great Detective.

"GOOD afternoon," said the great detective. "Have a chair—temporarily, of course."
"My husband's actions have been puzzling me," began the woman with the high-heeled gown. "Every evening after supper he mysteriously disappears, and never returns until midnight. He never tells me where he has been, but I suspect the worst, for he always comes back with a smear of face powder on his right shoulder, and I've found long hairs on his coat. Different mauve, all colors."
"Hum," said the great detective thoughtfully. "Hum."
"I should say so," replied the woman in the high-heeled gown.
"What's the nearest dance hall to your house?" asked the detective, and she answered, "The Palais de Hop."
Springing to the telephone, the great detective called up the Palais de Hop.
"Page Mr. Dooser, please," he requested.
"Hello, is this Mr. Dooser. It is? Thank you; that's all."
"Wonderful!" breathed the woman with high-heeled gown. "I'll start in tomorrow and take dancing lessons myself."
"That's the best way to stop him," agreed the g. d. "Eleven dollars, please."—[Detroit Free Press.]

Mistaken Identity.

A MAN with a really excellent mother-in-law came back from the shore last week with a mother-in-law story.
He said a woman fell off the pier into the sea one morning, and a fat man began to rave and roar:
"My wife! Oh, save my dear wife! A reward of \$20 to the man who will save my wife from a watery grave!"
A fisherman leaped in and saved the woman. Then he modestly demanded the promised \$20 from the fat man. But the fat man bit his lip and said:
"I'm sorry, my dear fellow, but there has been some mistake. You see, it wasn't my wife you saved, after all. It was my mother-in-law. I mixed the two ladies up in the confusion of the moment."
The fisherman took out his purse.
"That's just my luck," he said. "How much do I owe you?"—[Washington Star.]

Object of Suspicion.

SENATOR JEFF DAVIS of Arkansas tells this one on himself:
"I had an appointment to speak at a town in Eastern Arkansas on a Saturday, and I arrived on a late train the night before, carrying nothing but a small hand grip. I went to a hotel near the depot. There was no one on duty at the hour, except the night porter, and he was acting as porter, clerk and general overseer. I registered, and he showed me to a room; but in a few minutes he came back and said:
"Boss, my 'struction is, when a gemman haven't any baggage, to collect in advance."
"Why, I've got baggage," I replied, pointing to the little grip.
"I know, sir, boss," he said; "but you've stayed too long on that already."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.]

Had Poor Chance.

A NEW minister in a rural district who wished to make the acquaintance of the members of his congregation and also to discover whether they were pleased with his discourse met an old farmer whose face he recognized as one who had attended the church the previous Sunday, and, stopping him, said:
"Mr. Brown, how did you like my sermon last Sunday?"
"Well, parson," replied the old man, "you see, I didn't have a fair chance to judge. Right in front of me was old Mrs. Smith and the rest of that gang with their mouths wide open just a swallerin' down all the best of your sermon; 'n' what reached me, parson, was purty poor stuff, purty poor stuff."—[Chicago News.]

SUNDAY MORNING

GREEKS

PARTNERS
WITH FATE

Doctors' Board for
Defectives.

Committee of Physicians to
Future will Decide on the
Doubtful Case.

and Departure in Science
Brought About by the
Bollinger Case.

Chicago Medical Society is
Asked by the Governor to
Co-operate.

CHICAGO BUREAU OF THE
TIMES, Nov. 25.—Governor
McDermott, acting on the
advice of his leading physicians,
has composed a statement
regarding the death of Baby Allen
and Dr. J. J. Rogers, the
physician who treated the
infant, in which he states
that the death of the child
was due to a combination of
factors and that it was
not due to any one cause.

The medical and nursing
staffs of the hospital are
being investigated by the
state board of health and
the Chicago Medical Society.
The board of health is
also investigating the
death of Baby Allen.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS

Glimpses of Things for Which We Are Thankful.



Sunshine's bounty



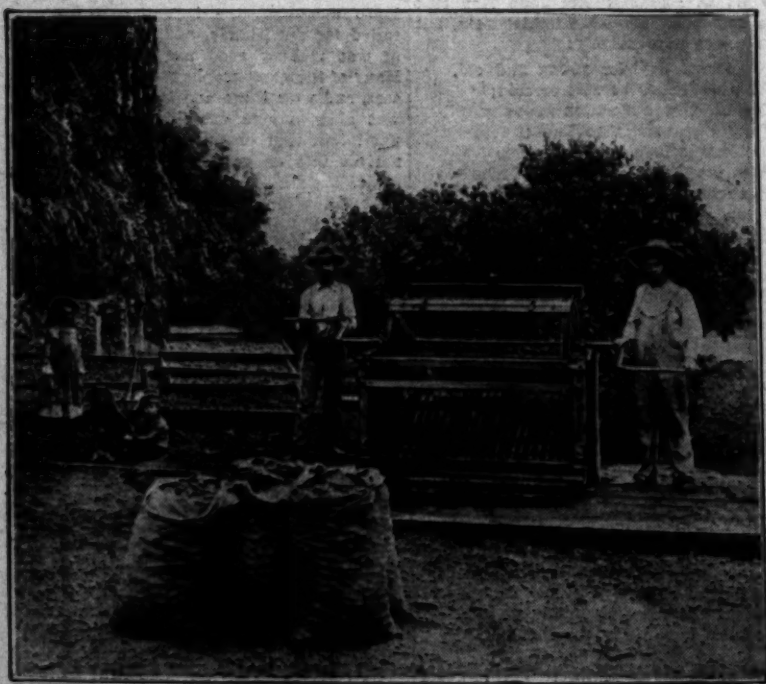
Their last strut



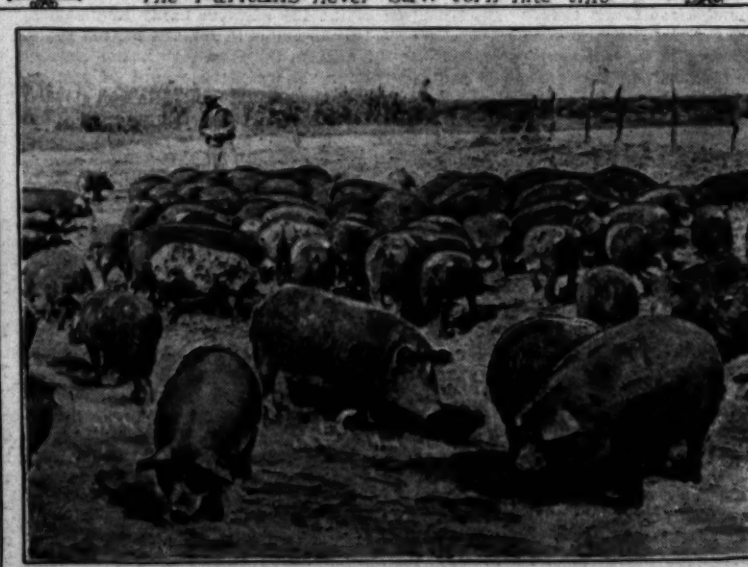
The morning before Thanksgiving



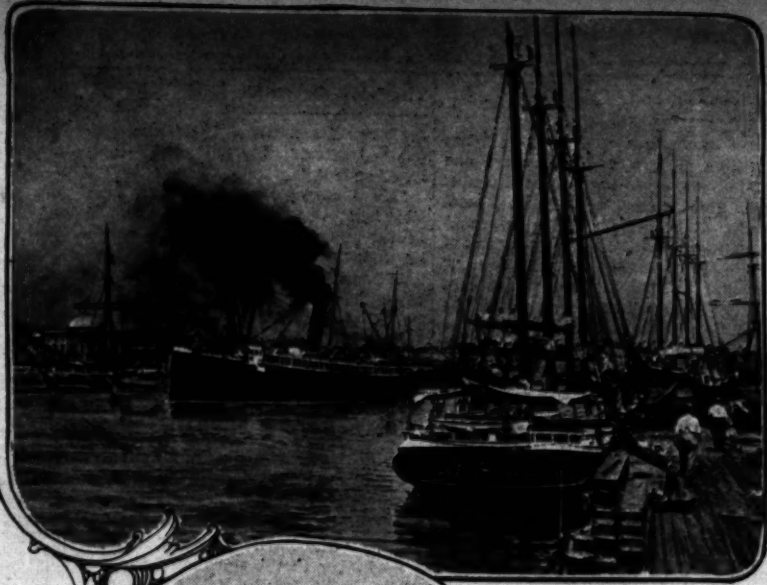
The Puritans never saw corn like this



Walnuts for dessert



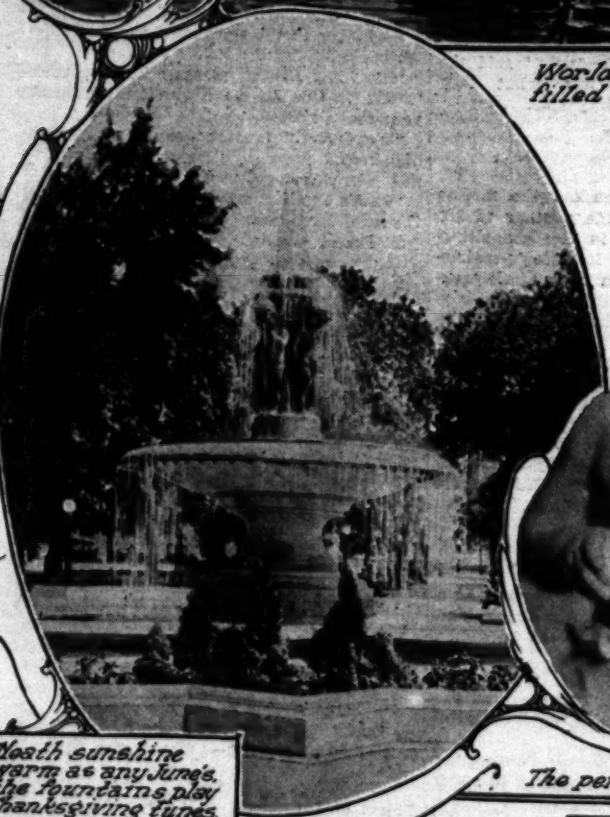
Making hogs of themselves



*World-ships
filled with freight*



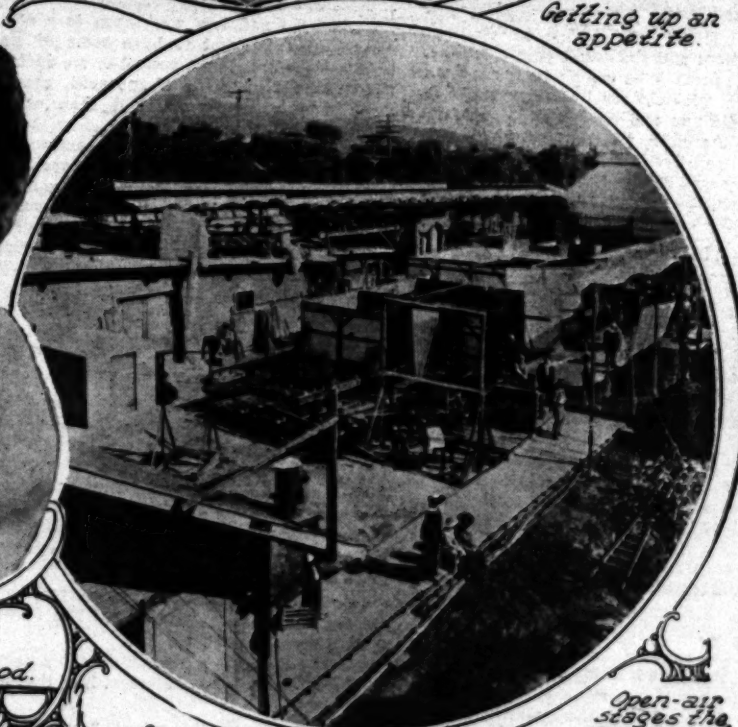
*Getting up an
appetite.*



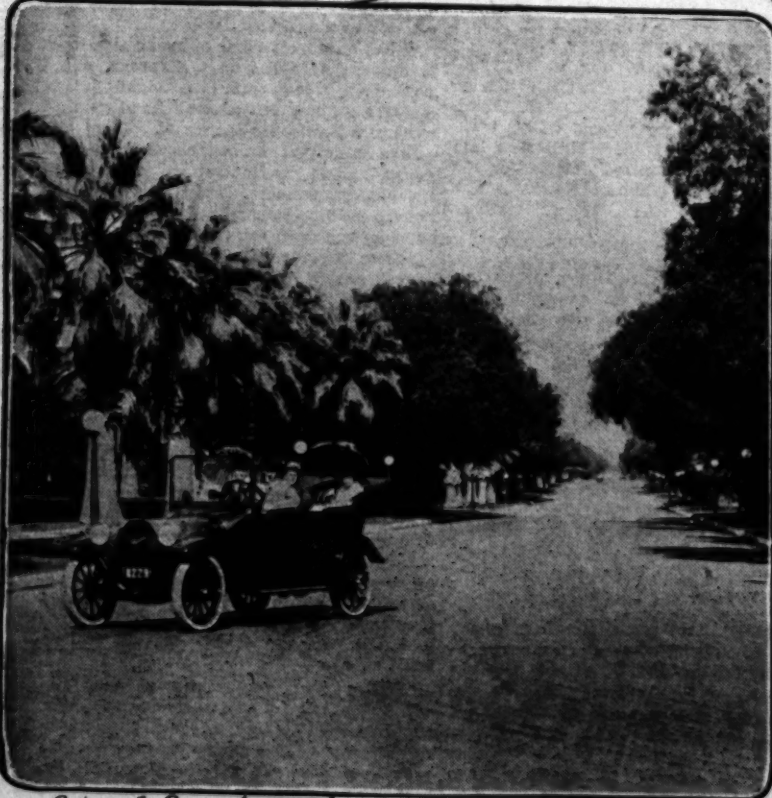
*'Neath sunshine
warm as any June's,
the fountains play
Thanksgiving tunes.*



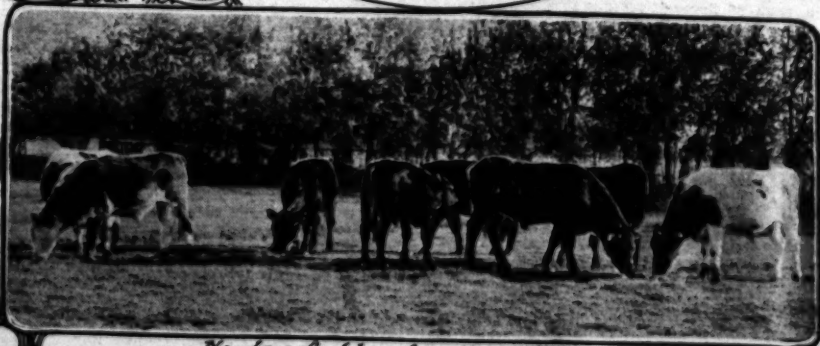
The perfection of babyhood.



Open-air stages the year round.



Going to Grand-pas for Thanksgiving dinner



No dry fodder for these cattle



A quack convention